

ALL **HUMOR** COMICS 10¢

SM
★
W
QUALITY
COMIC
PRODUCT

WINTER ISSUE
No. 4

YUP! I'M GONNA
PUNCH TICKETS DOWN
AT TH' RAILROAD STATION!

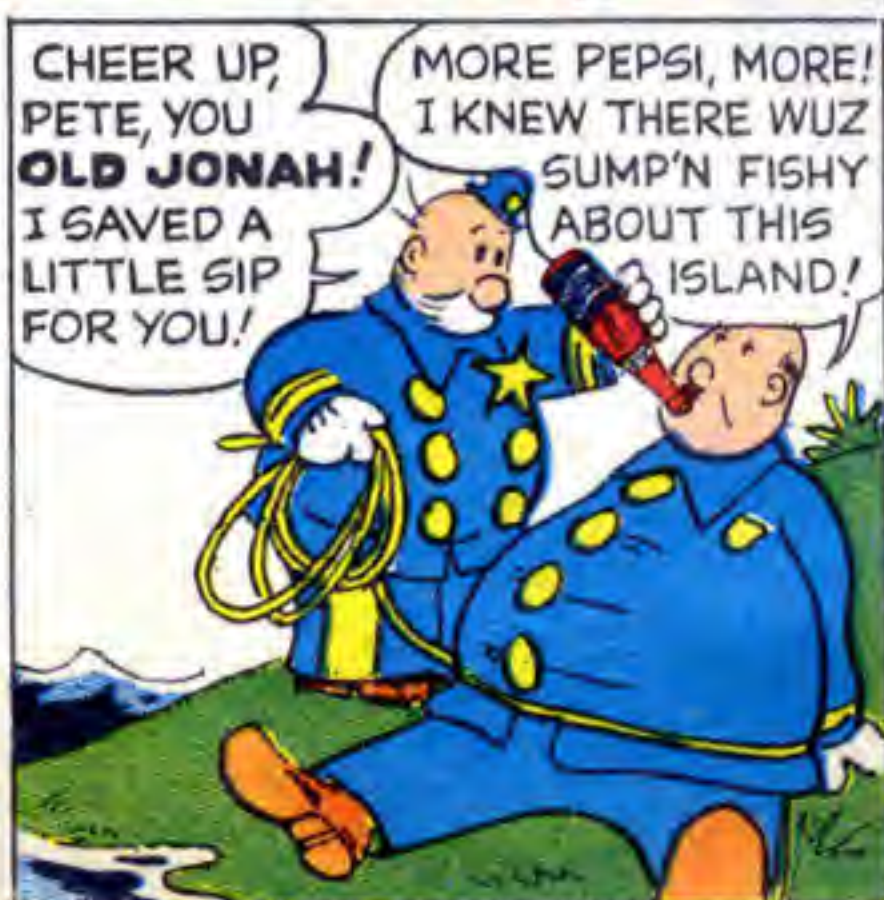
GOSH, KELLY,
YA MEAN YA GOT
A JOB AS A
BOXER?



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.



KELLY POOLE

8

SITUATIONS WANTED
Intelligent, able-bodied veteran
wishes respectable "white collar"
job such as bouncer or bodyguard...
Phone KELLY POOLE... EIGHTBALL 8888.

PRIVATE SECRETARY
EXPERIENCE IN

AND... AS THE
PAPER CARRYING
THIS AD HITS THE
NEWSSTANDS...

GOLLY! SOMEONE
CALLING YOU IN ANSWER
TO YOUR AD ALREADY,
KELLY?

IT'S THE
PHONE COMPANY!
THEY'RE SHUTTING
OFF OUR SERVICE
UNTIL WE PAY
UP!

NOW,
NOBODY
CAN CALL ME
TO BE THEIR
BODYGUARD!

CLICK

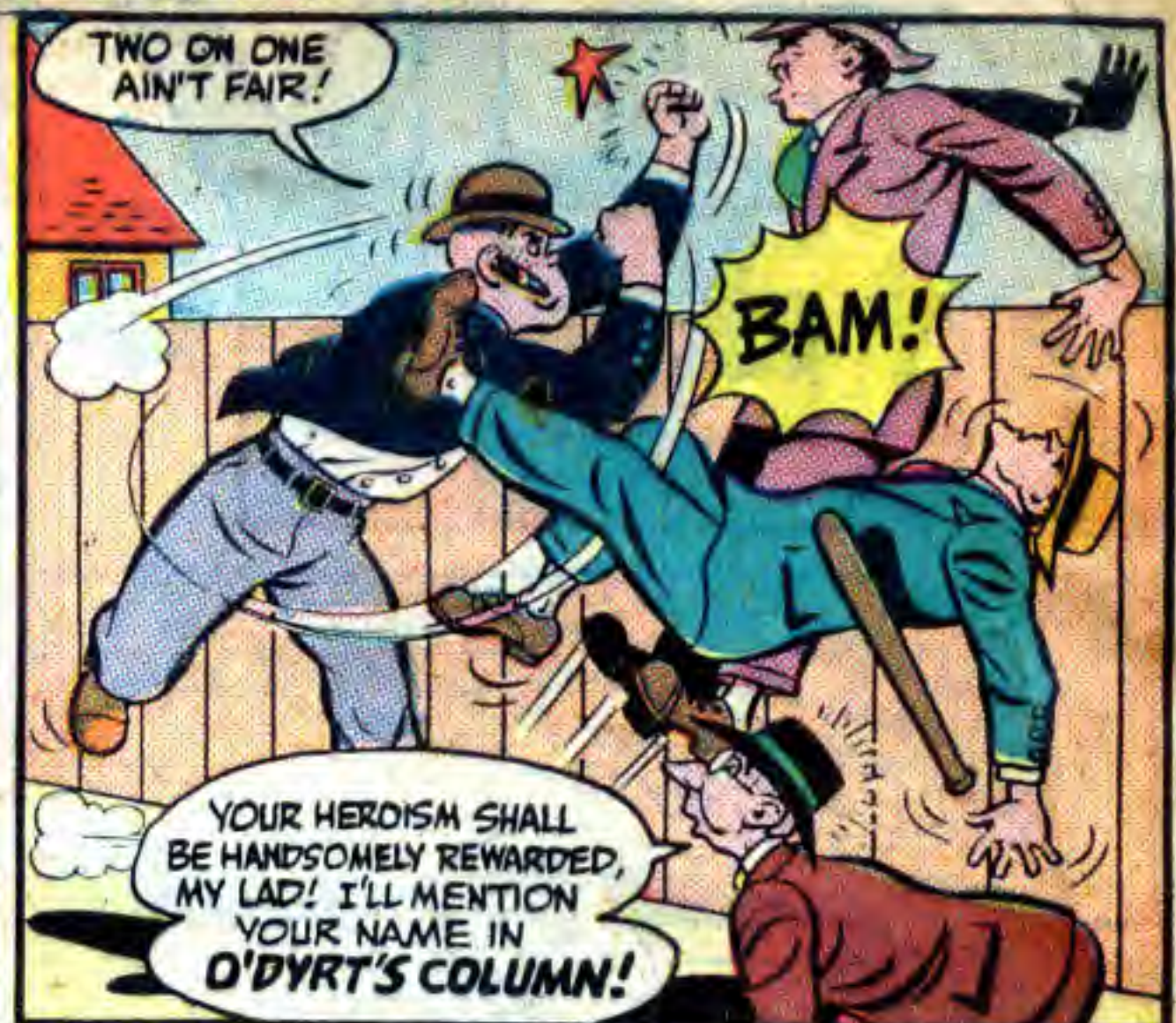
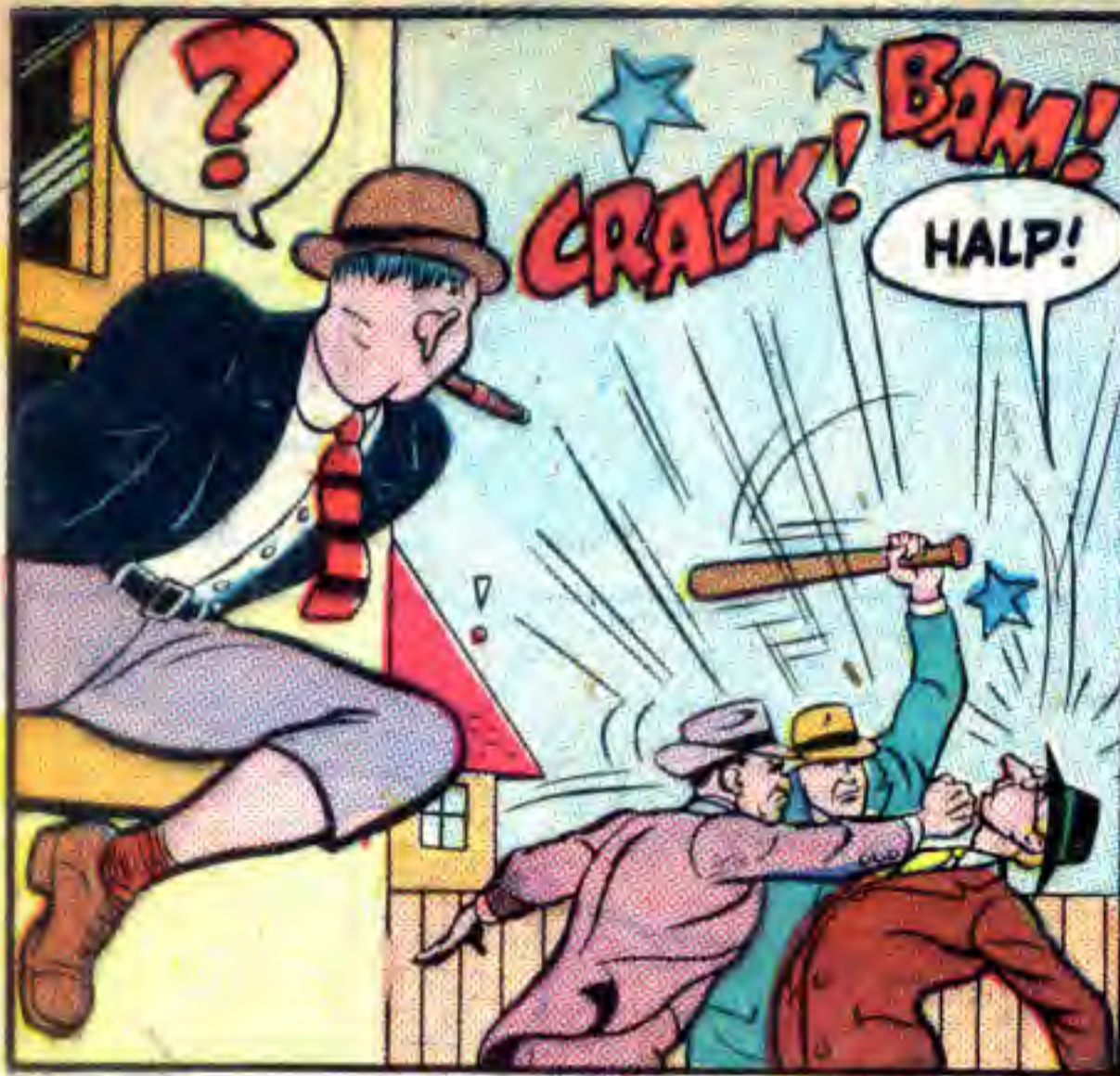
HALP!

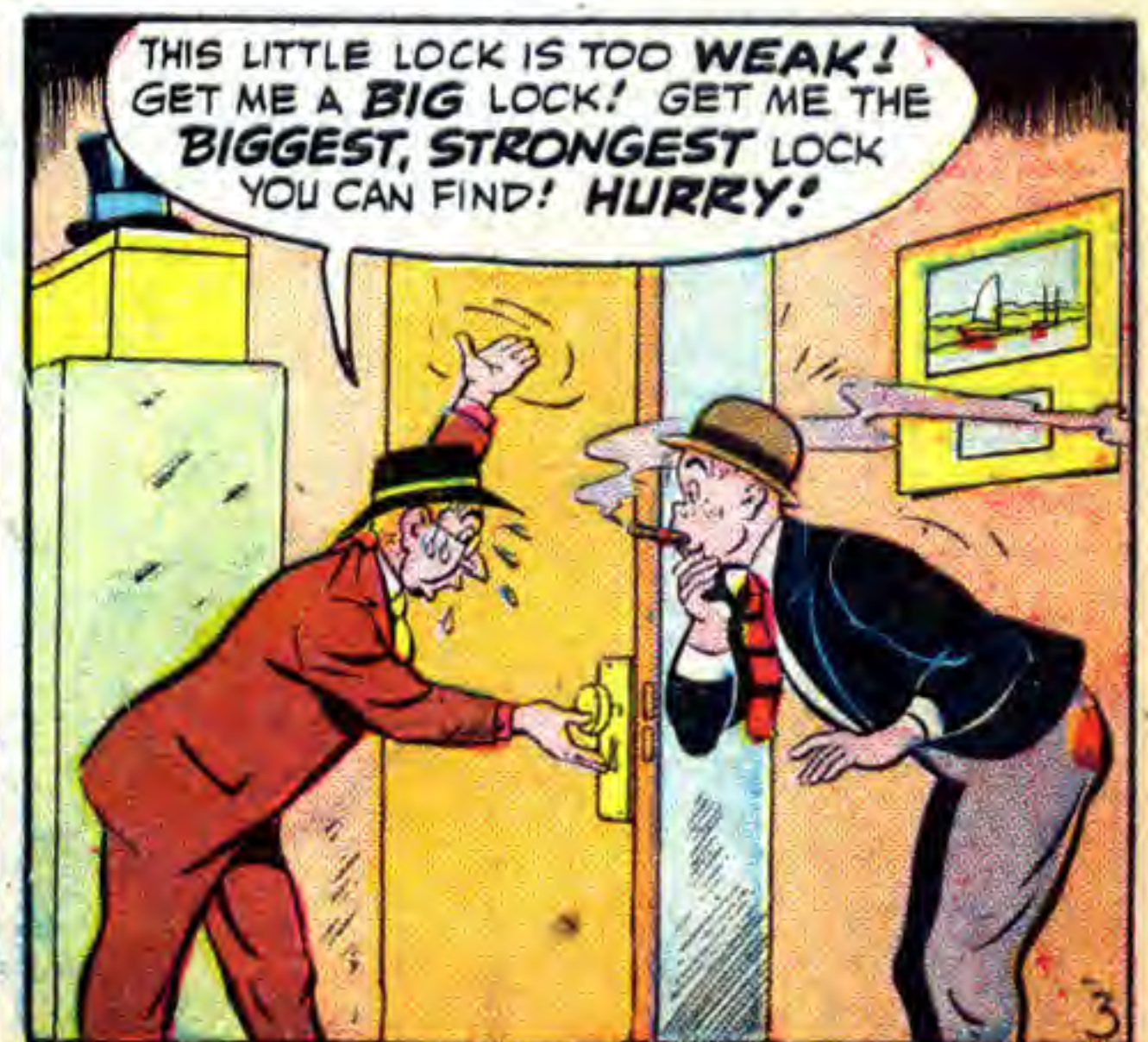
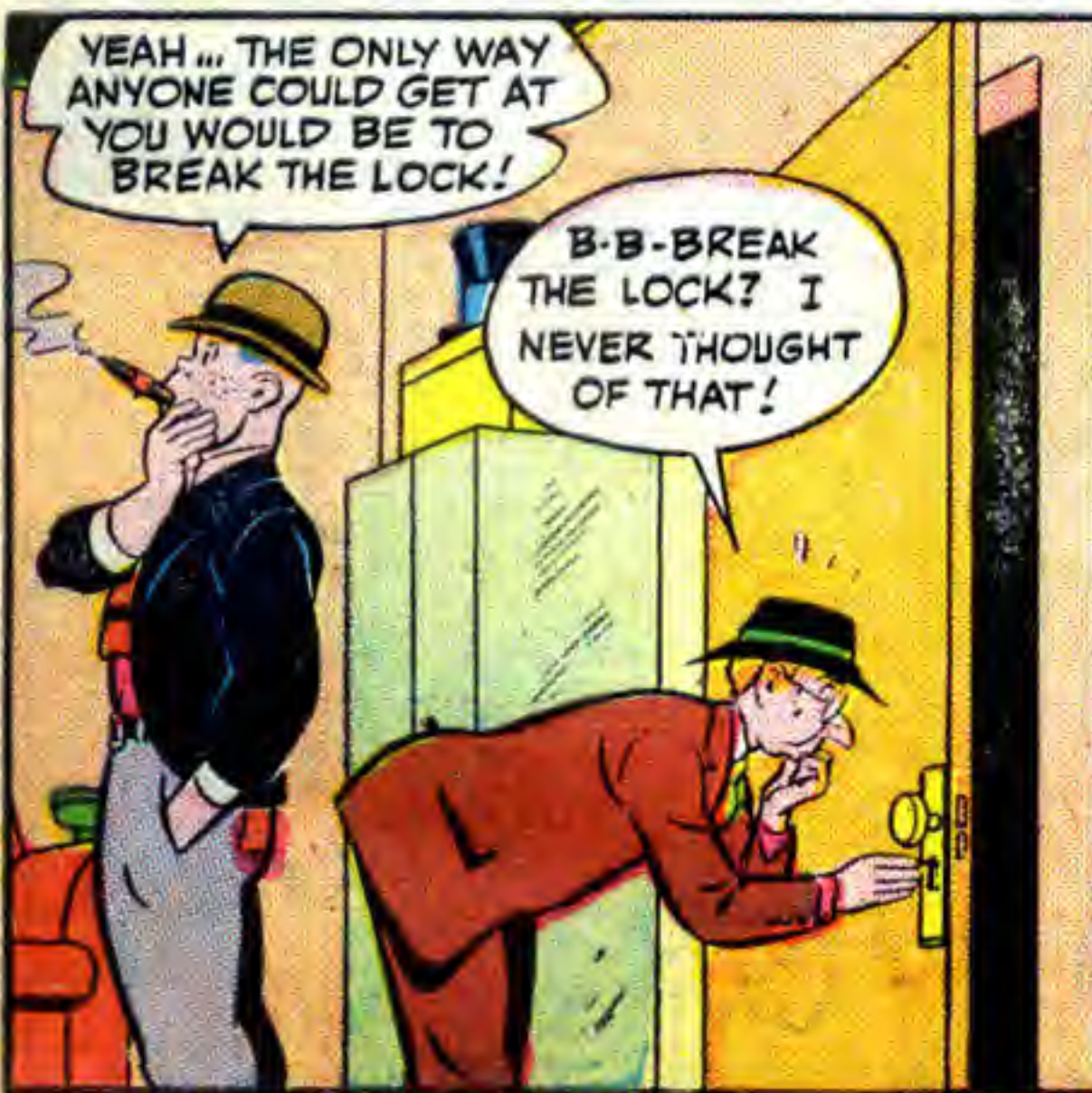
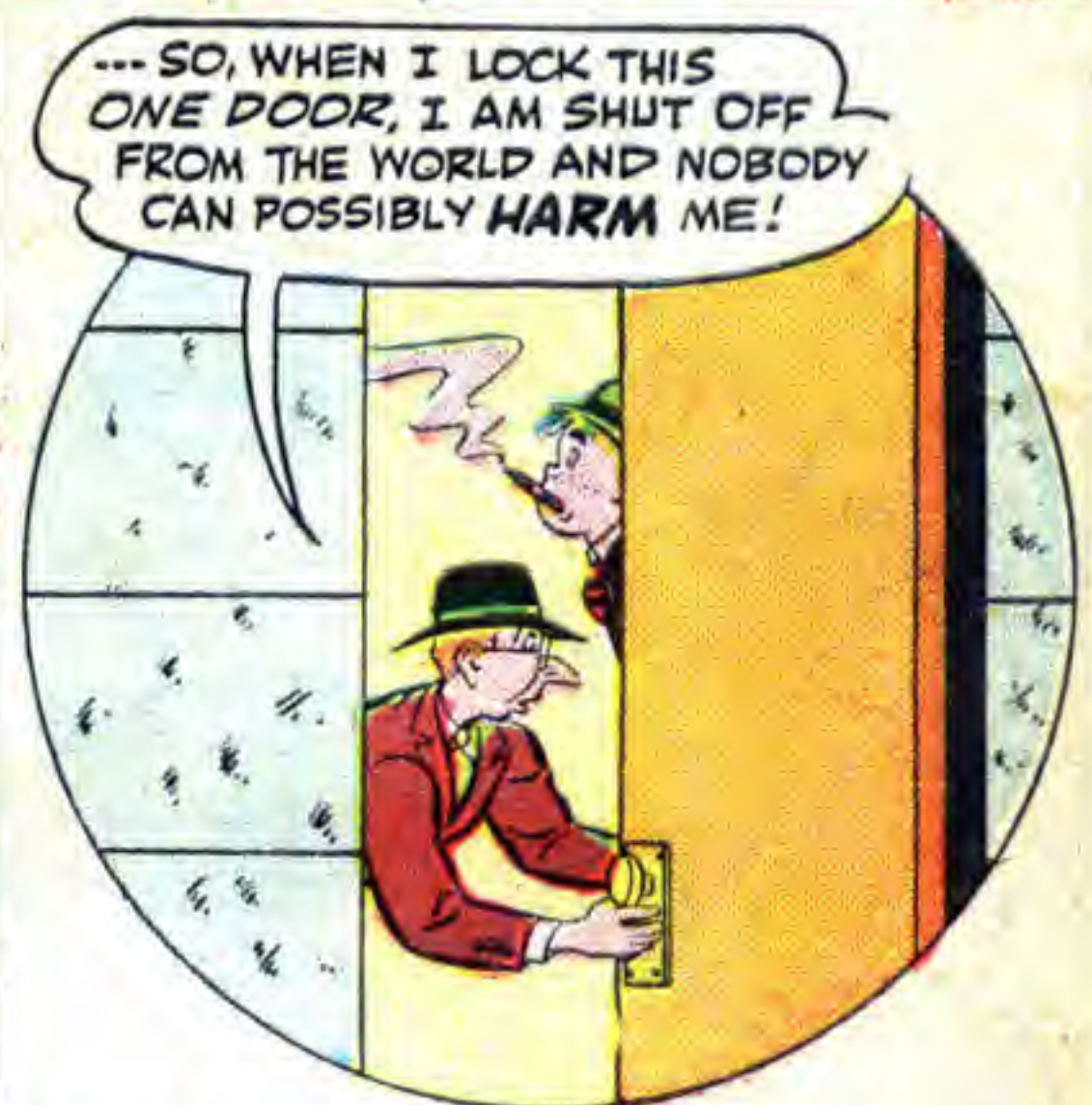
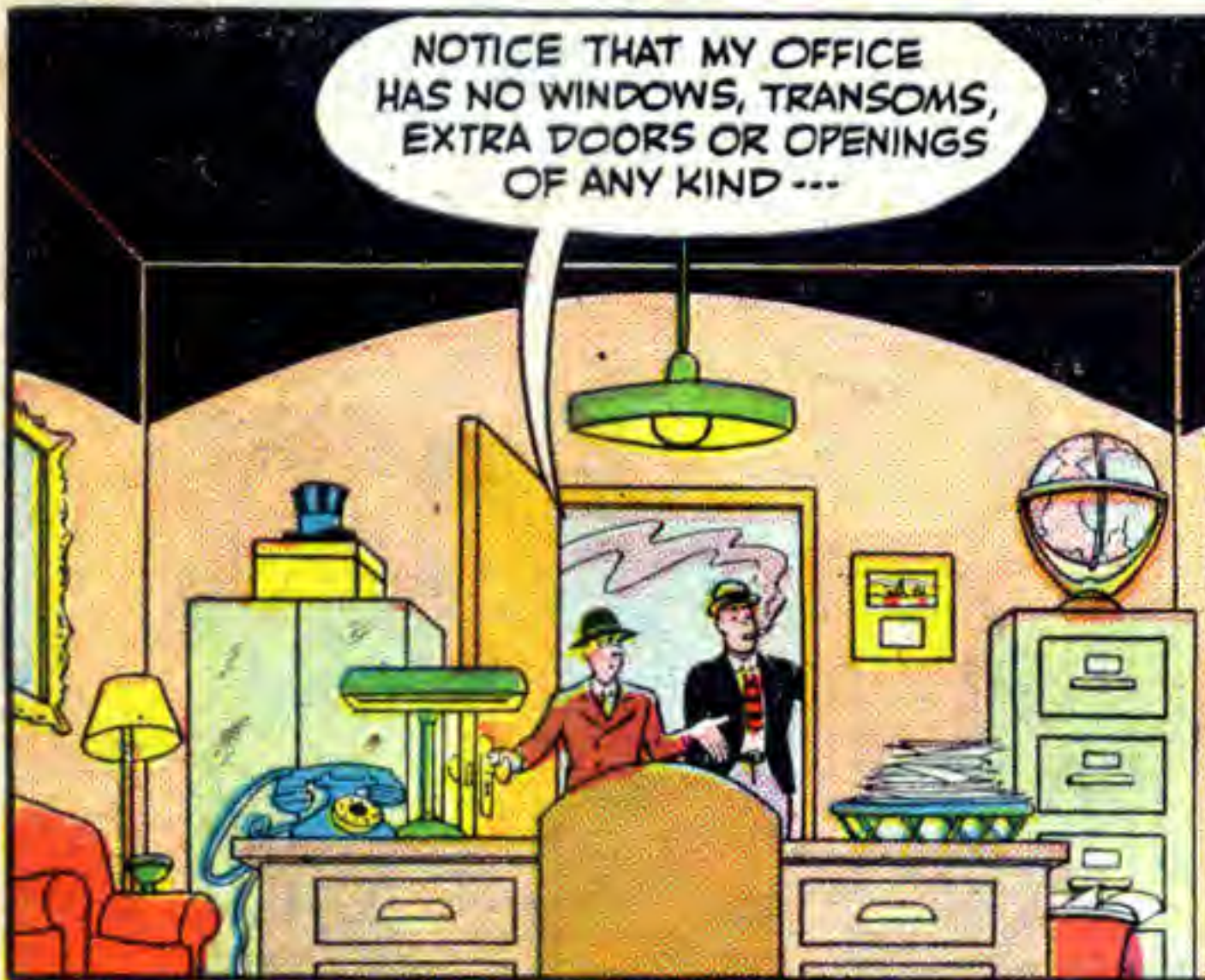
by
BART
TUNEY

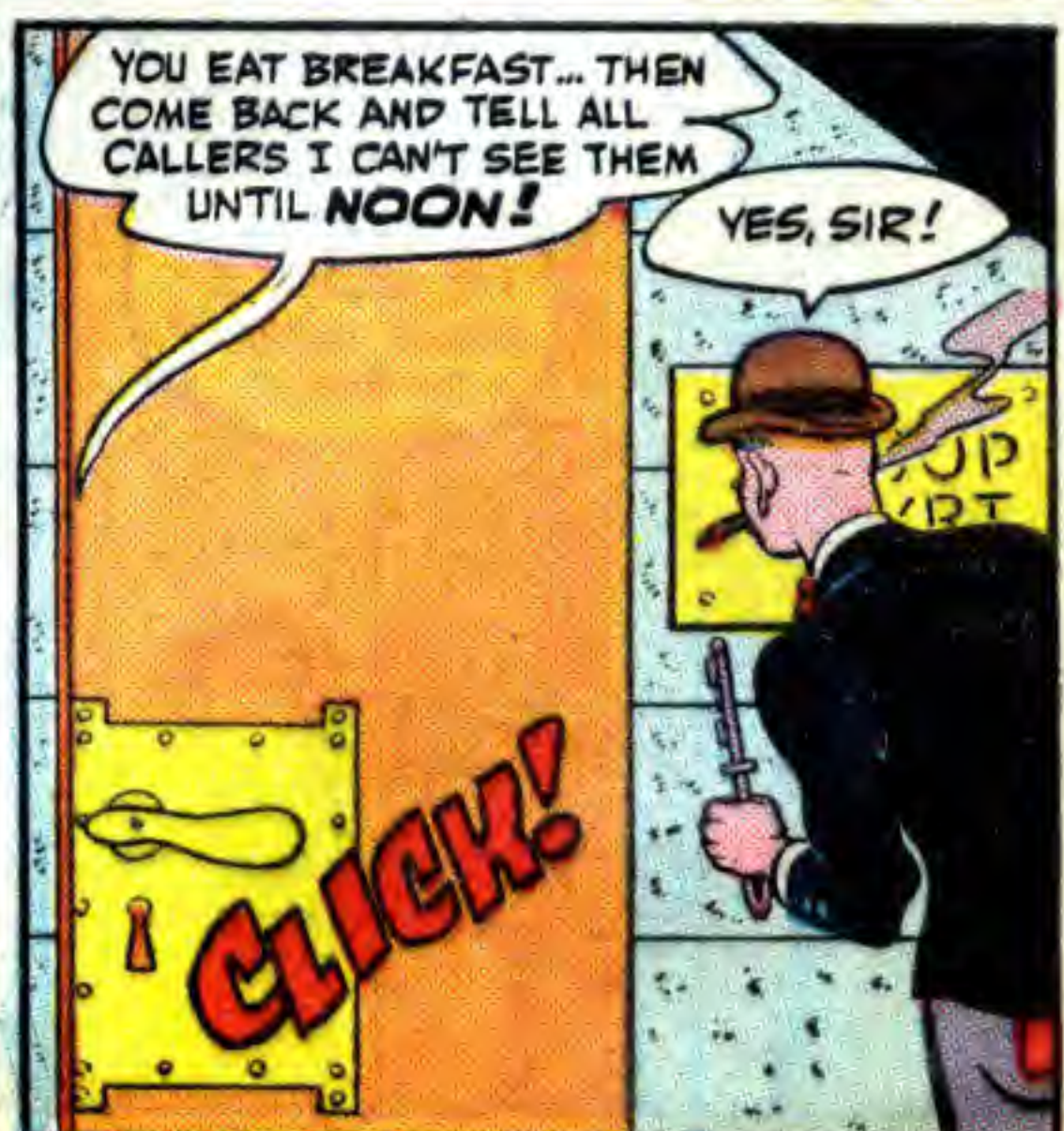
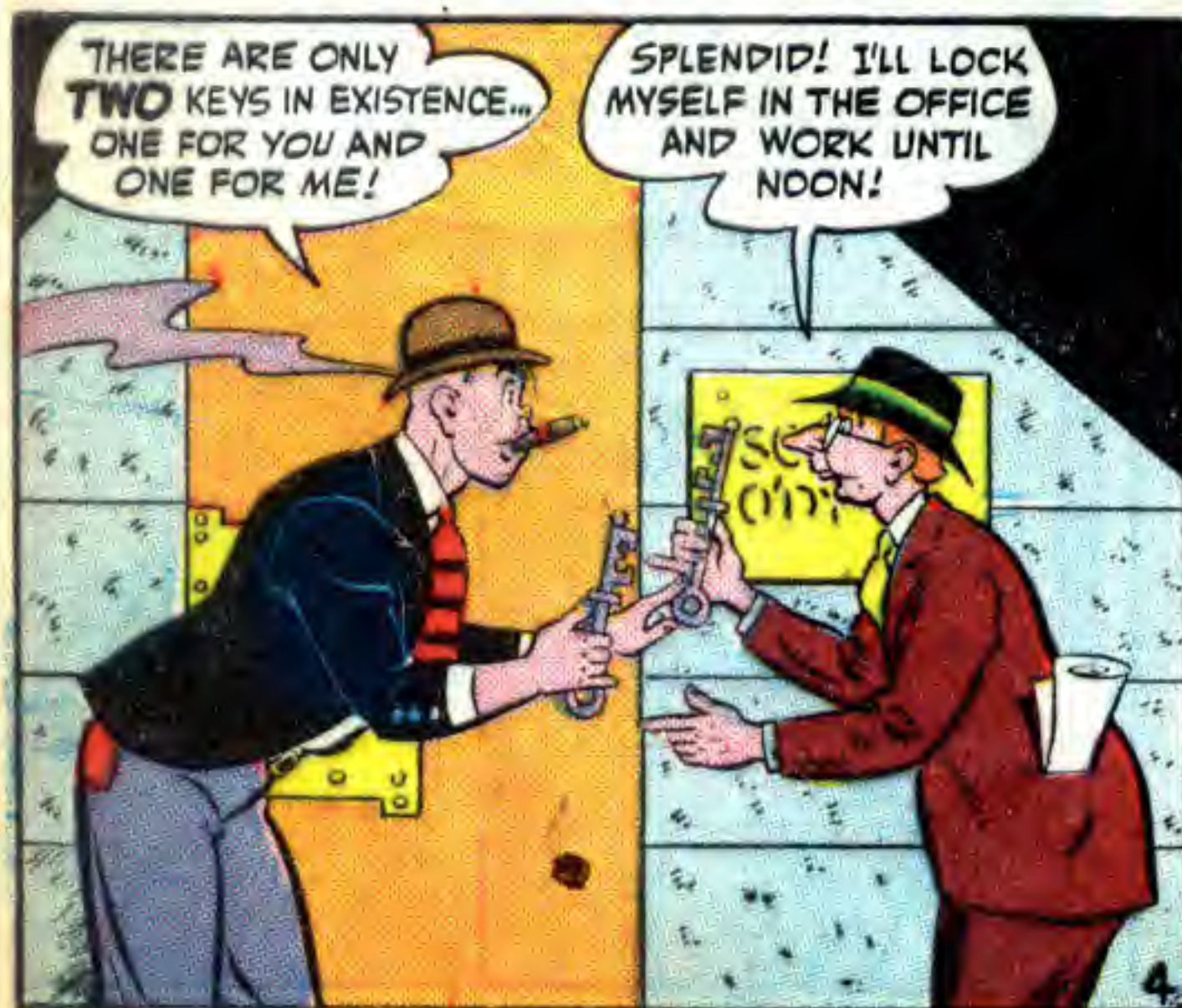
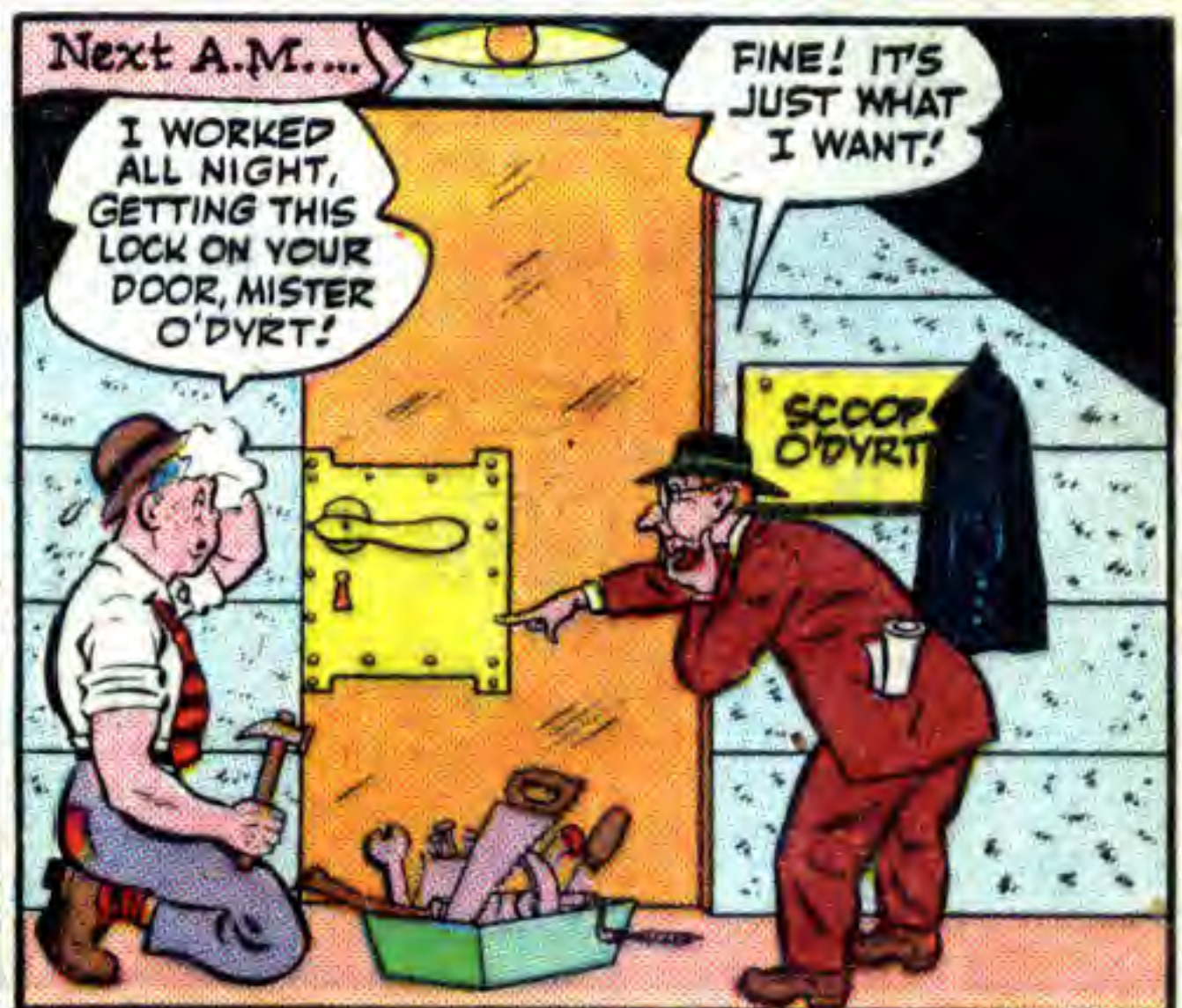
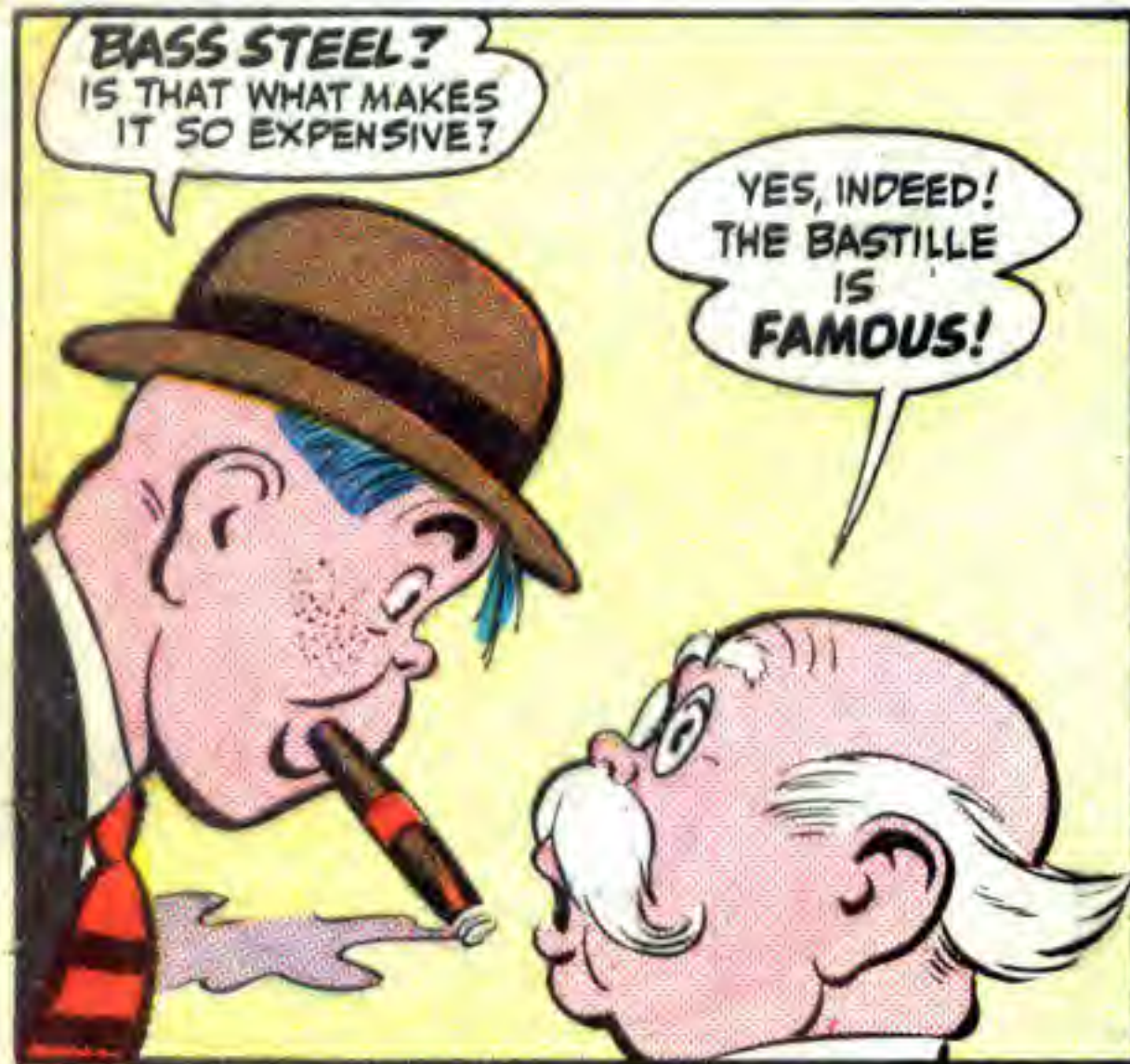
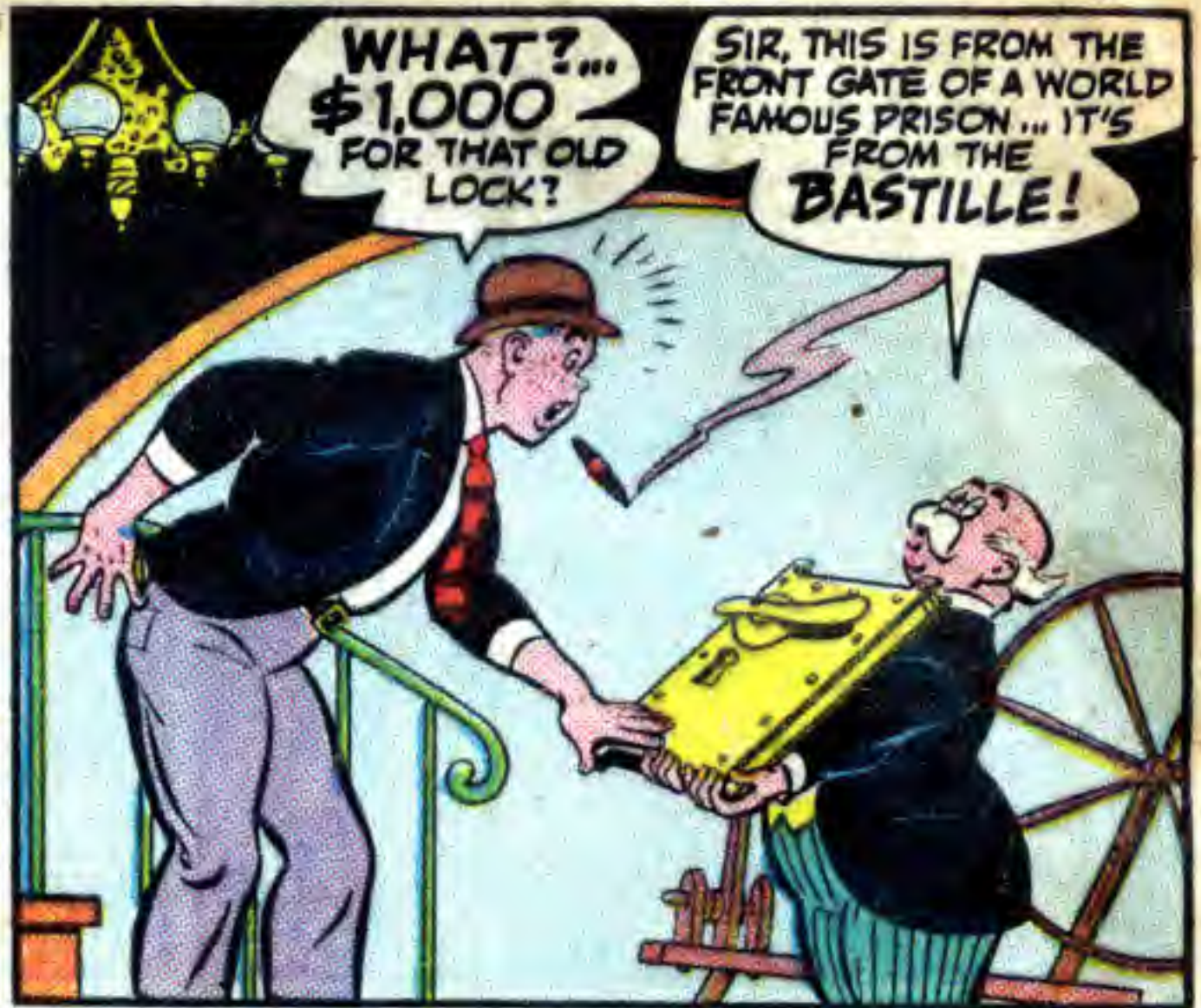
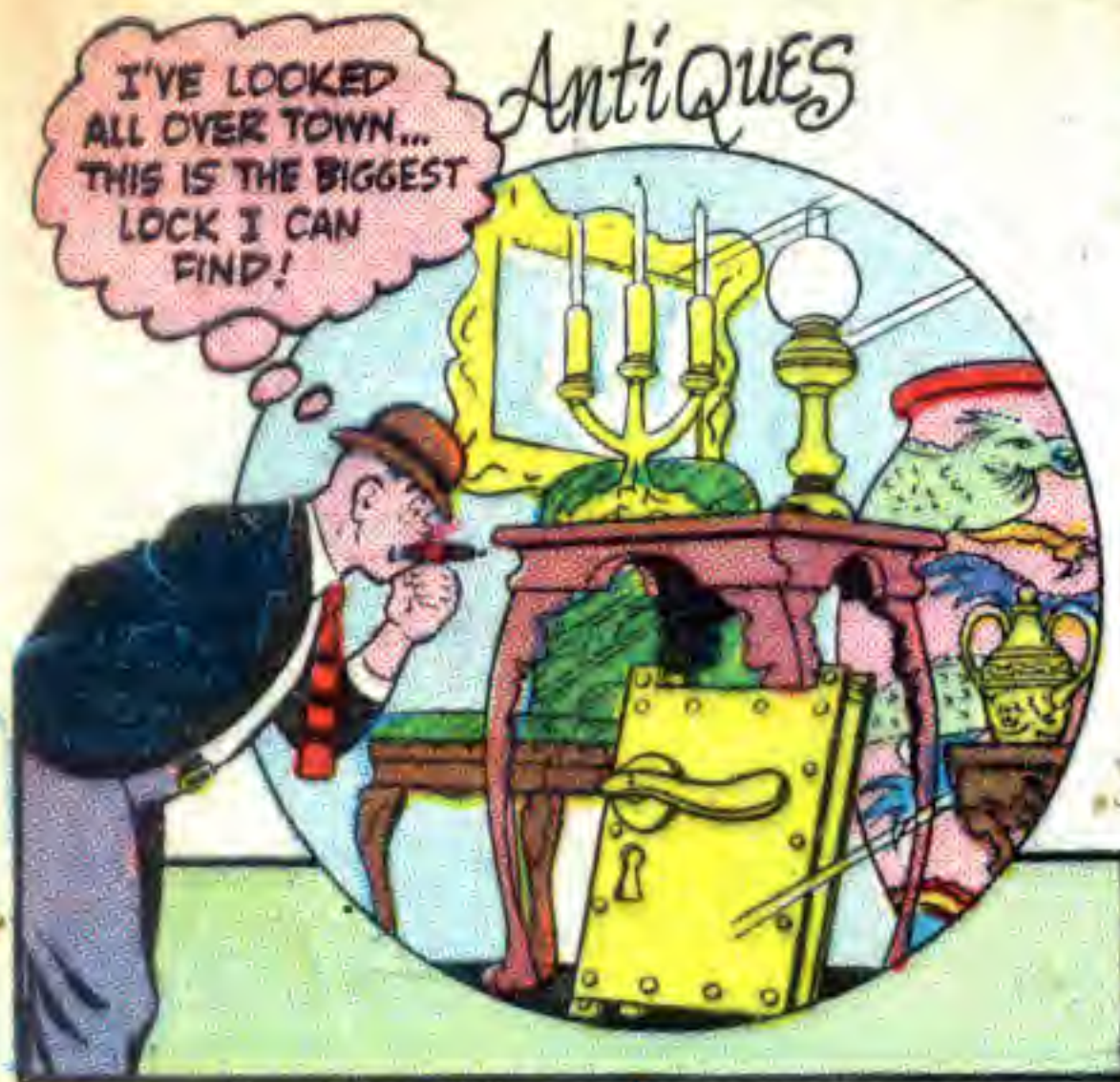
FLASH!

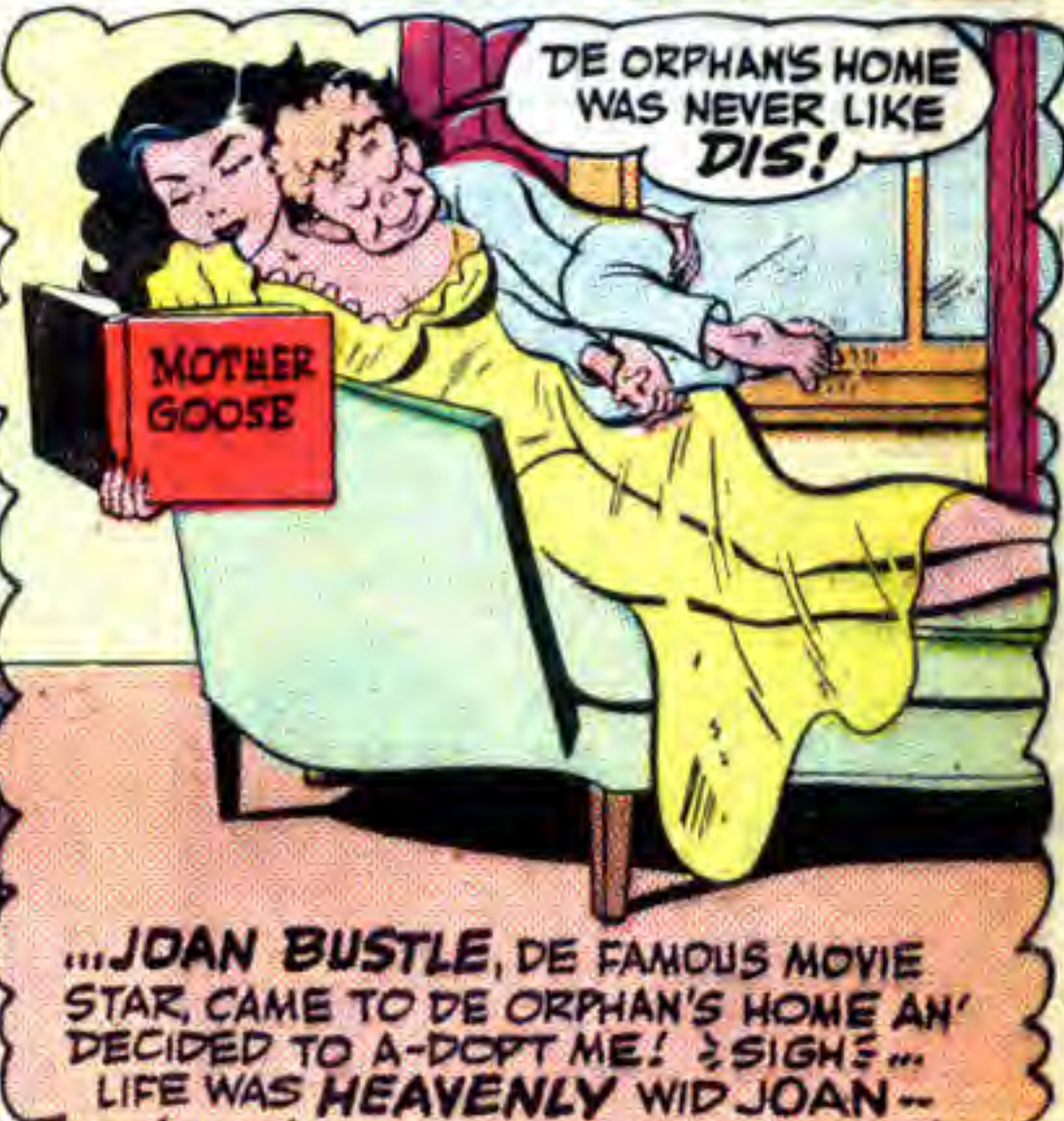
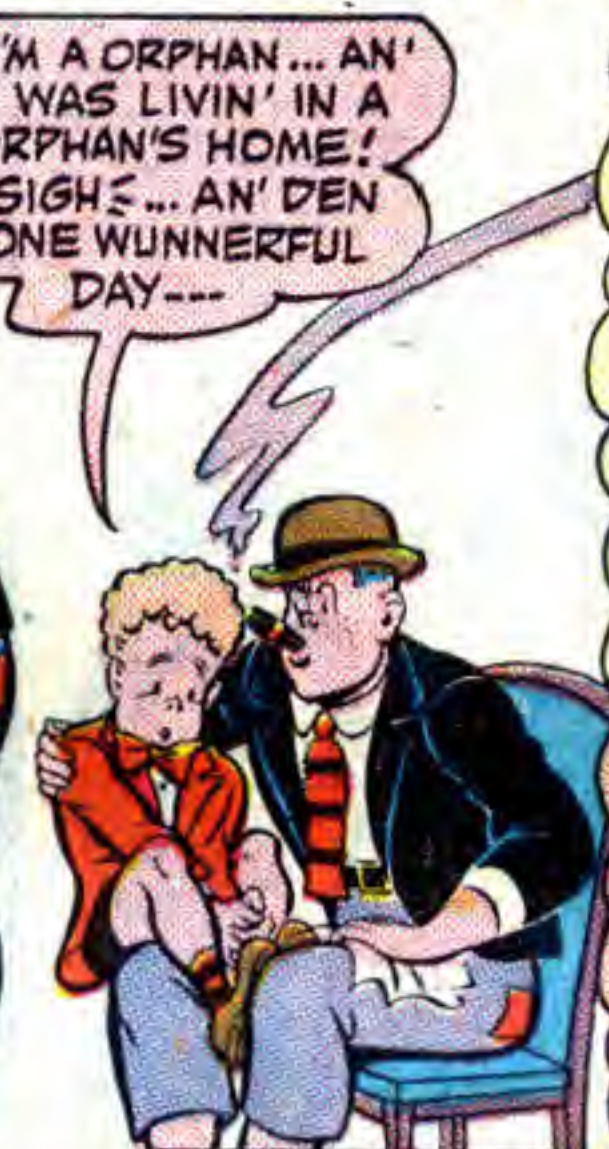
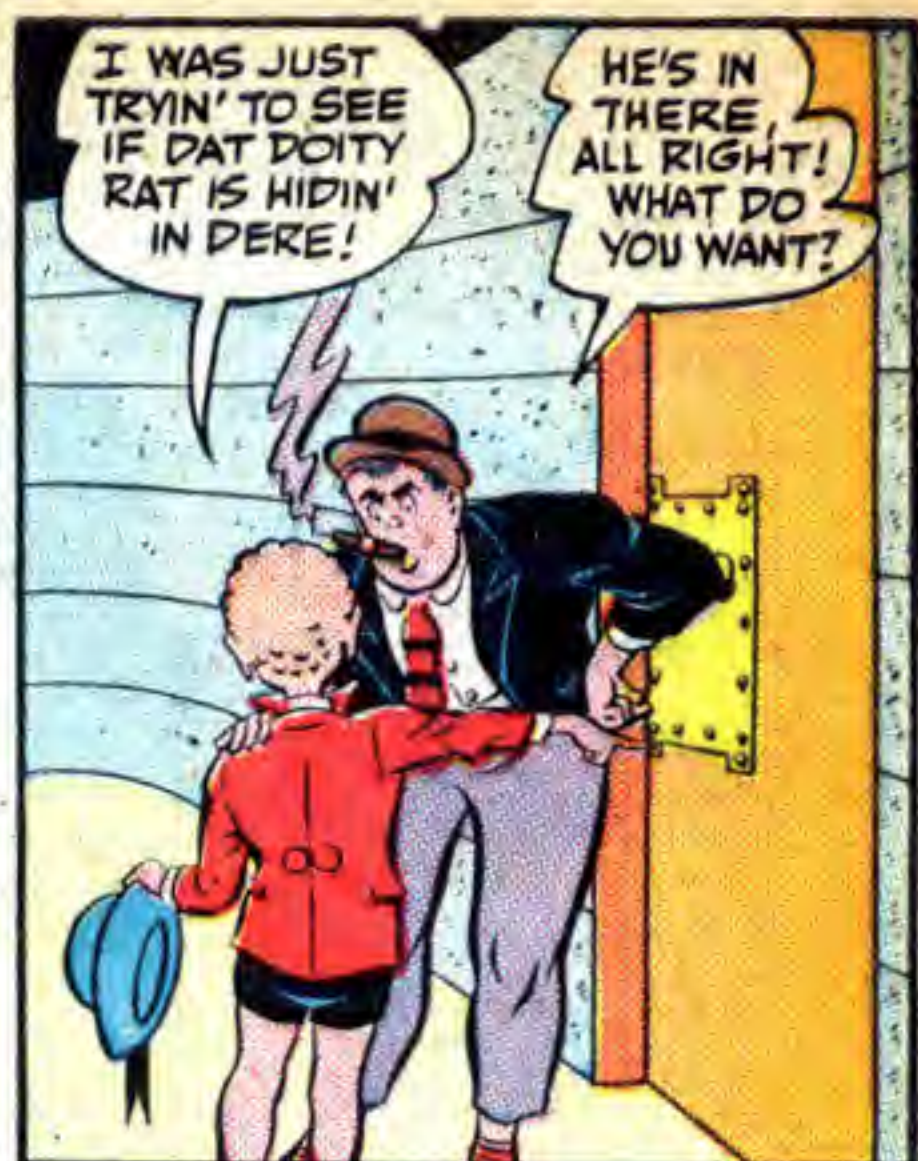
SCOOP O'DYRT, famous gossip columnist, is at this
moment in dire need of a bodyguard....

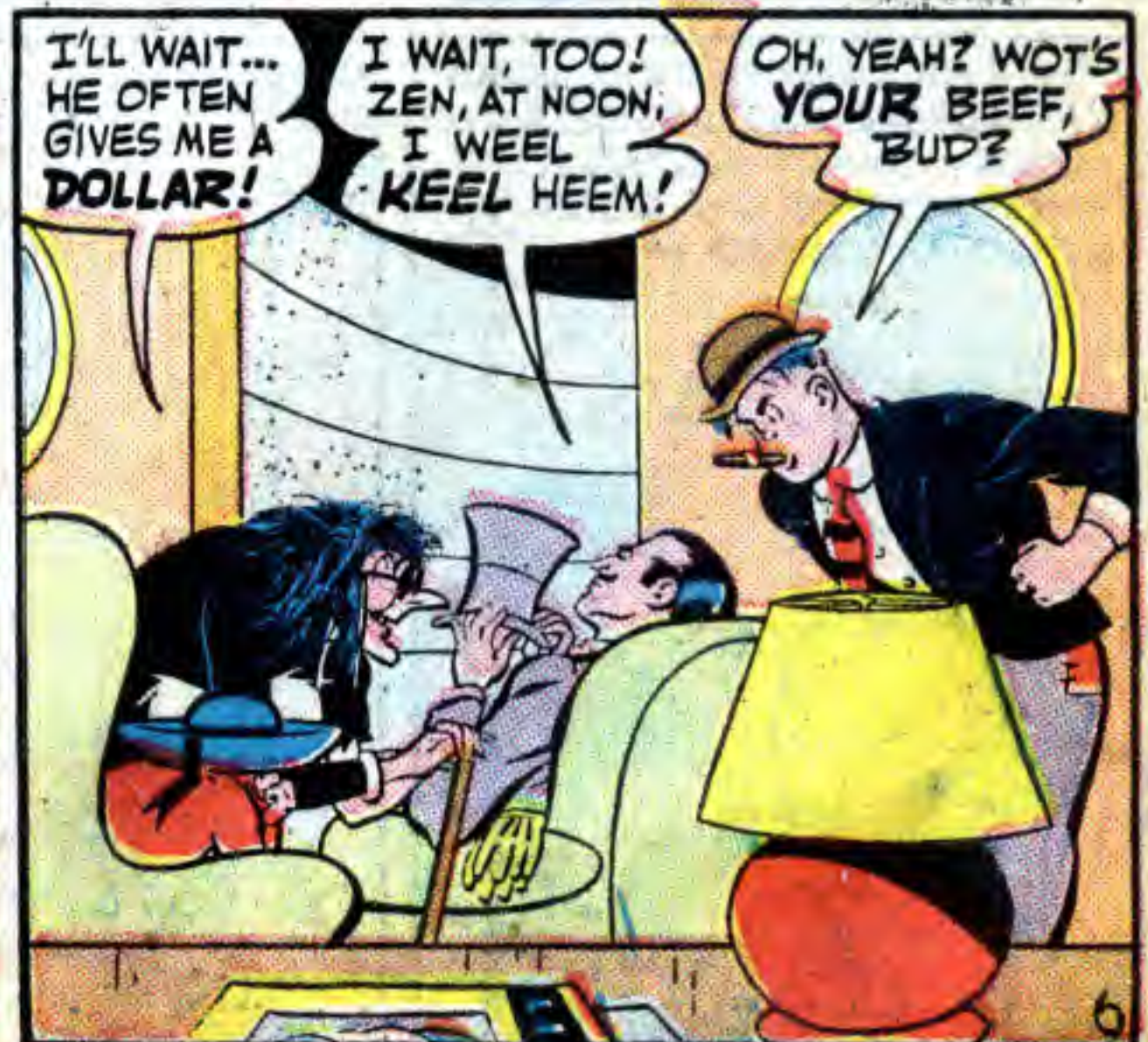
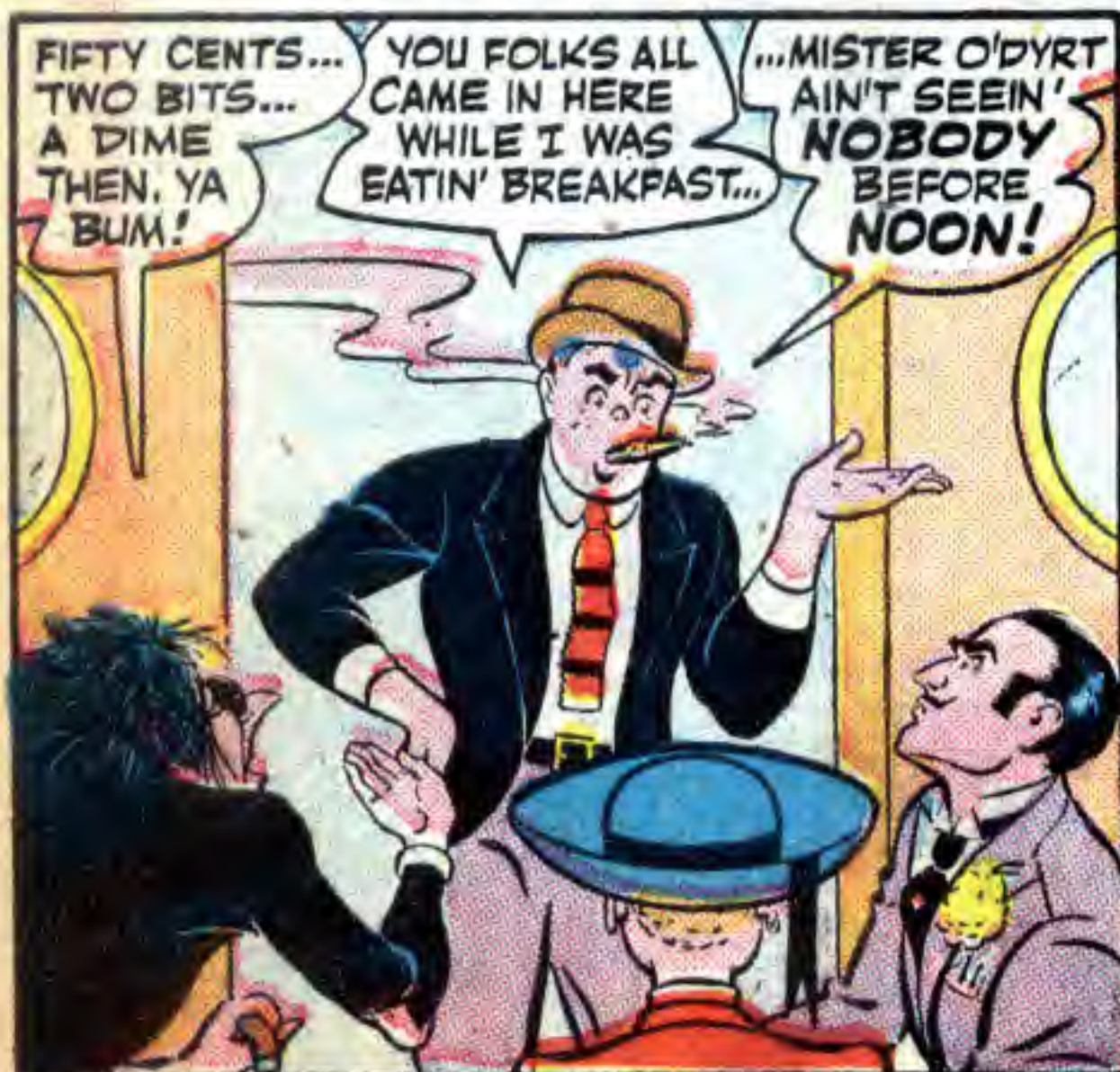
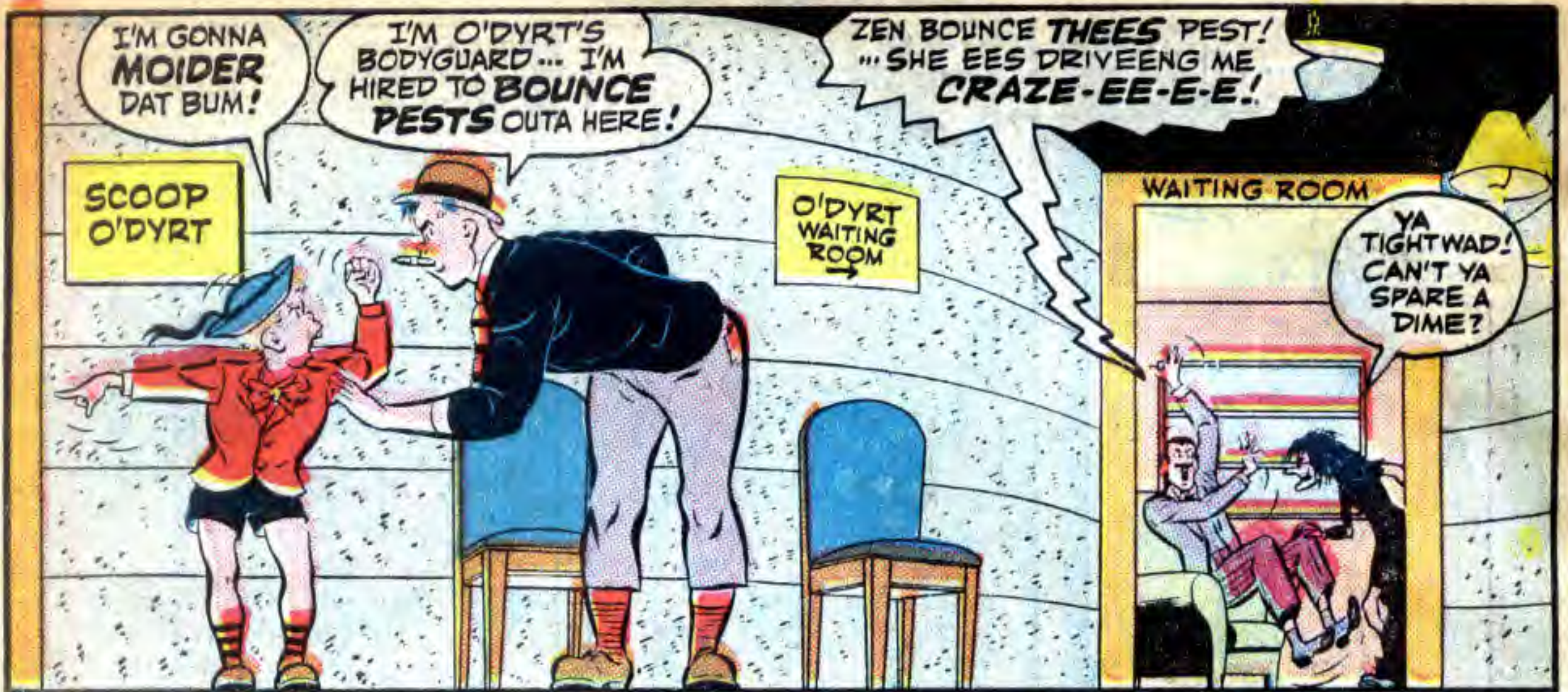
Just take a look out that window, Kelly!

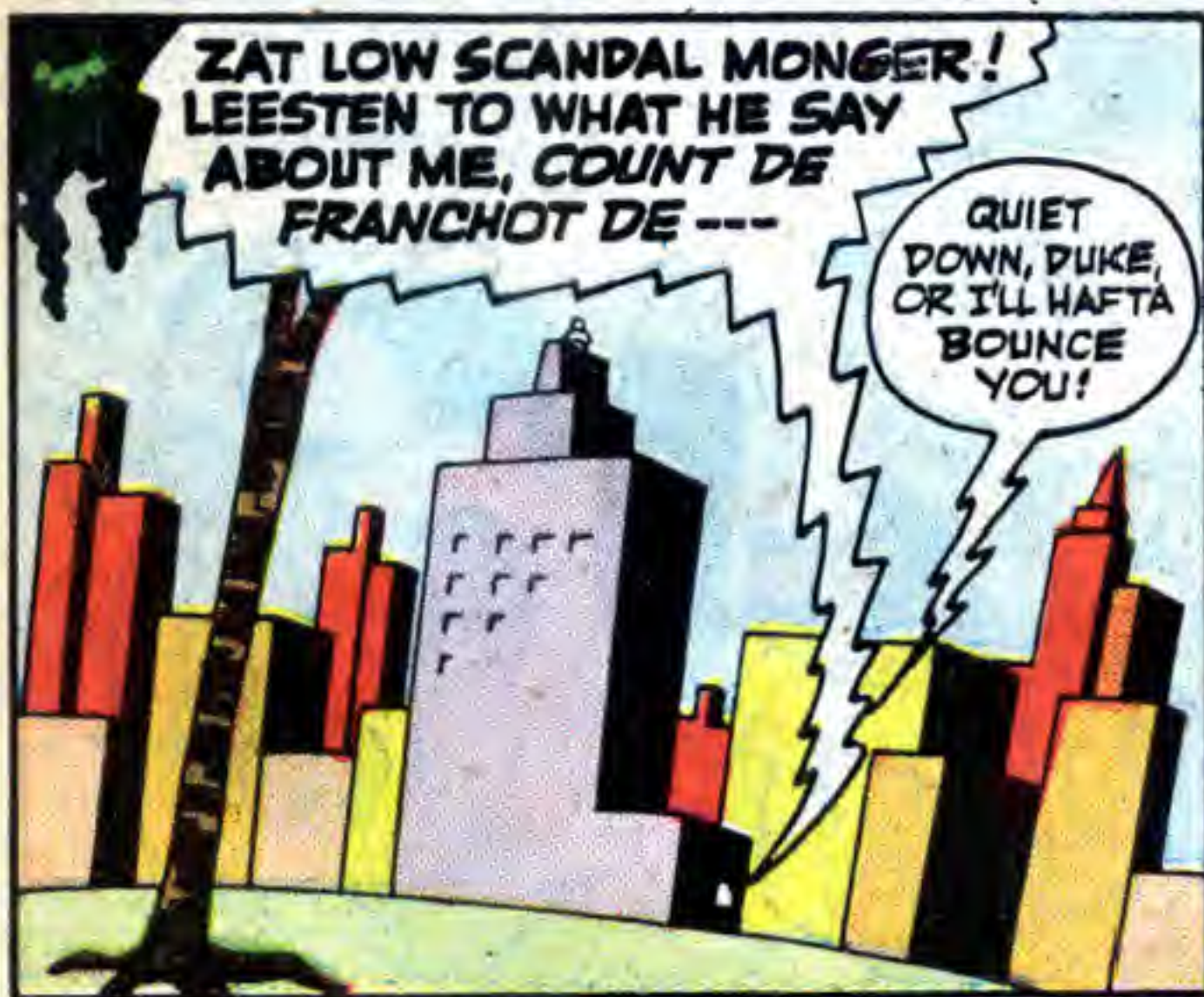


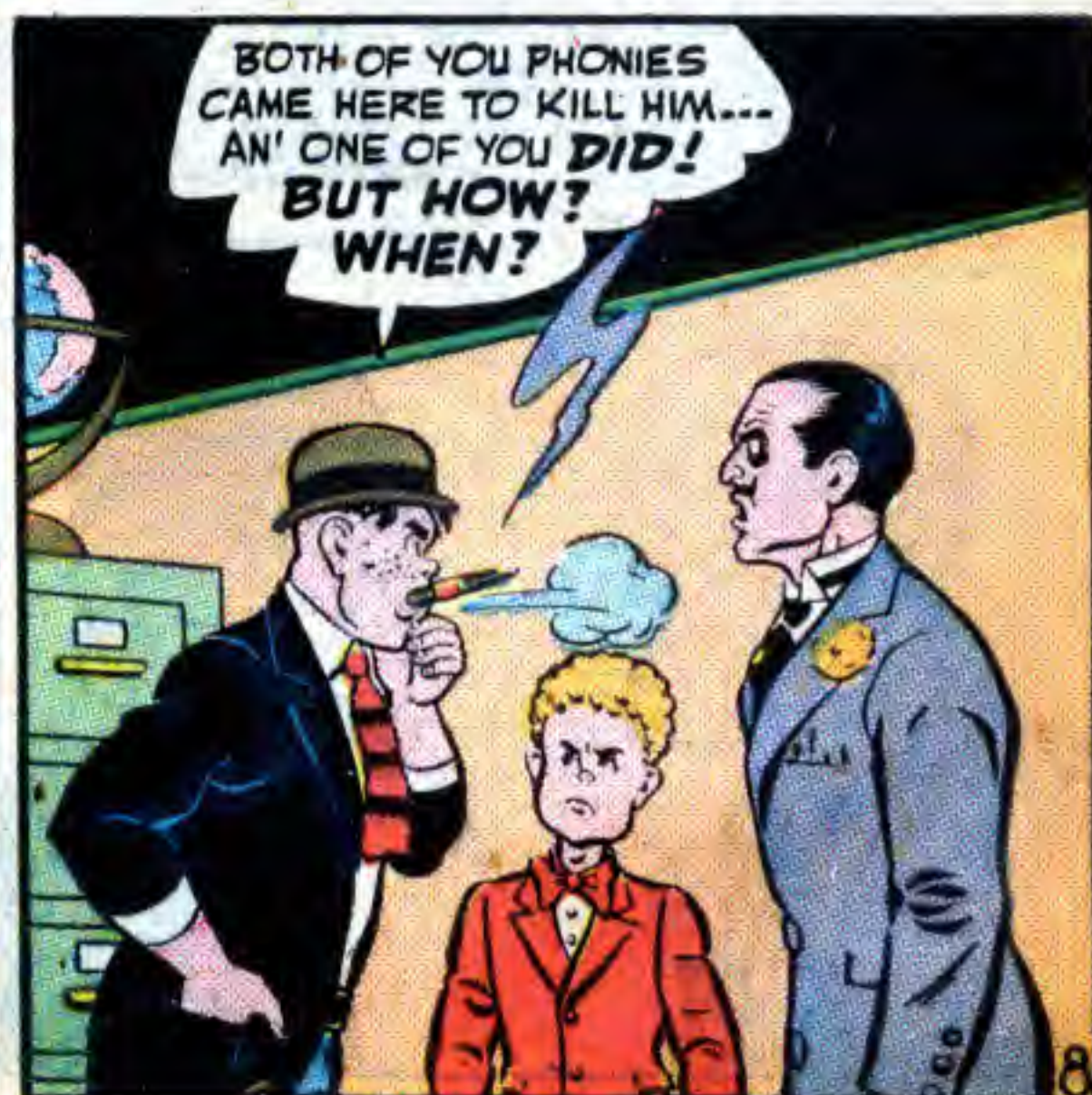


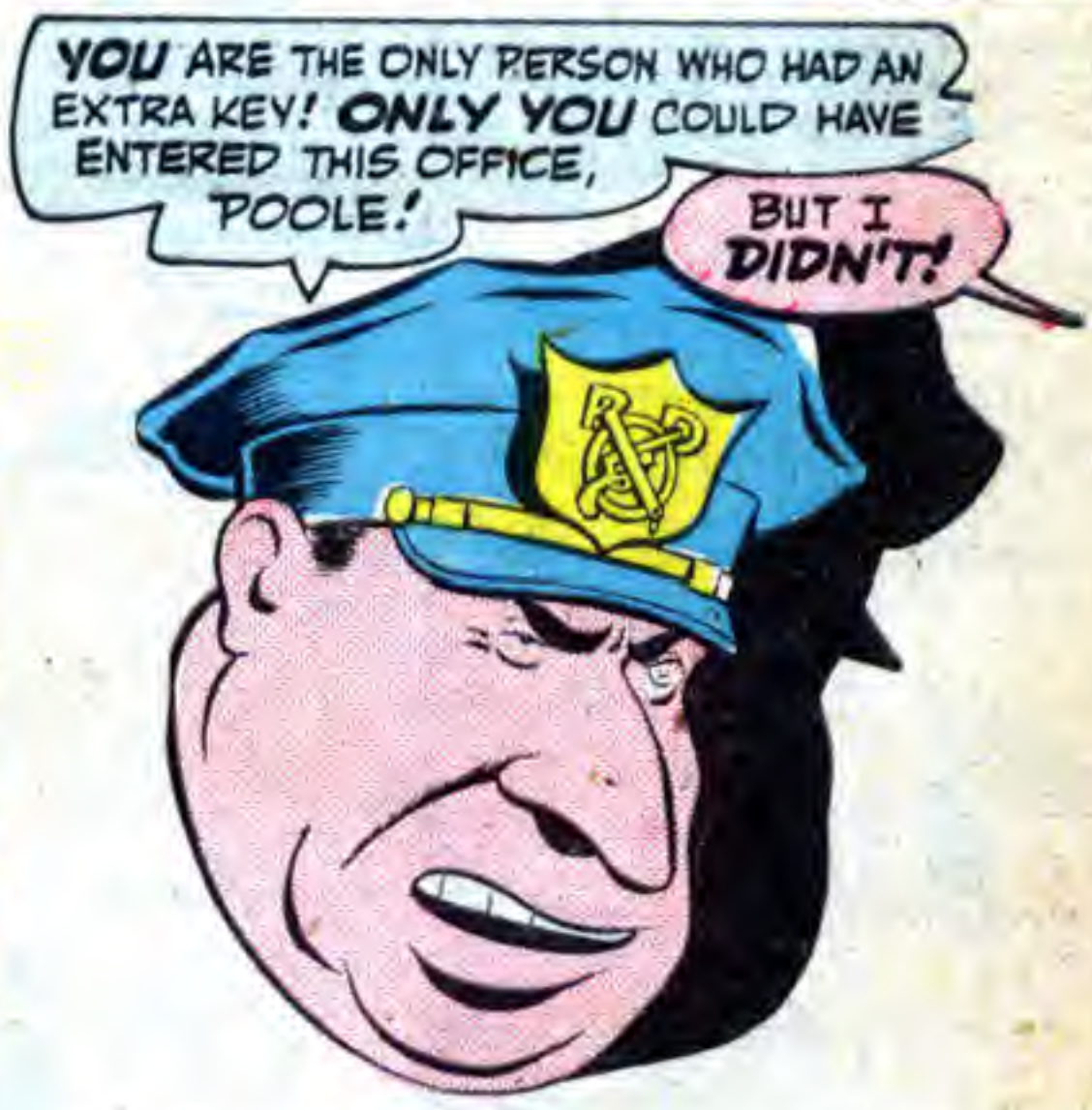
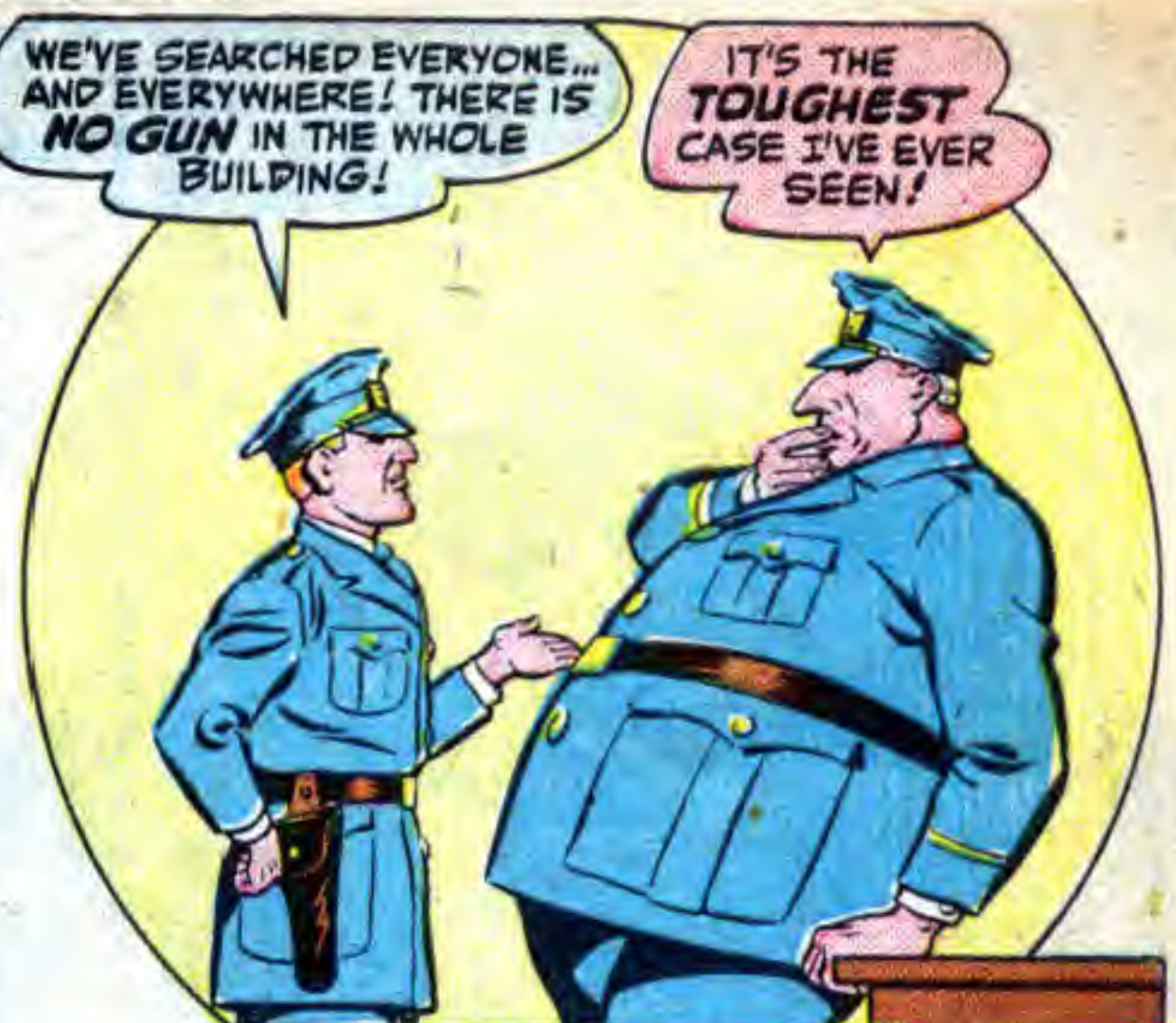
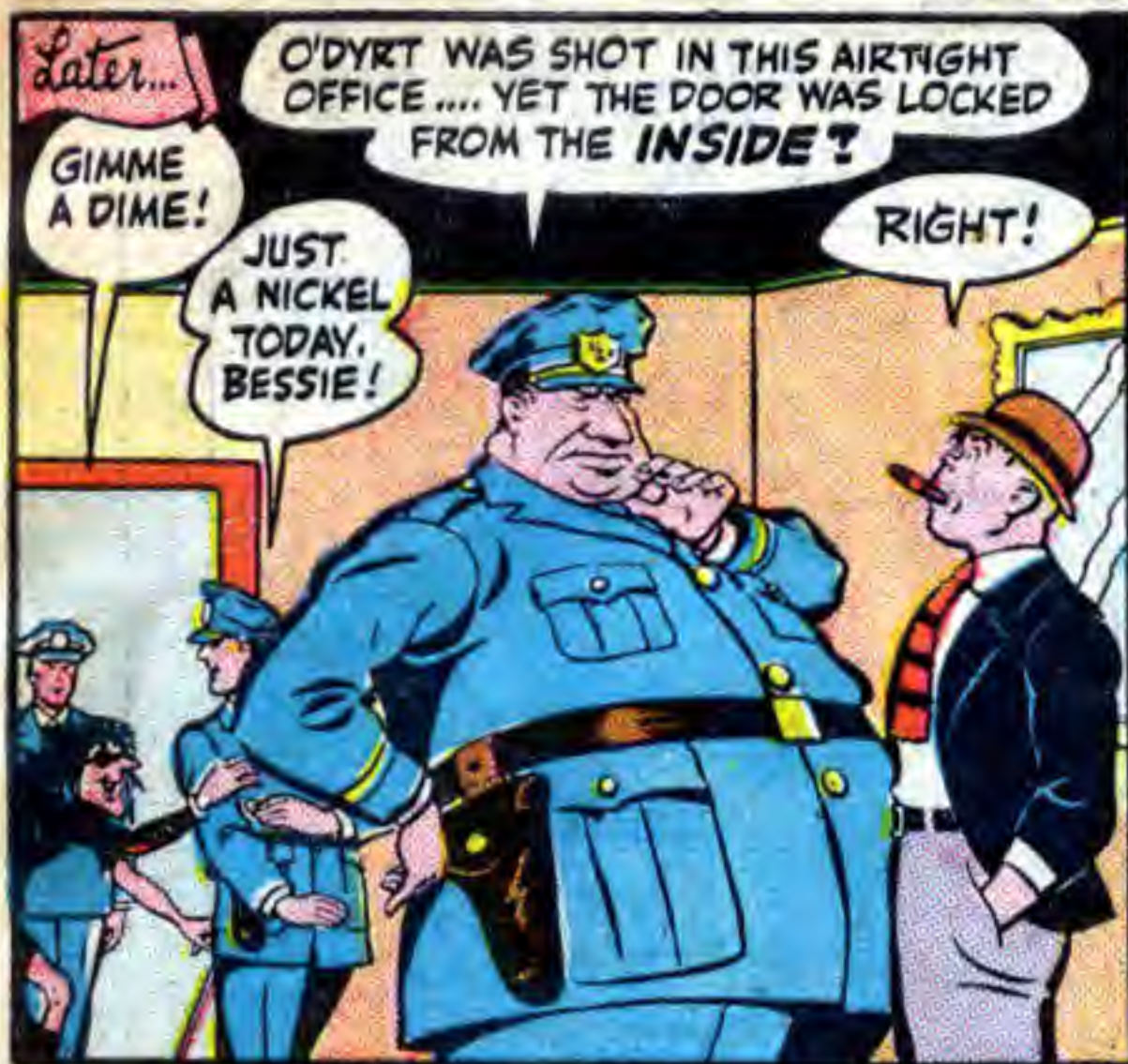


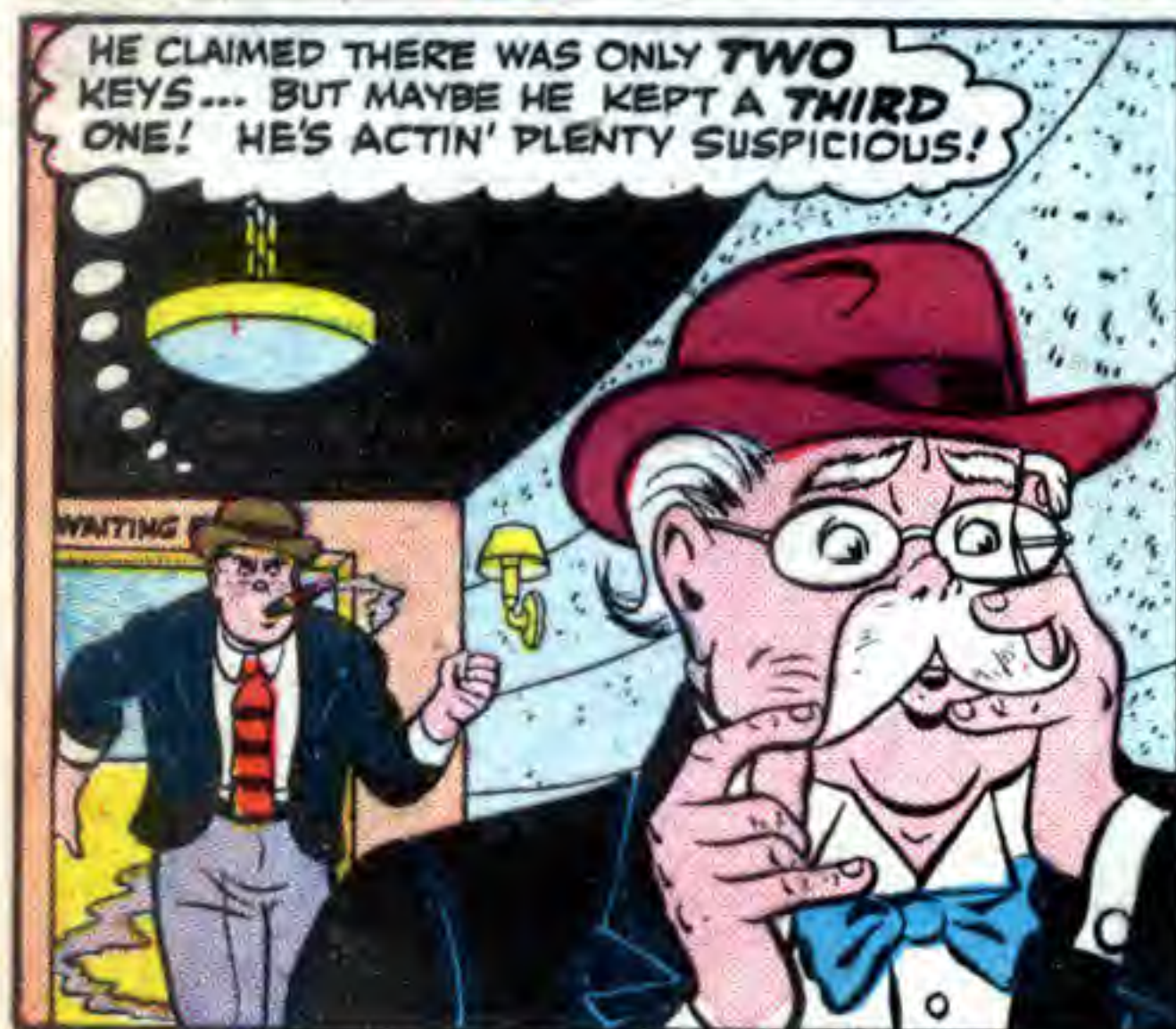
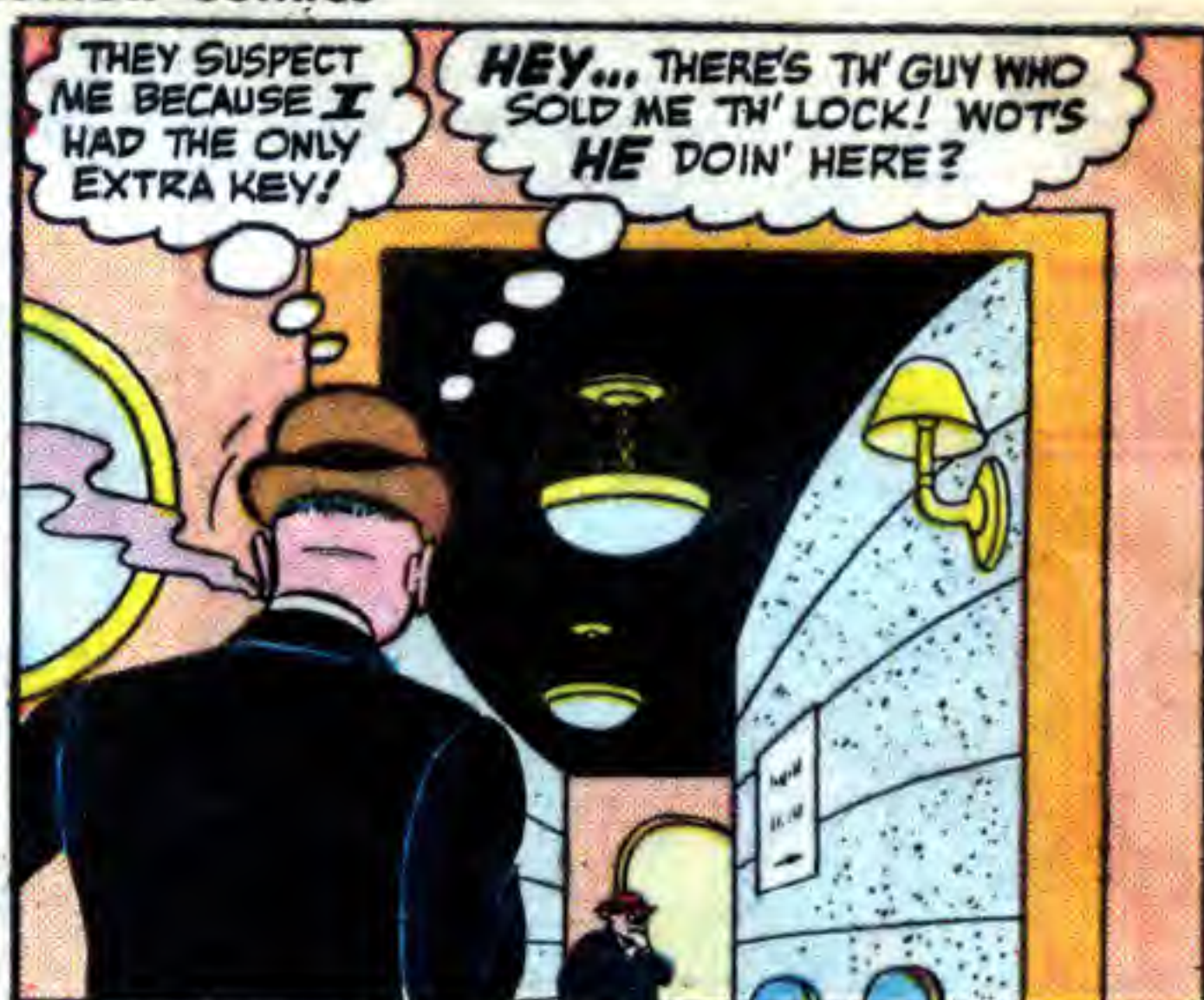


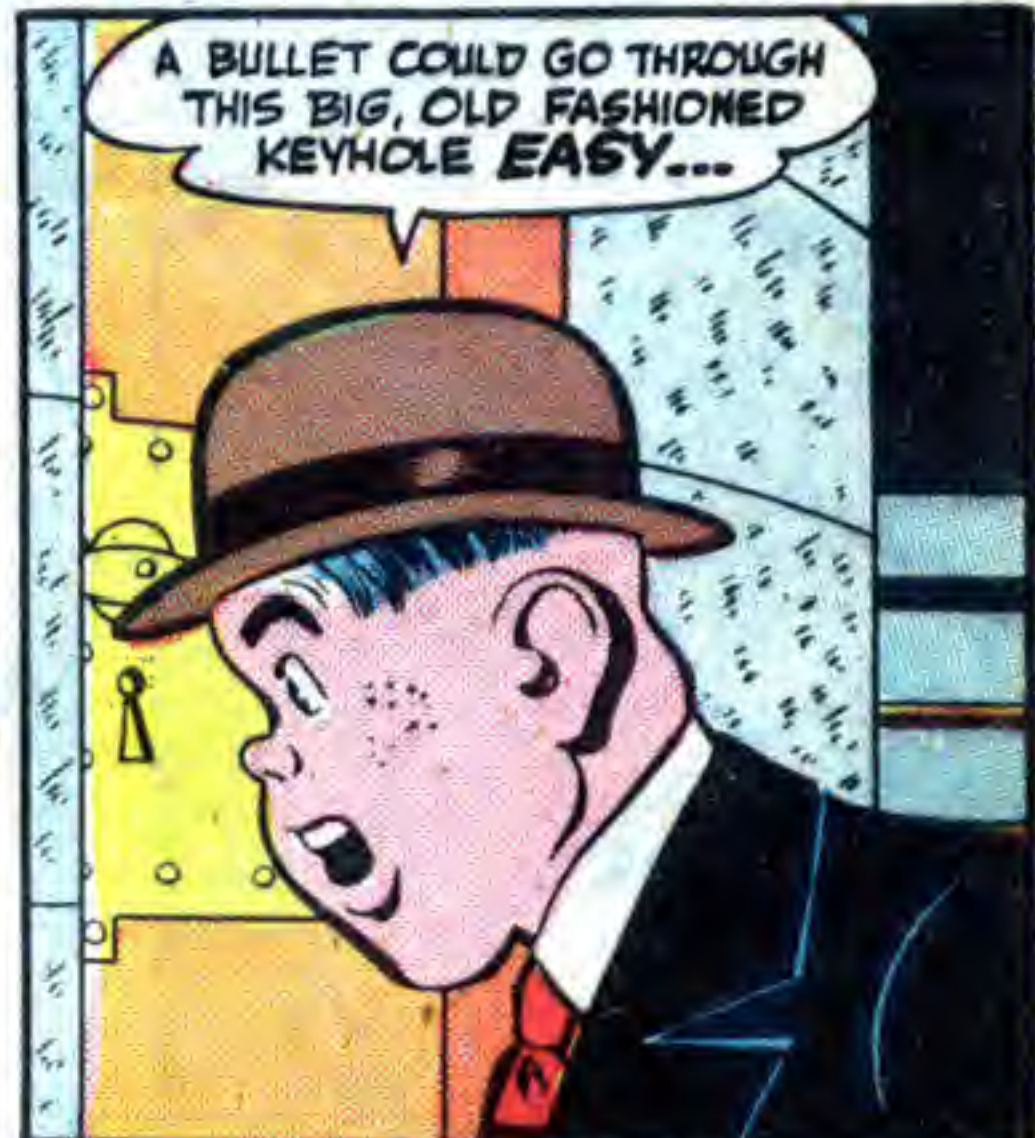
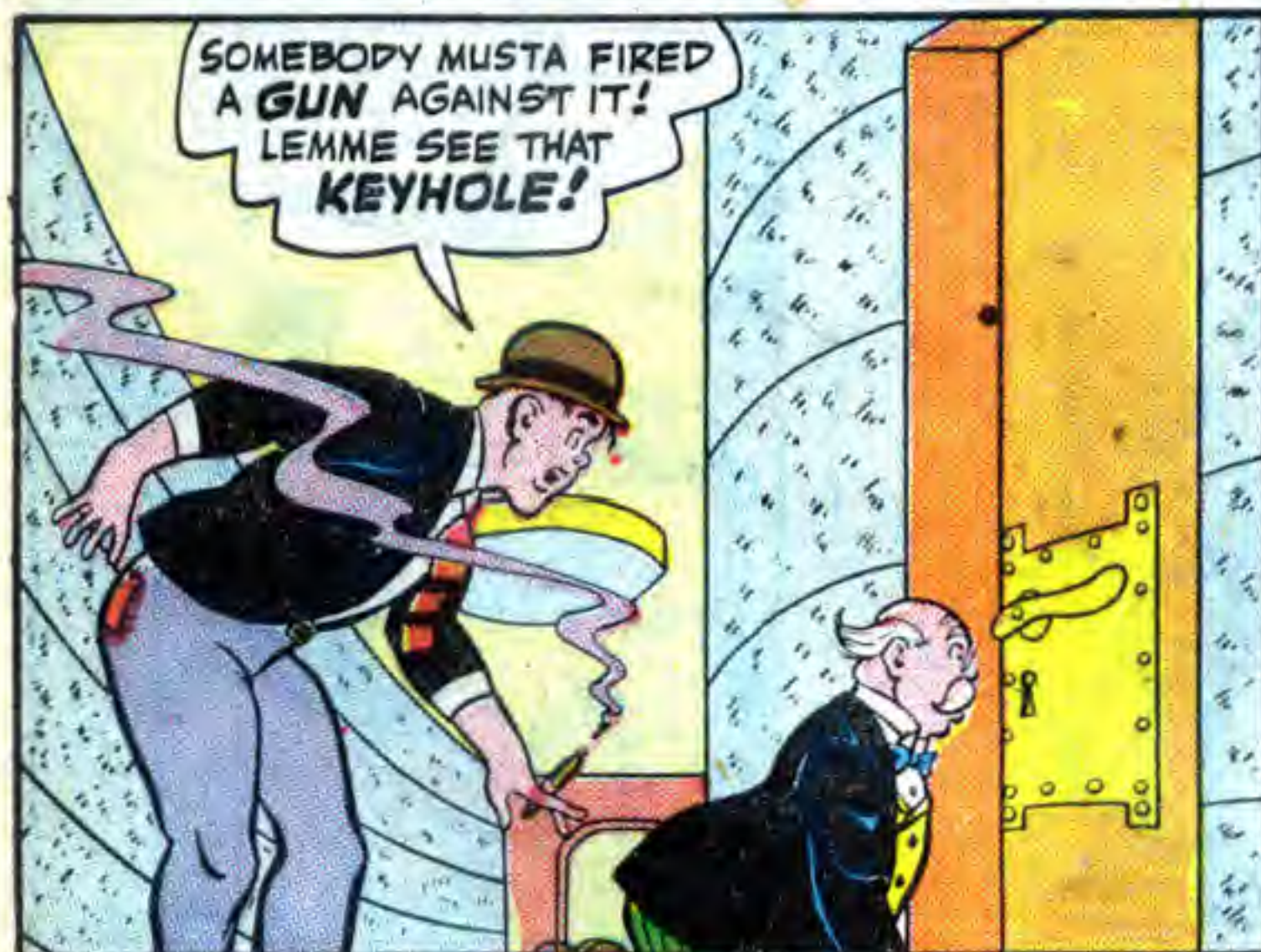
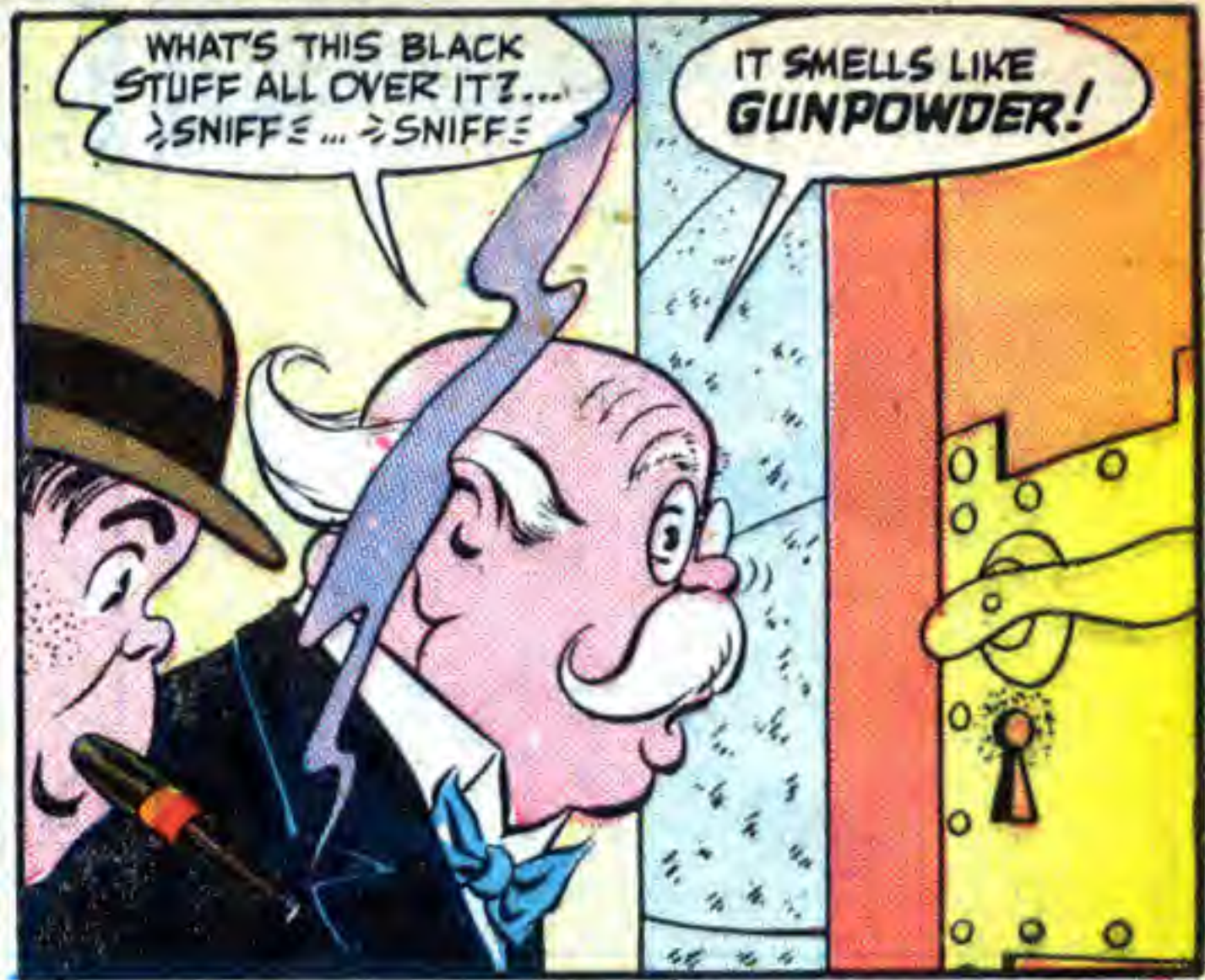


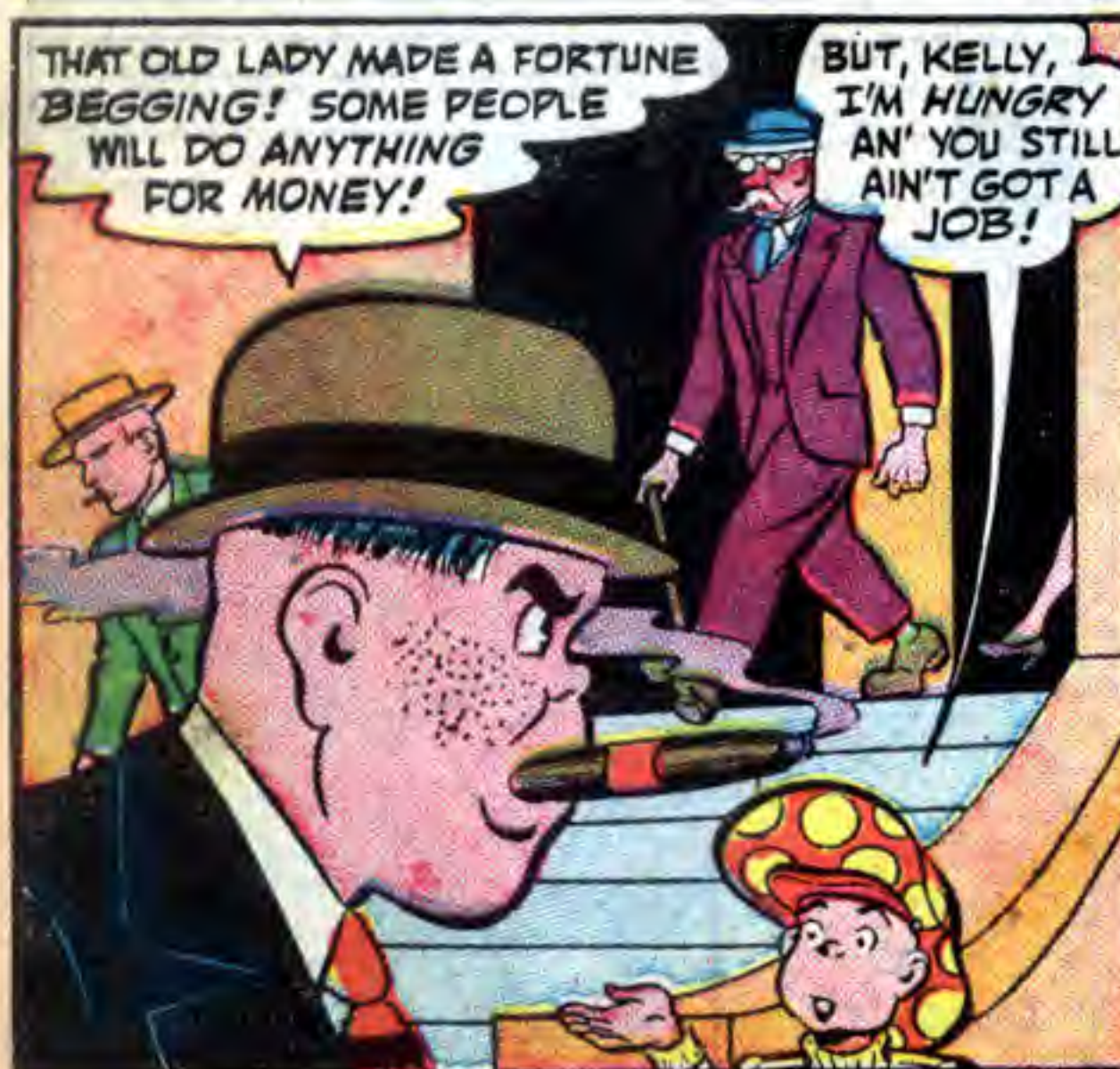
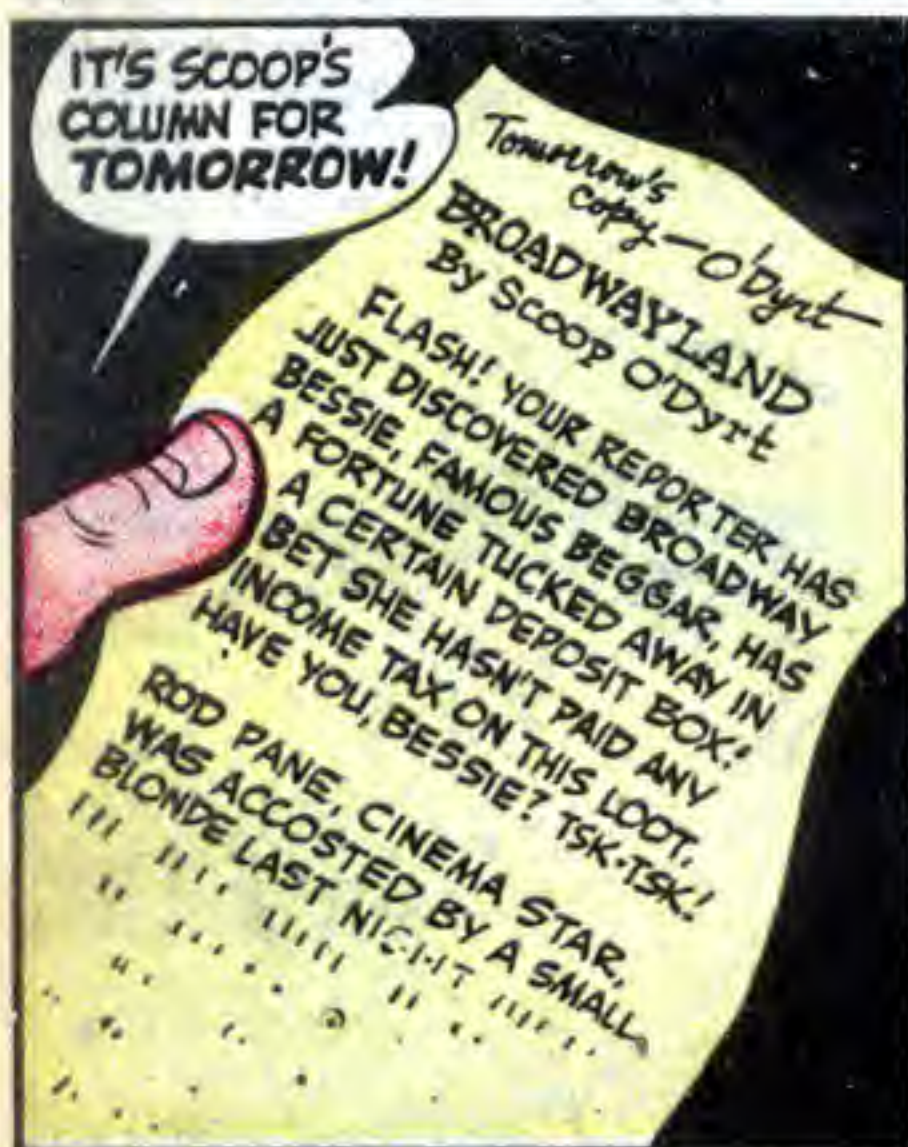








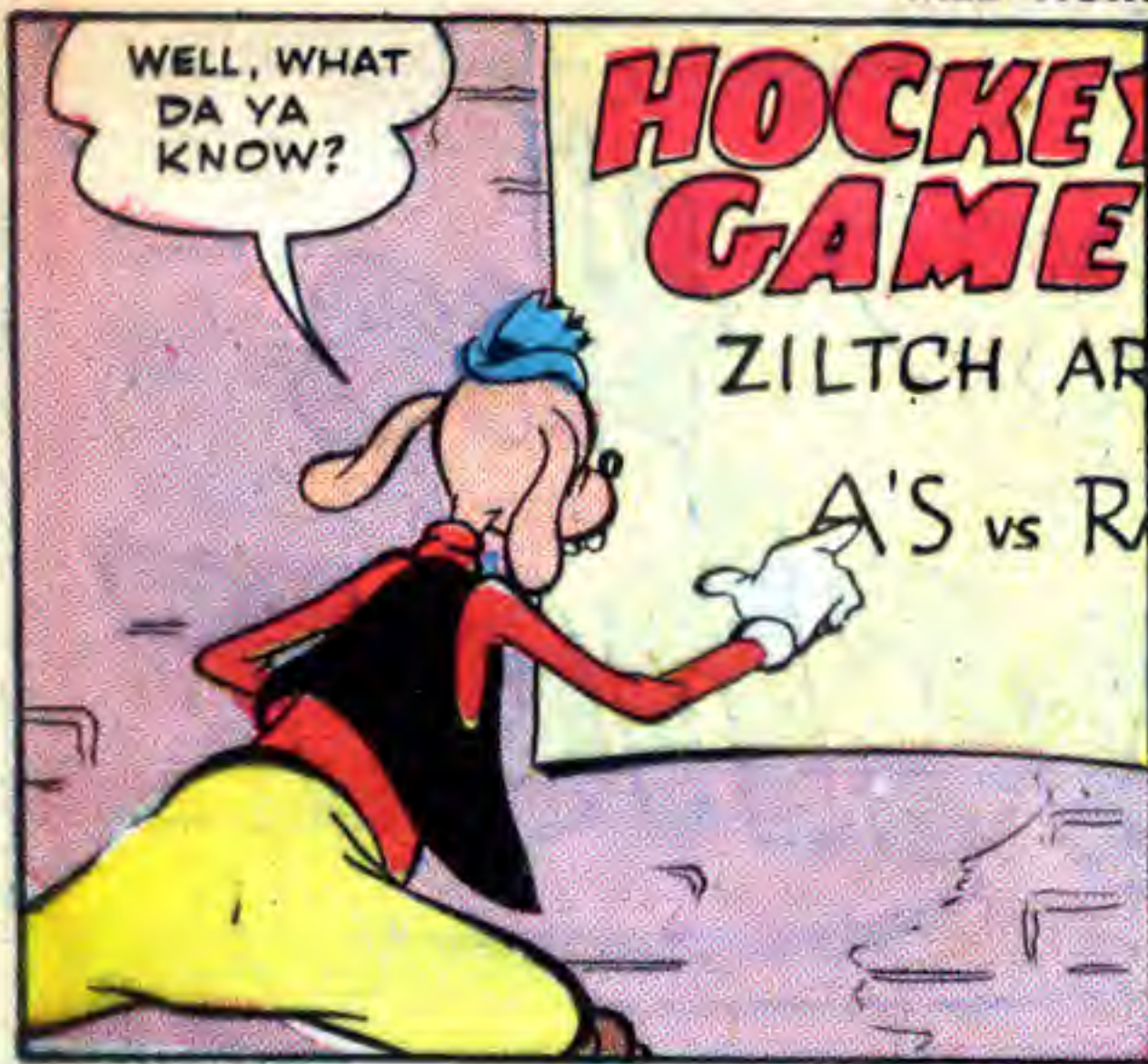


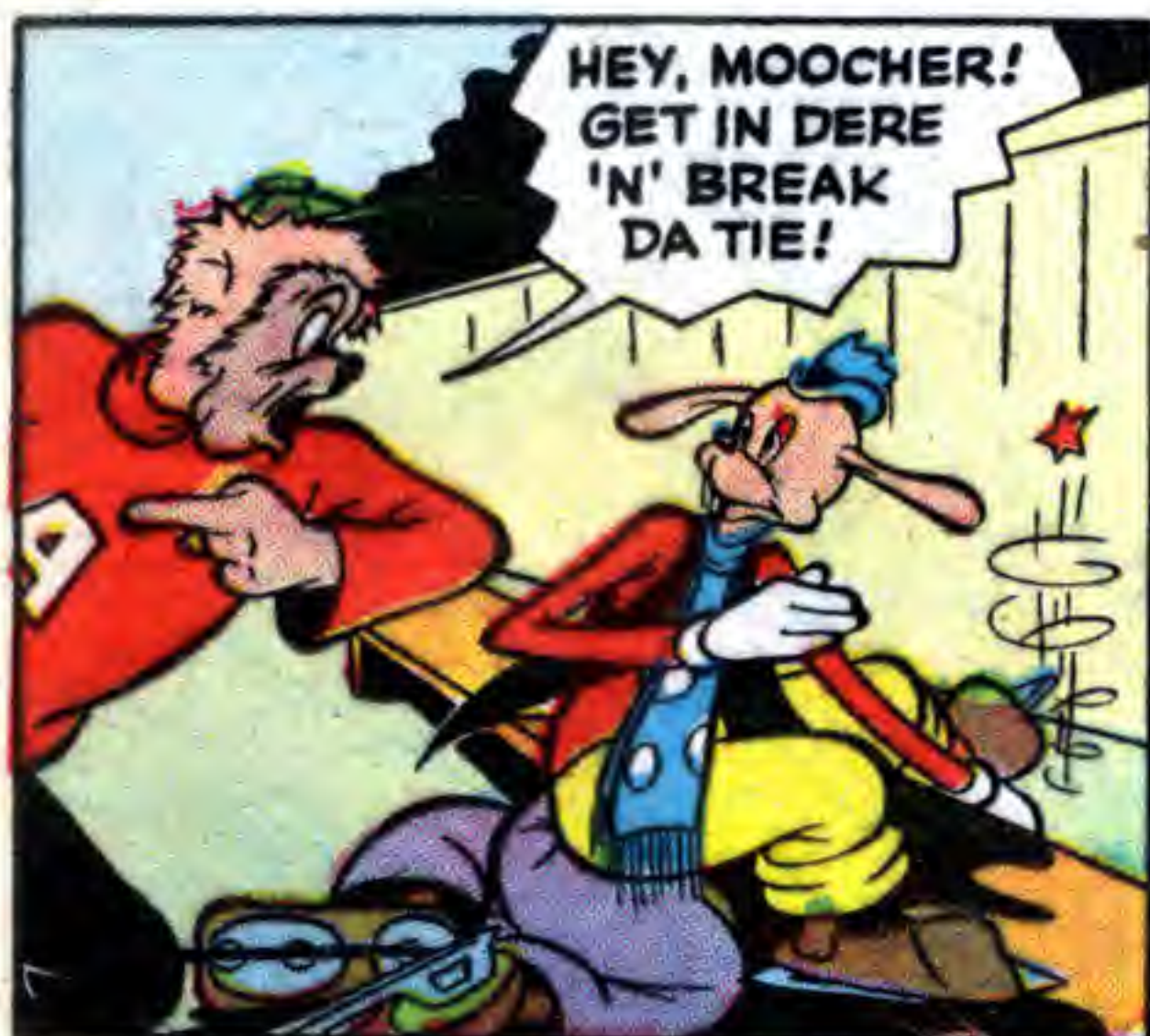
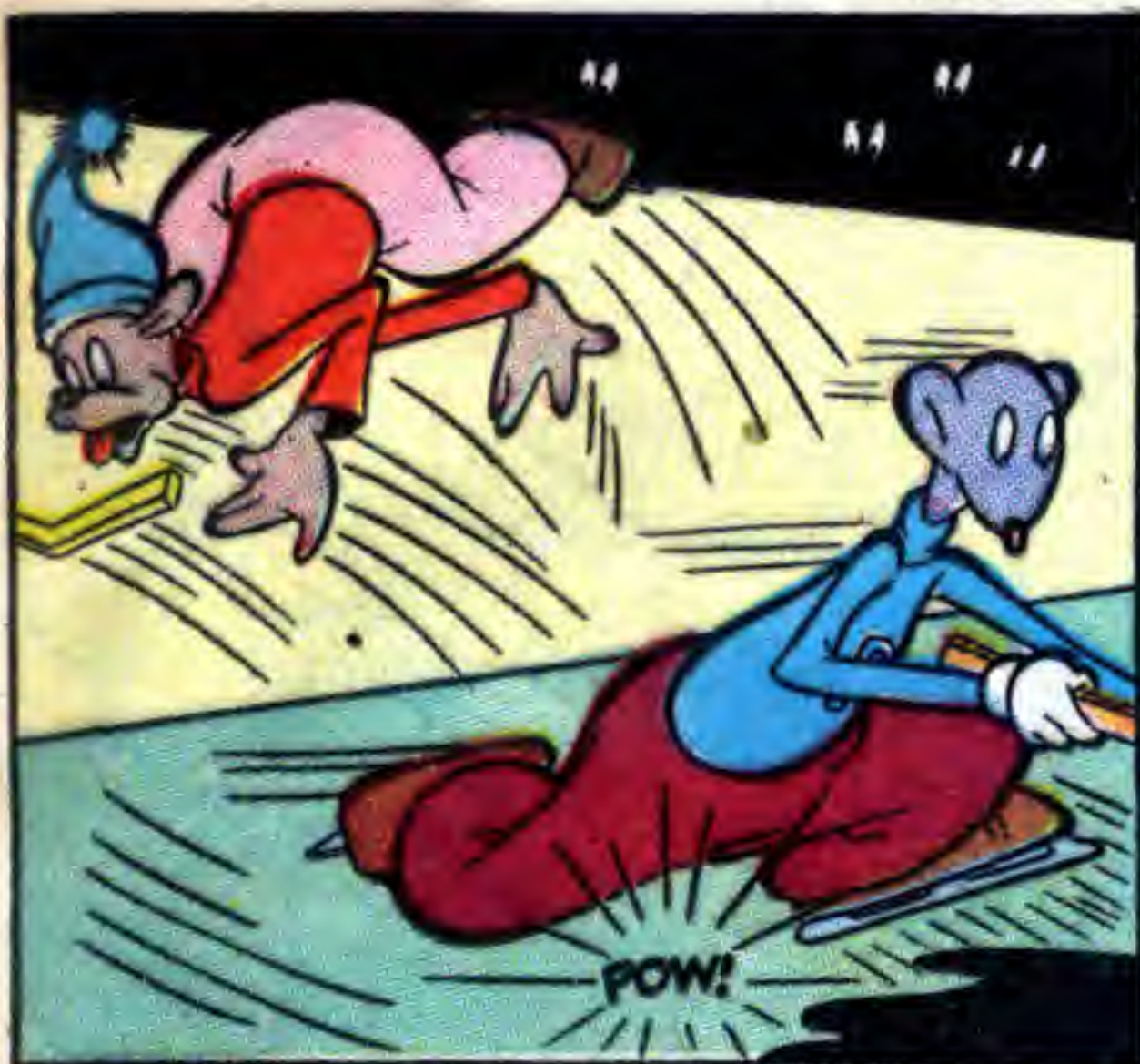


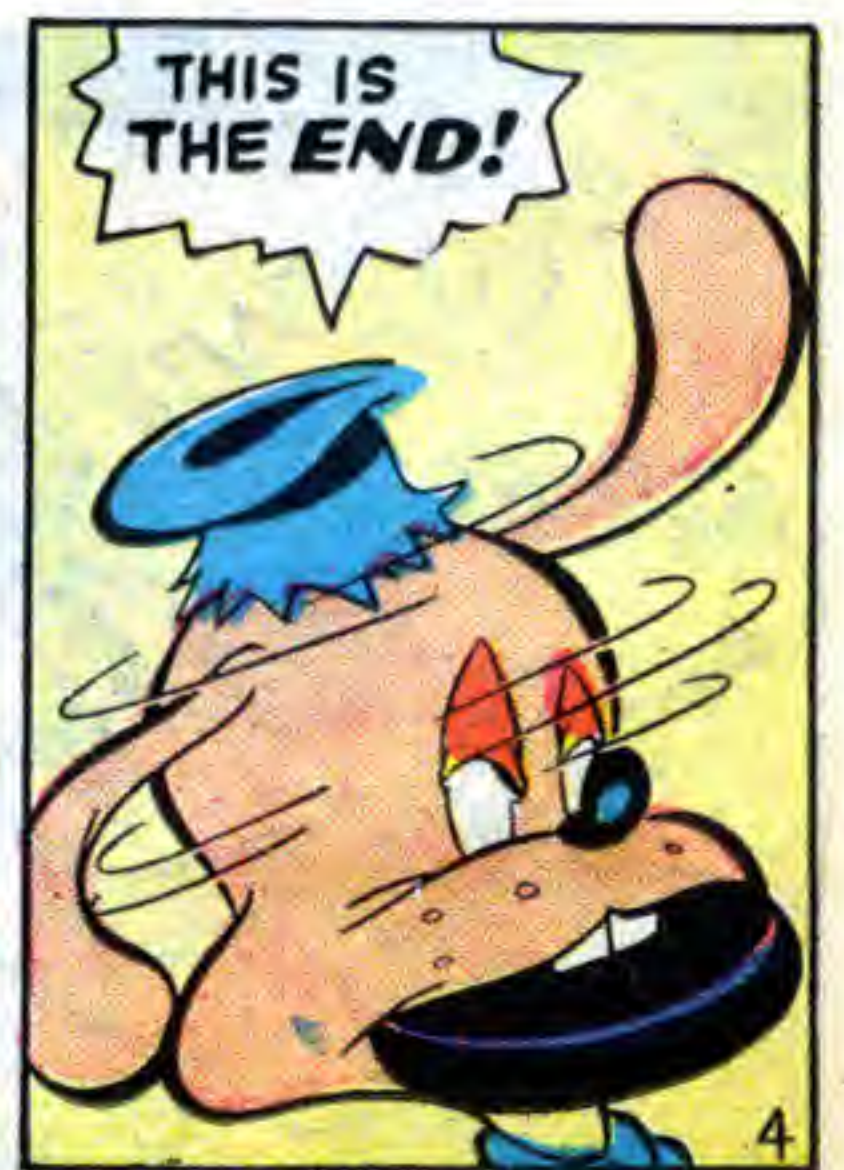
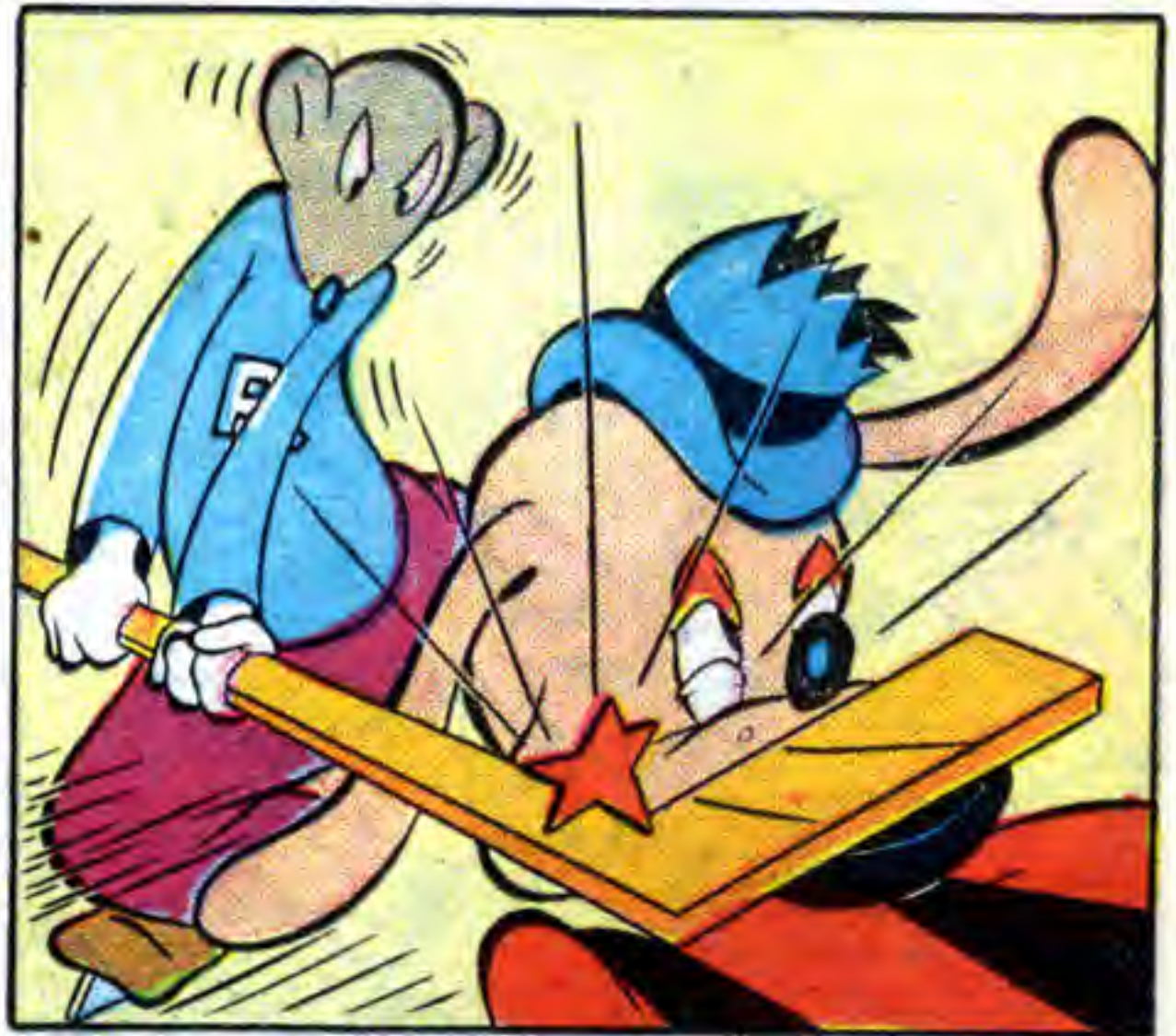
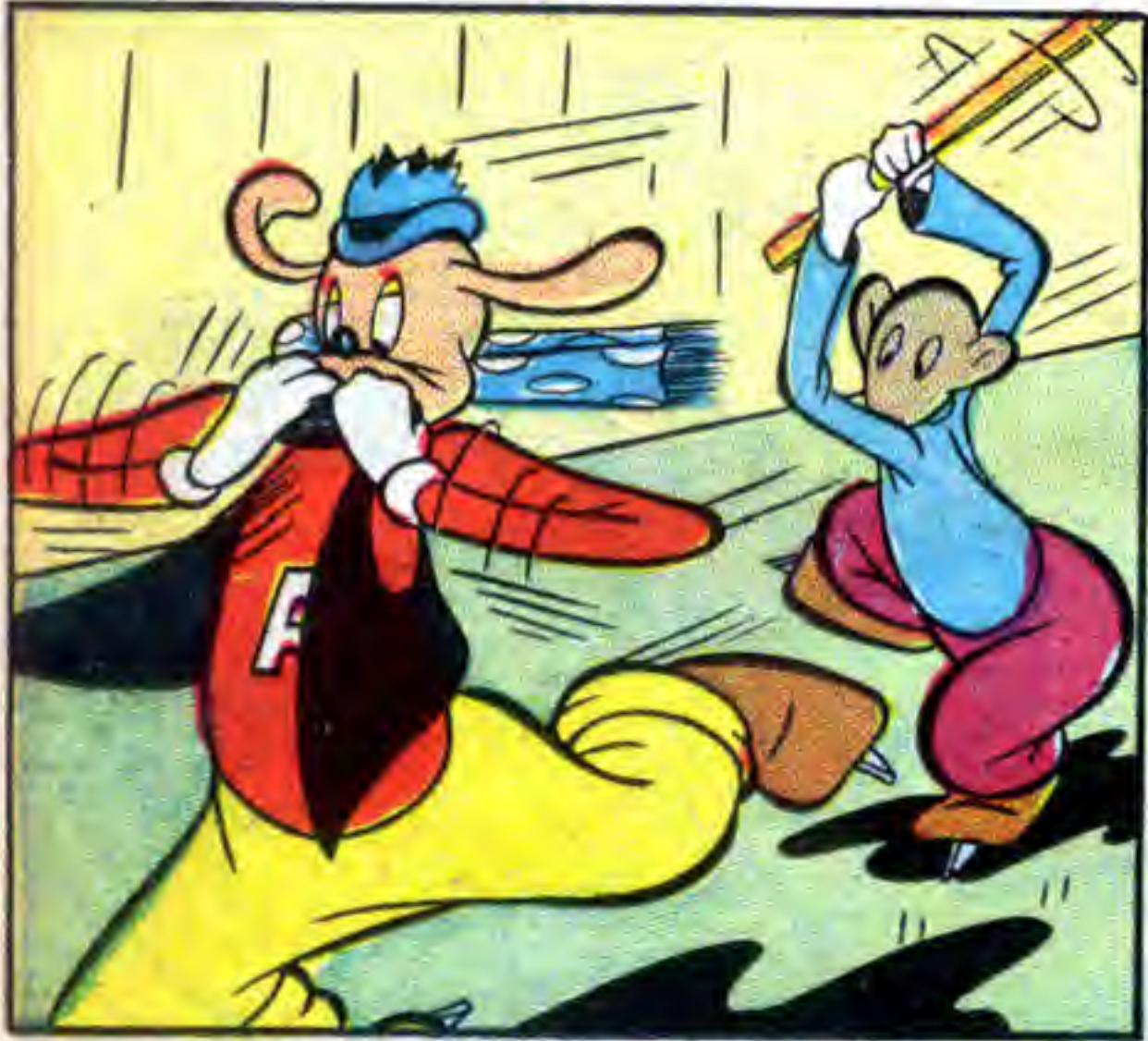
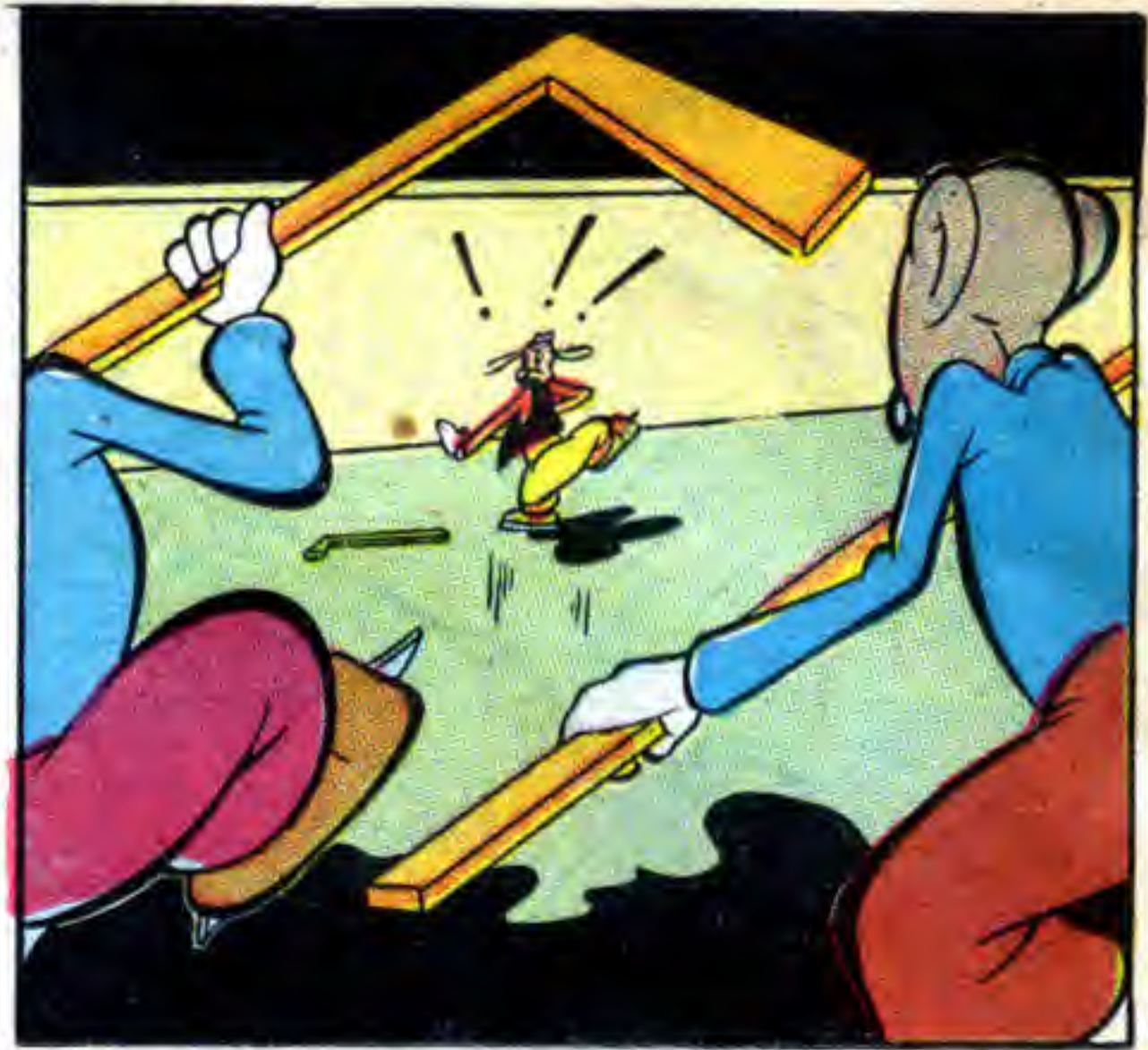
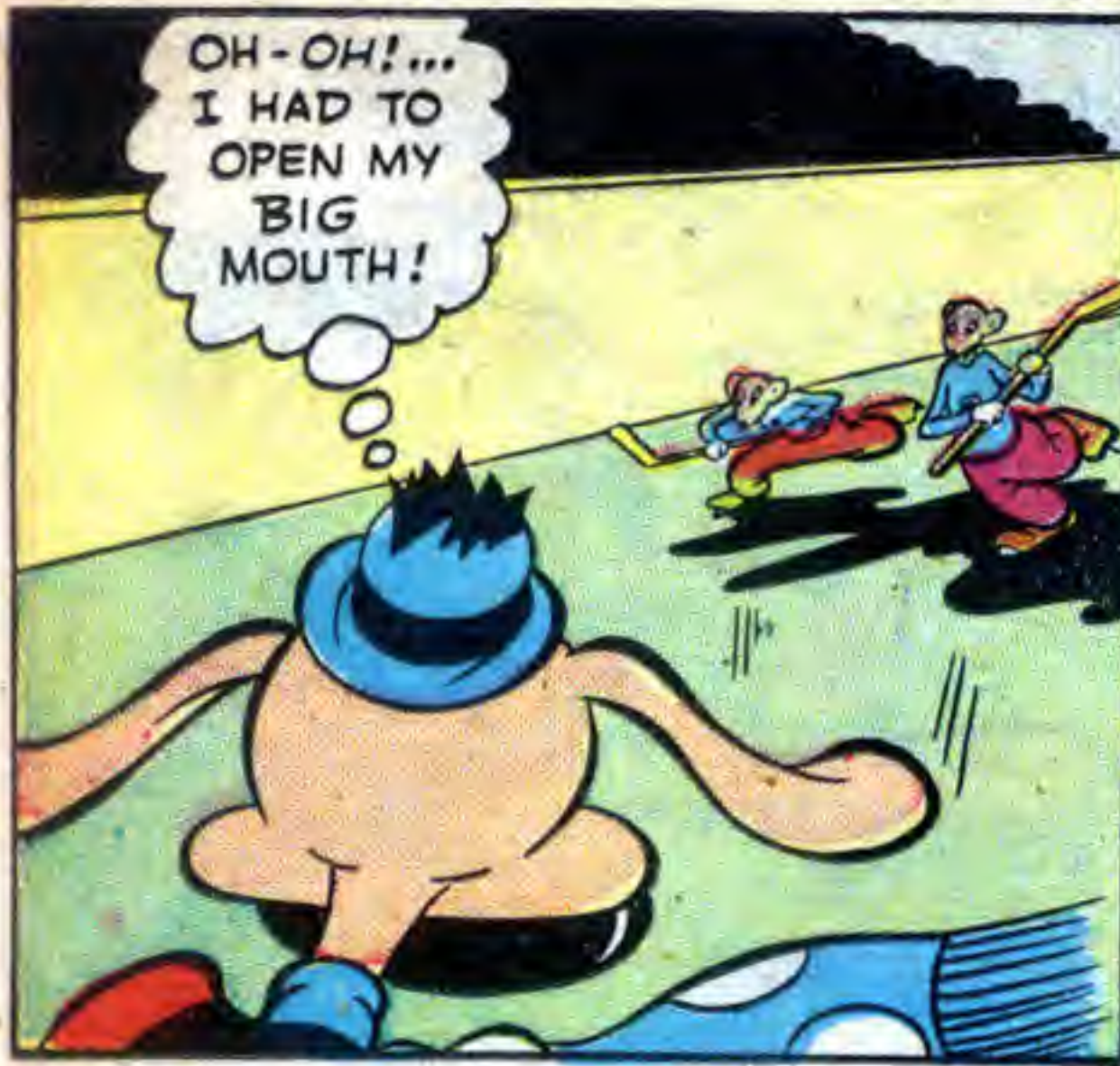
Mickey the Moocher

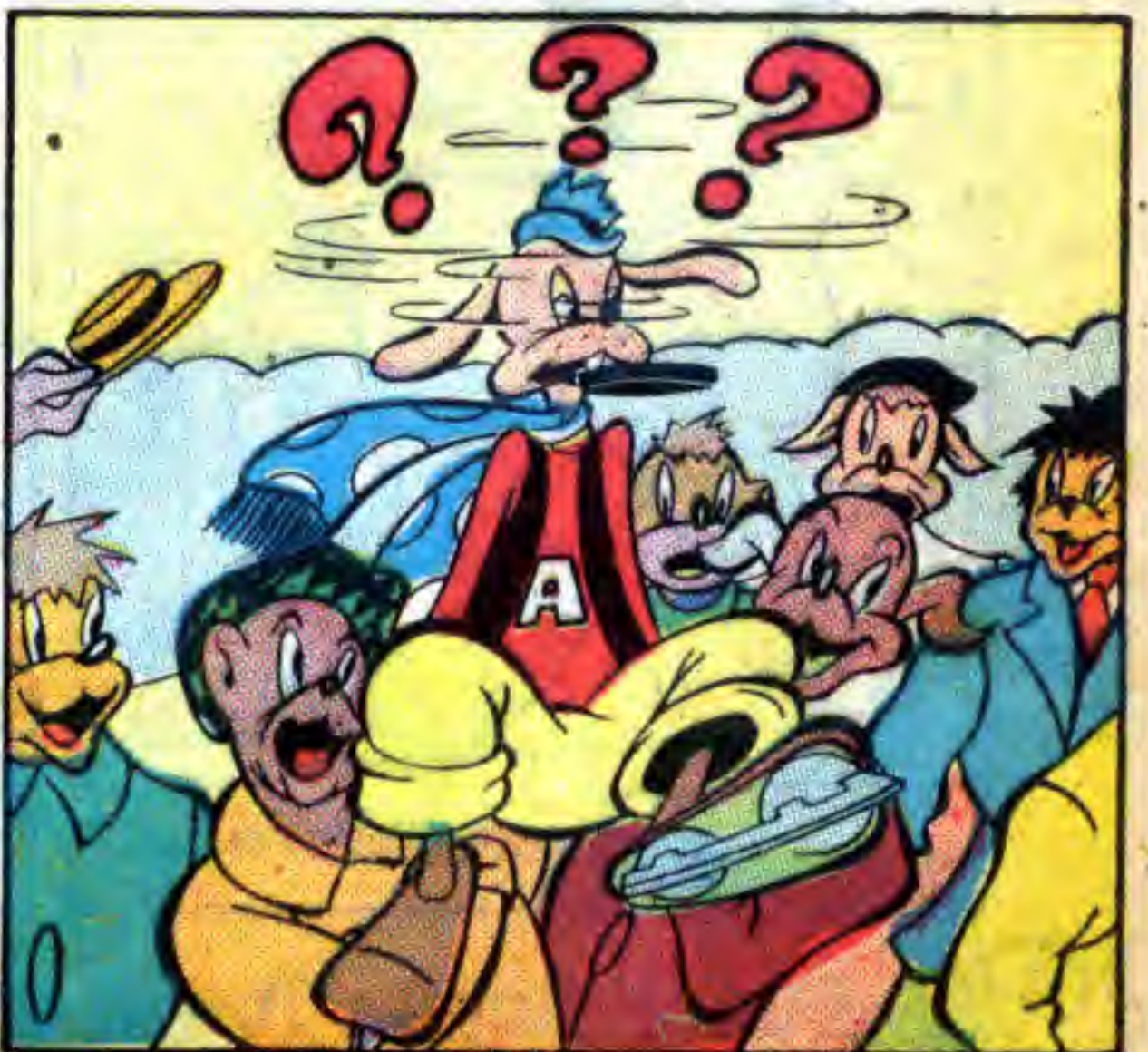
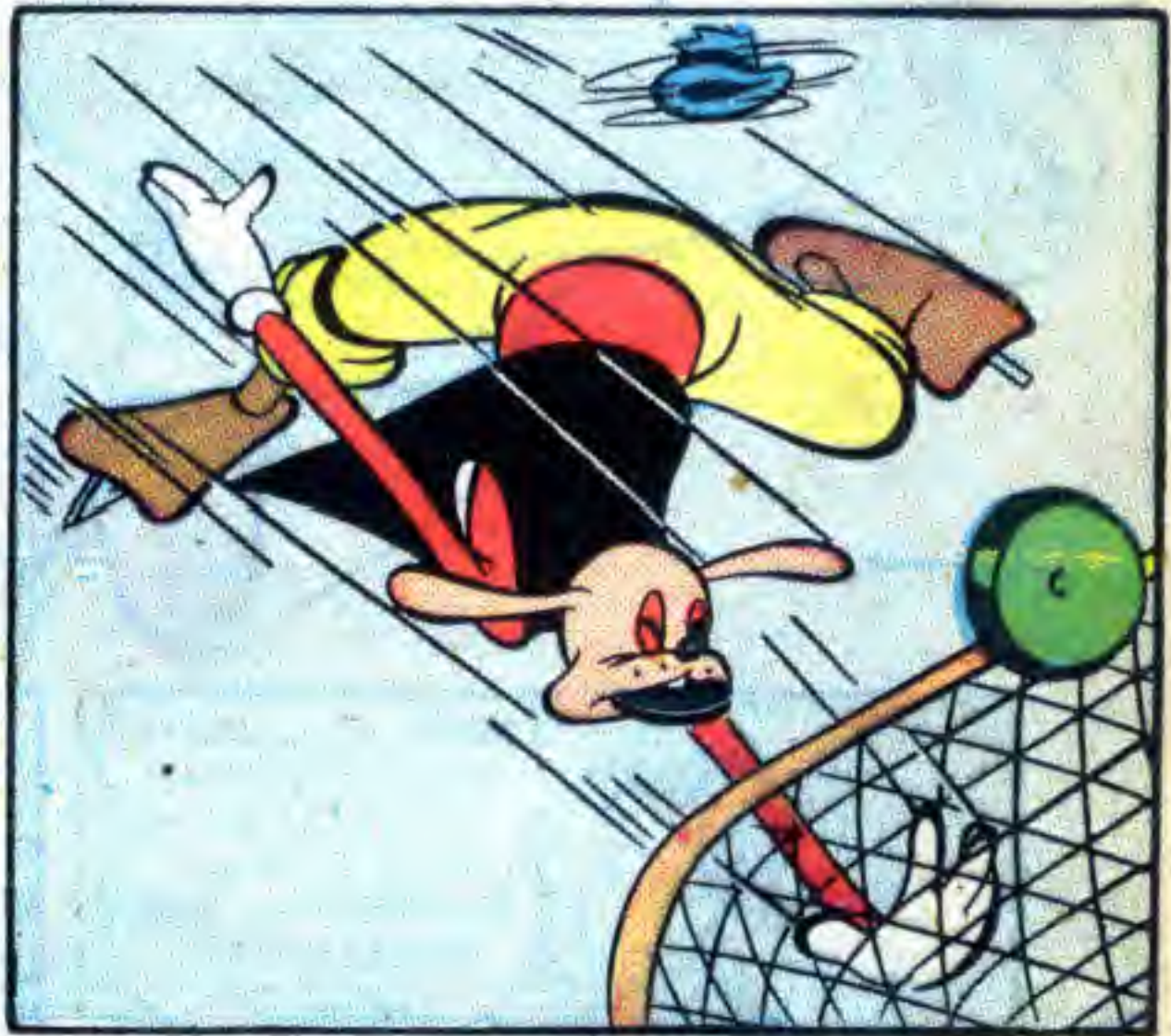
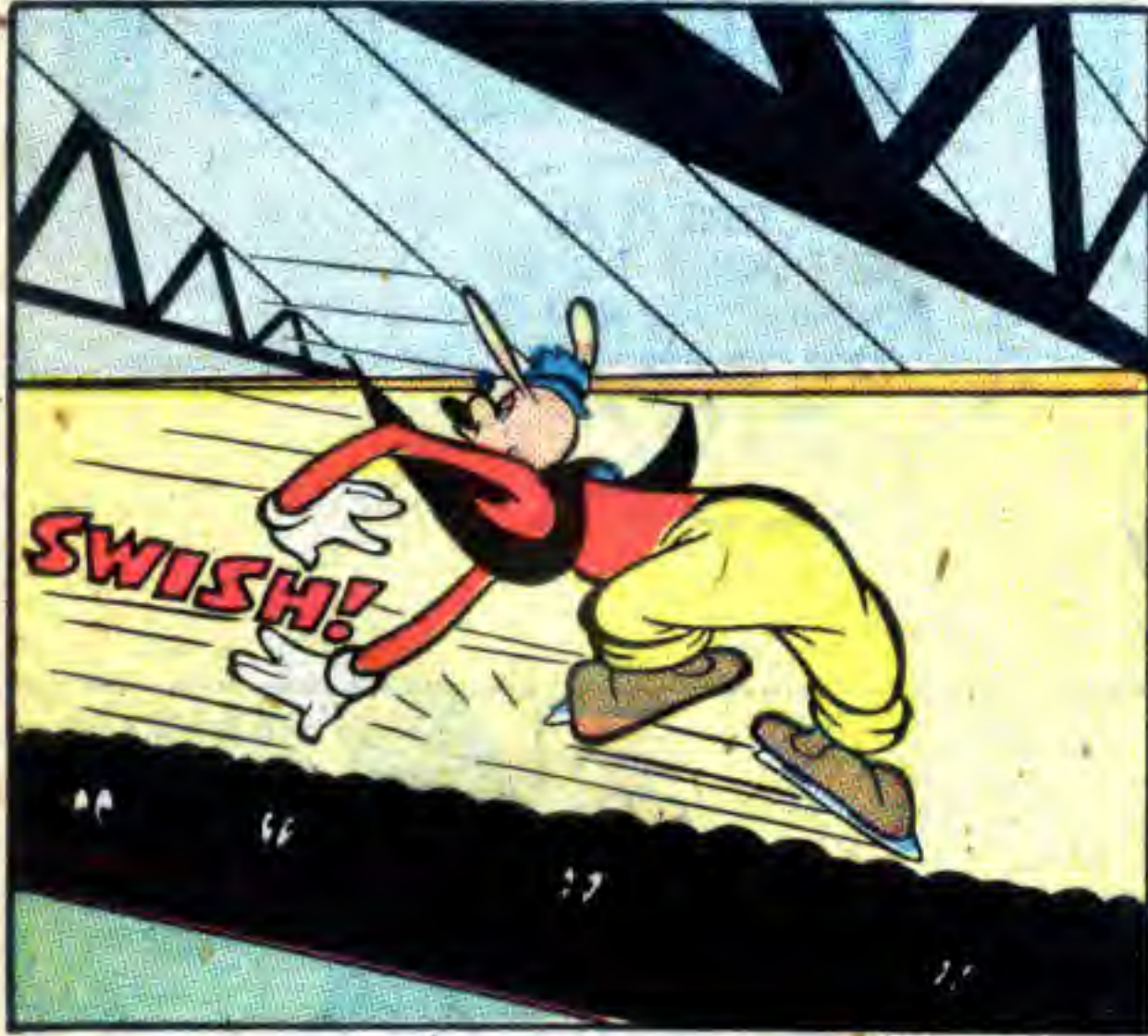
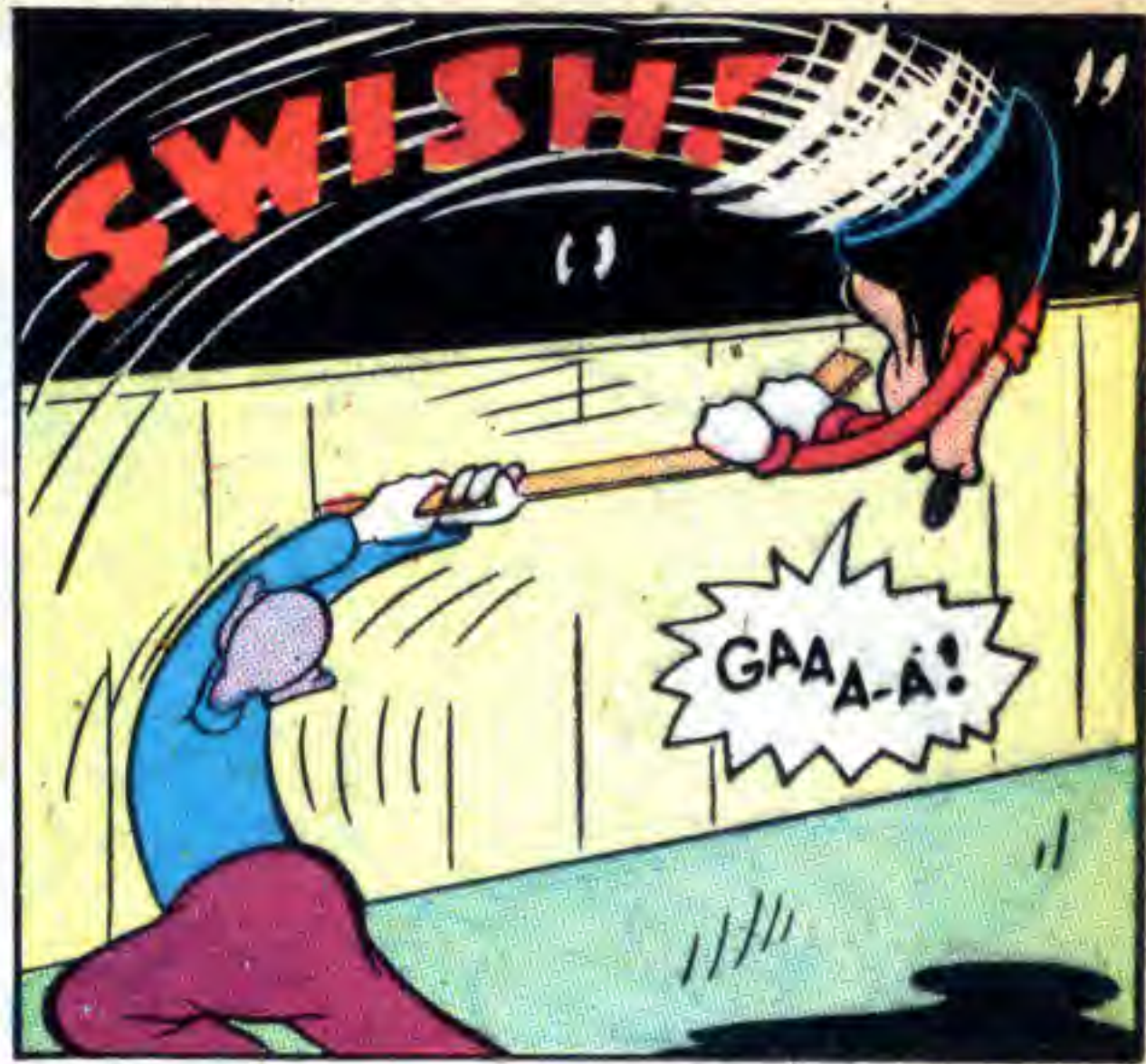
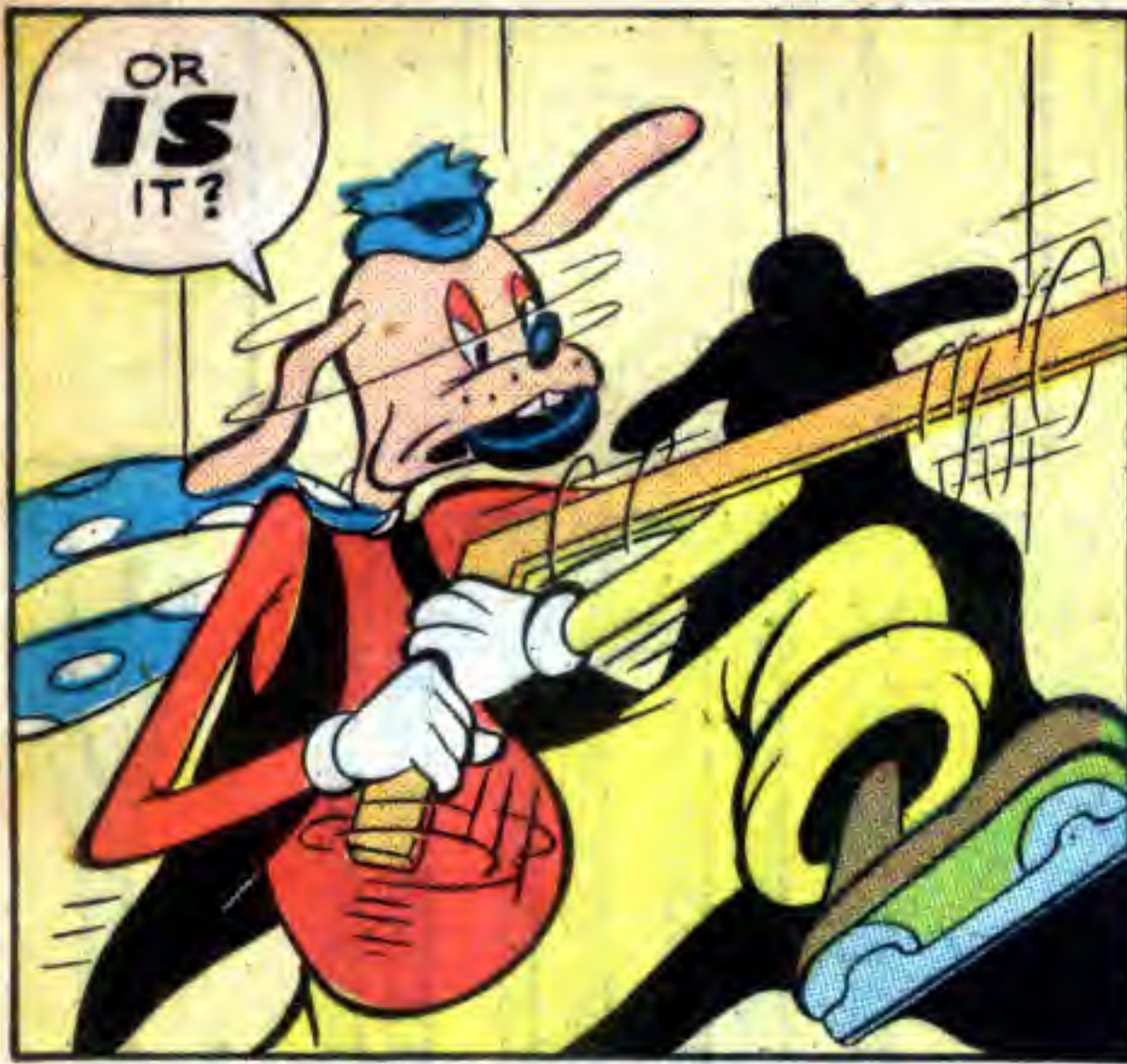


King
for a DAY!









ALL HUMOR COMICS

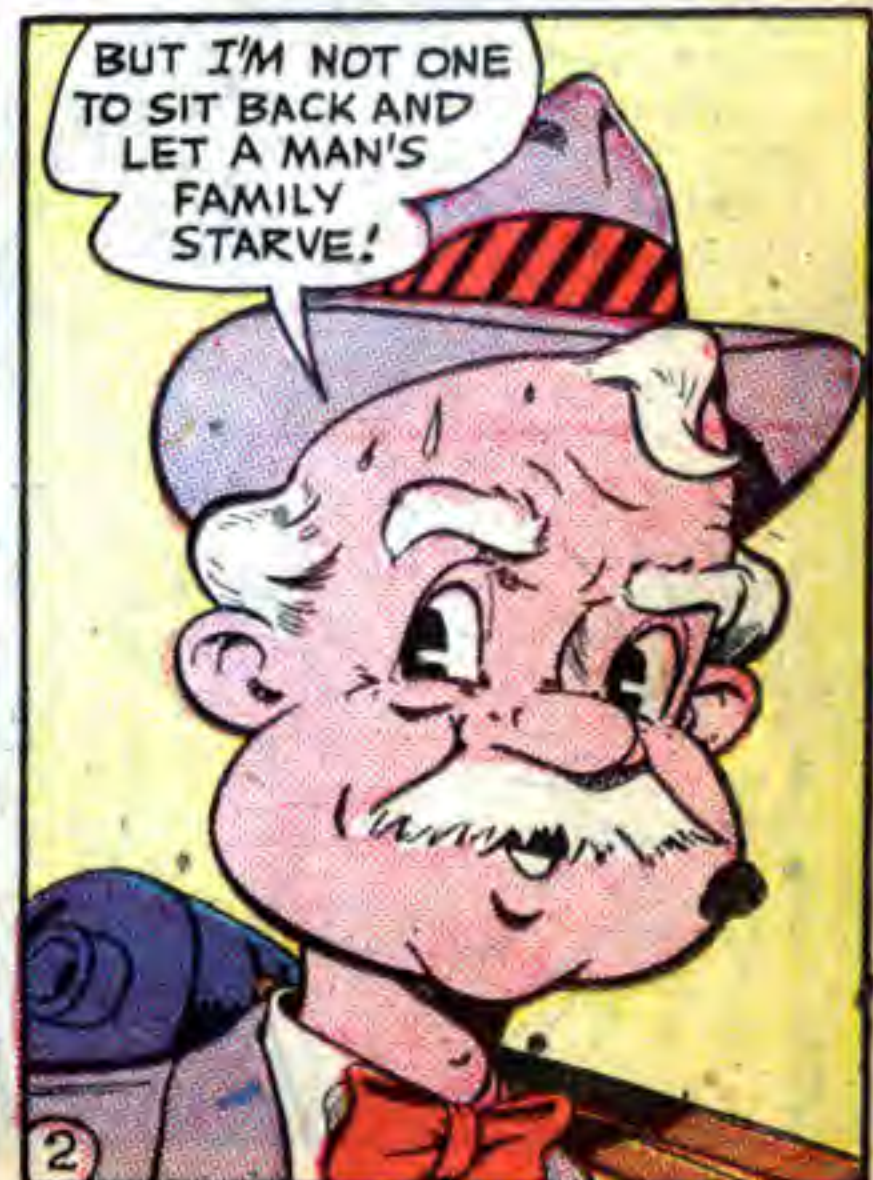
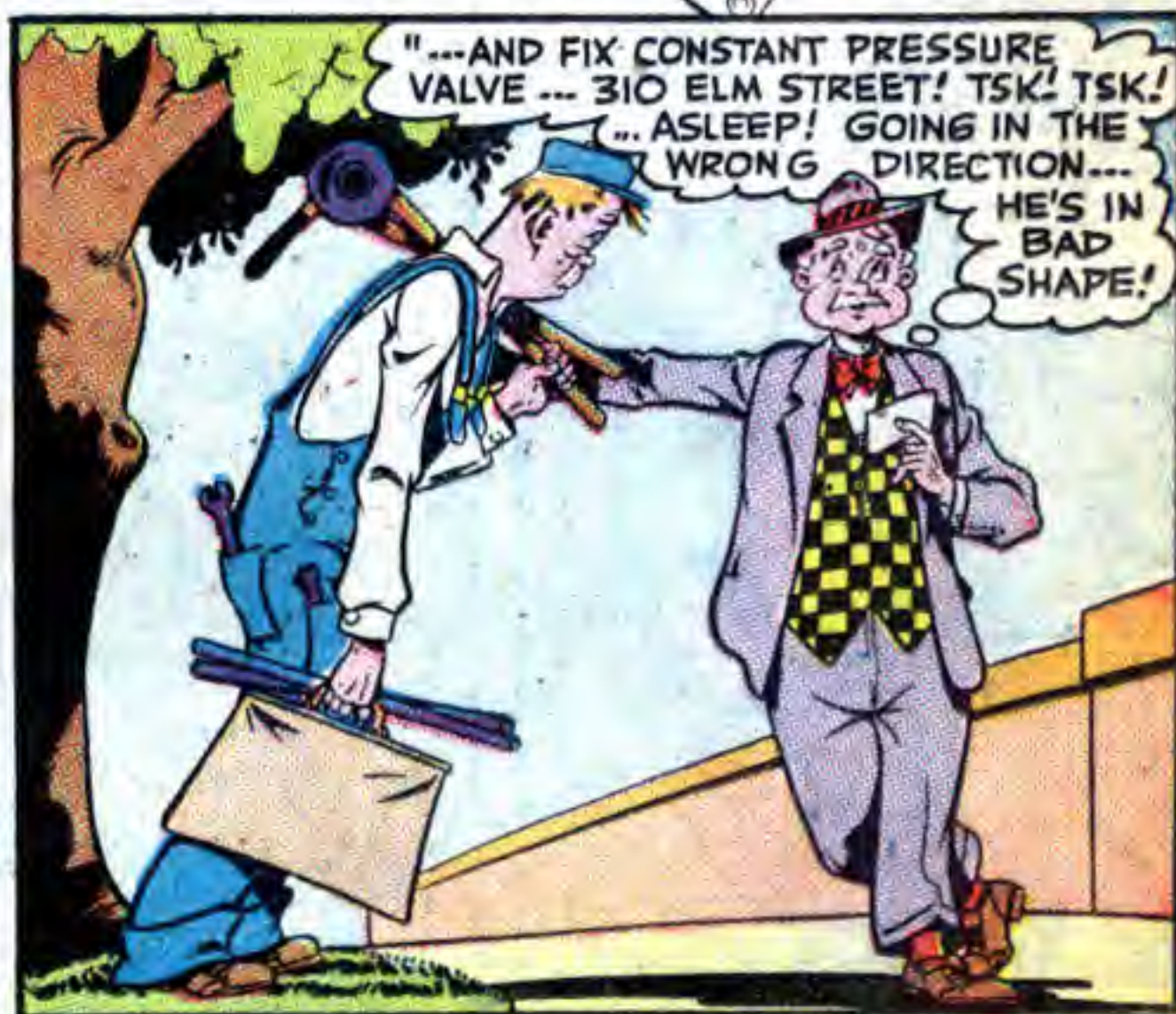
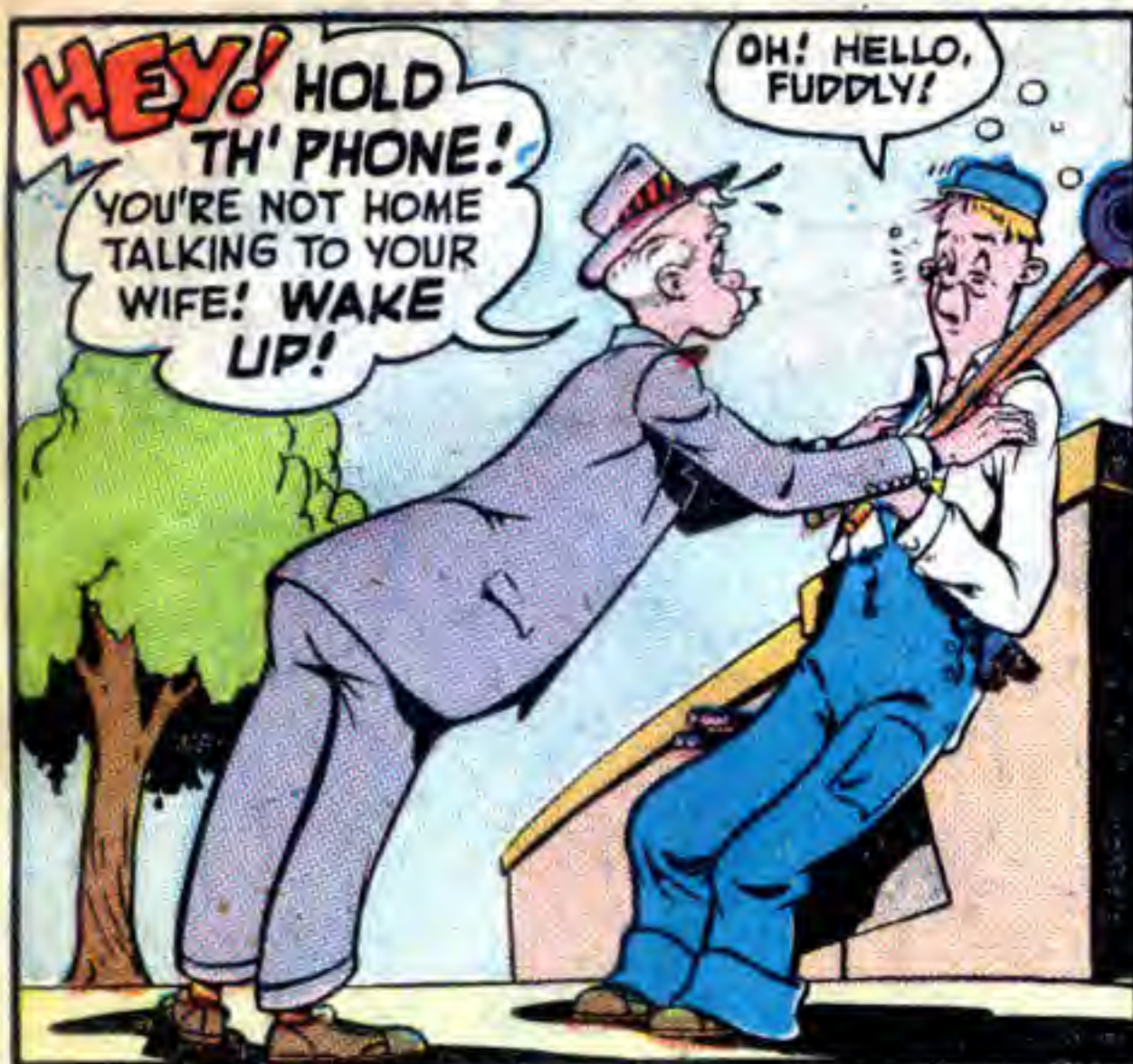


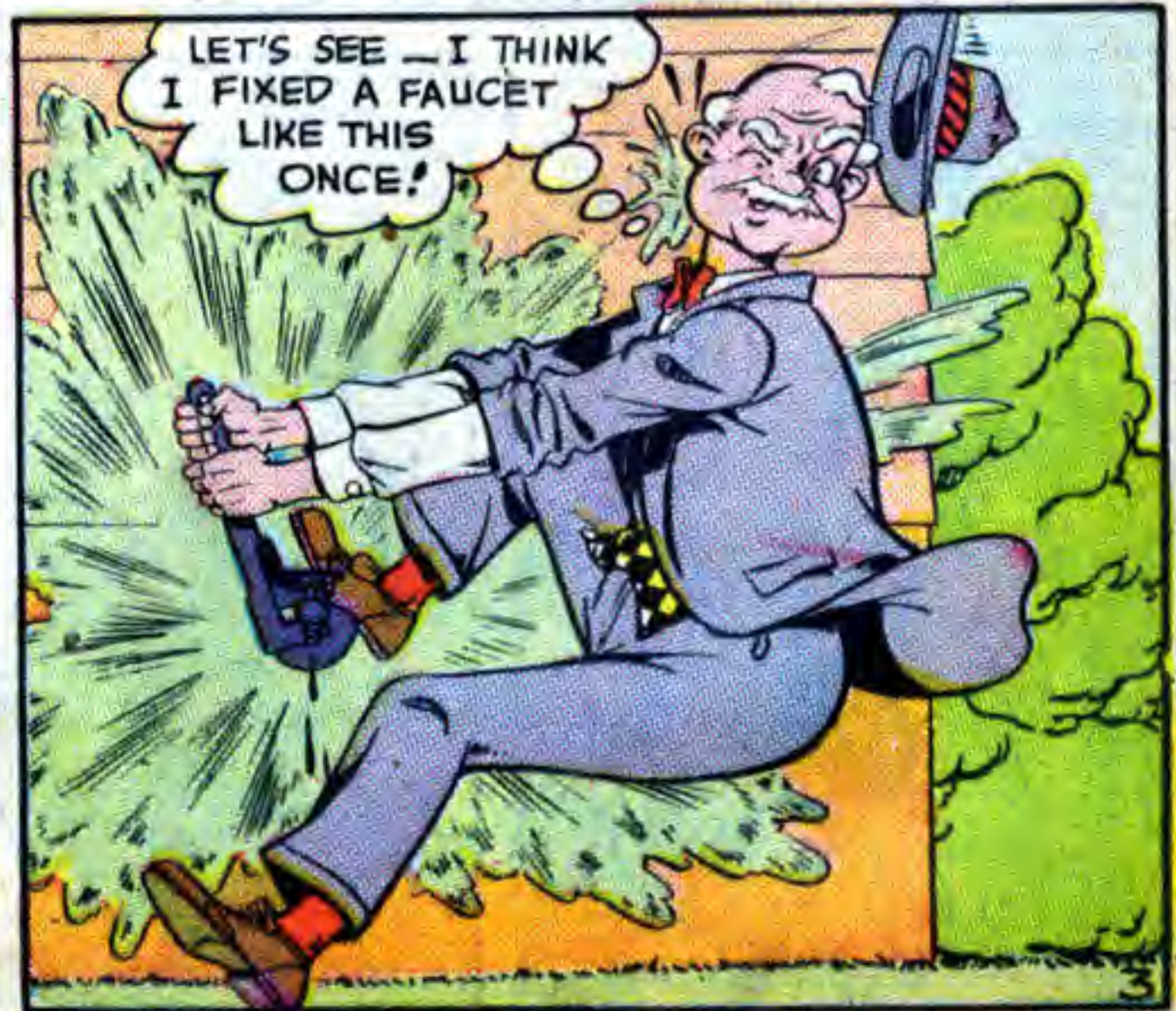
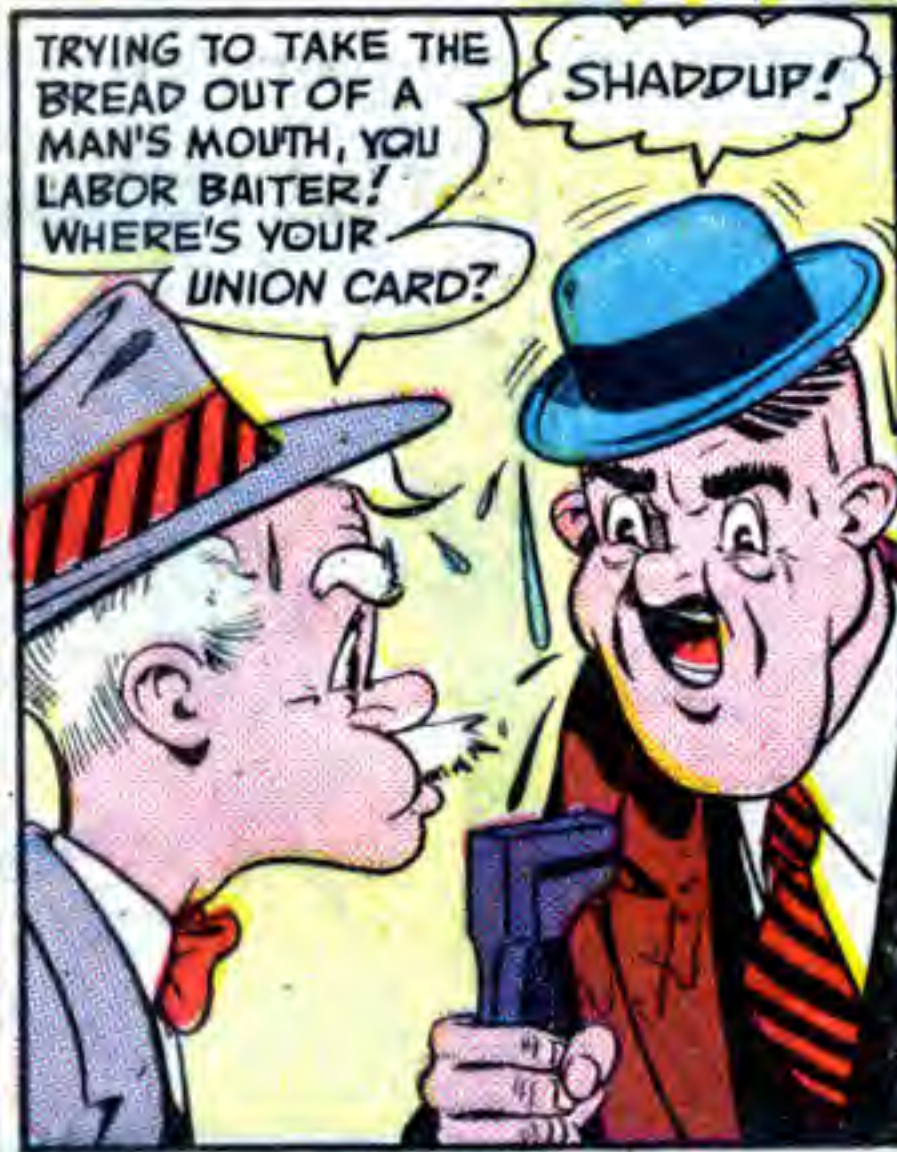
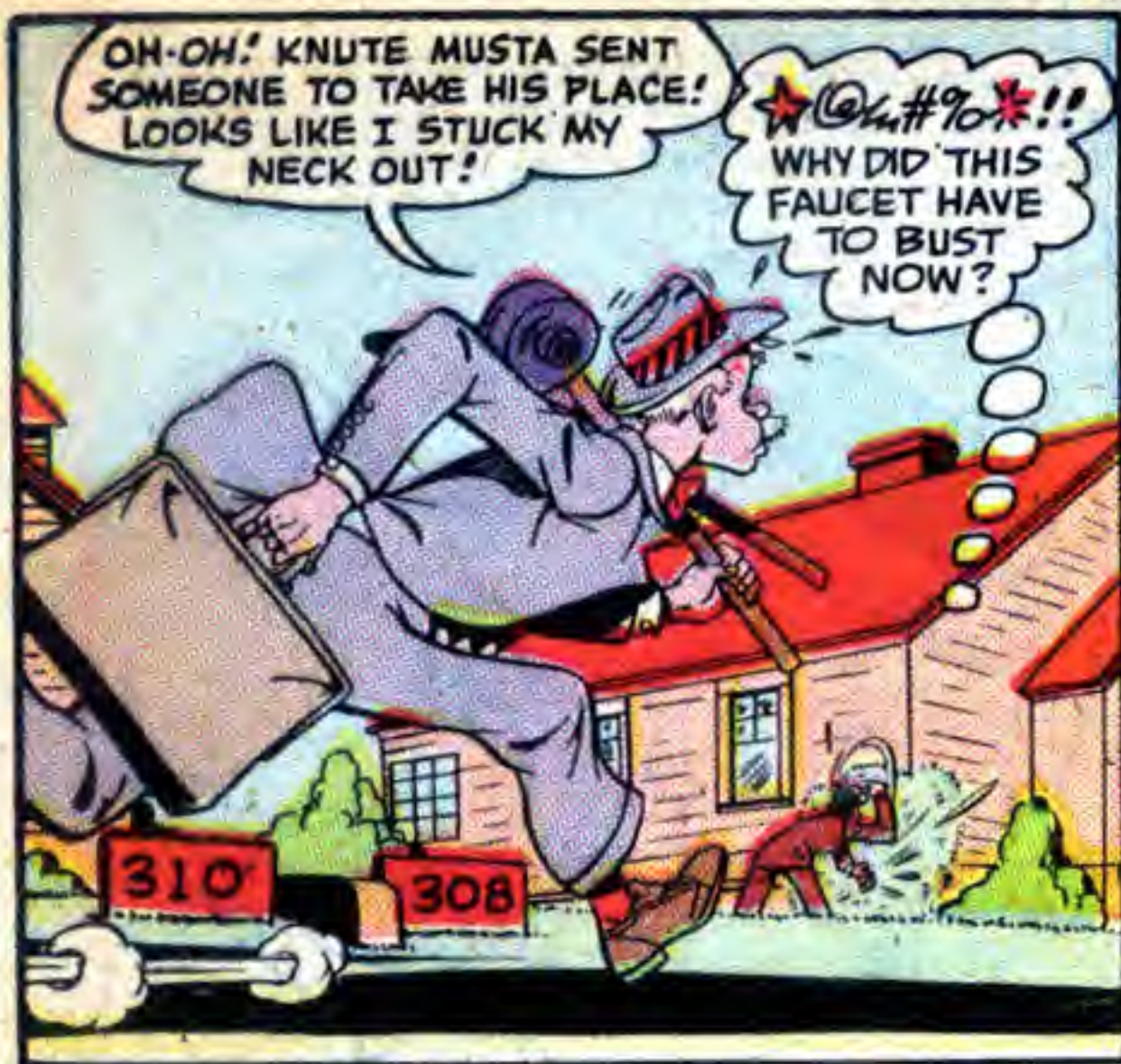
UNCLE FUDDLY

IF THIS IS ALL
THE THANKS I GET
FOR HELPING HIM OUT
... I'M GLAD I
DID!

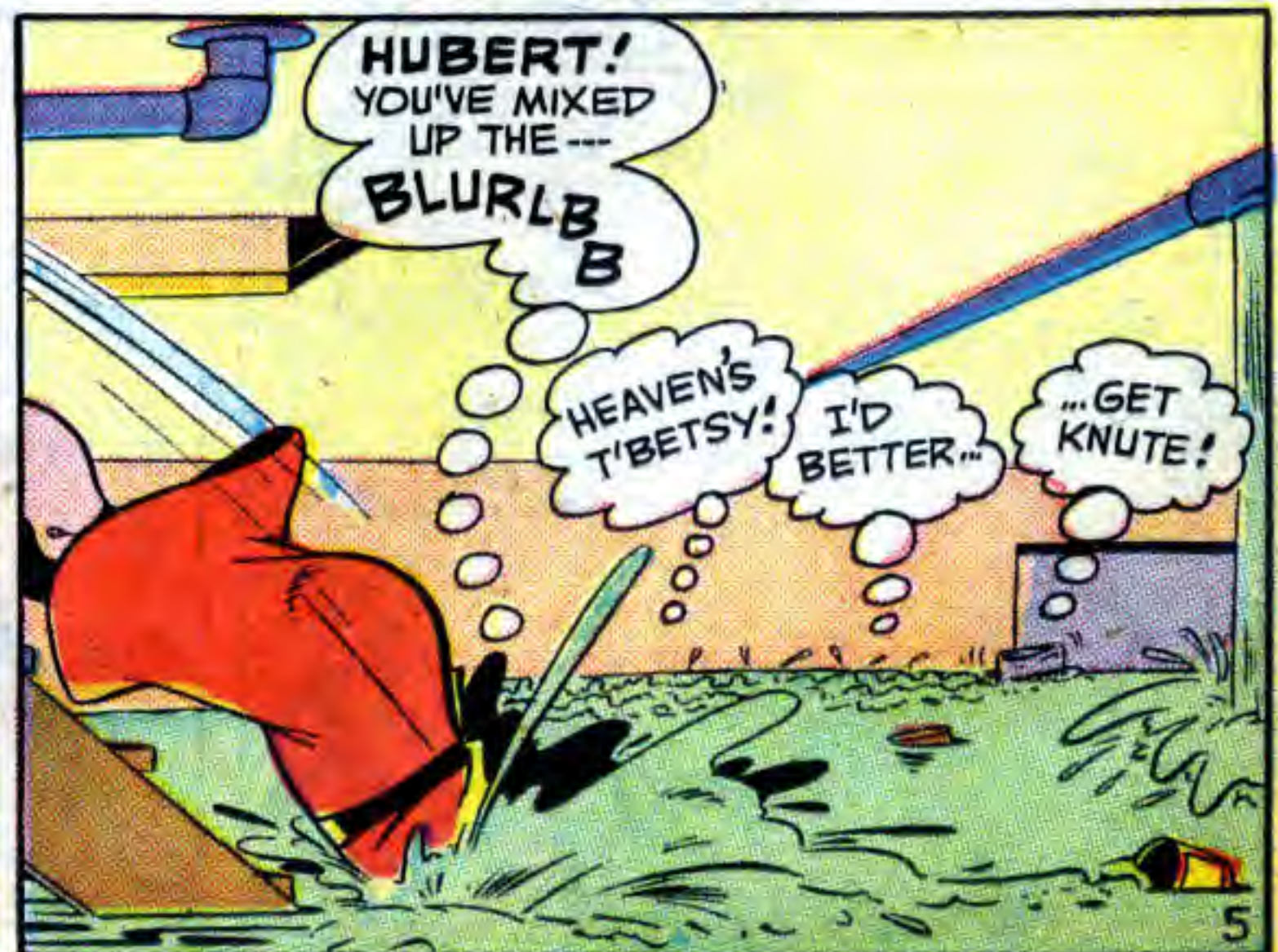
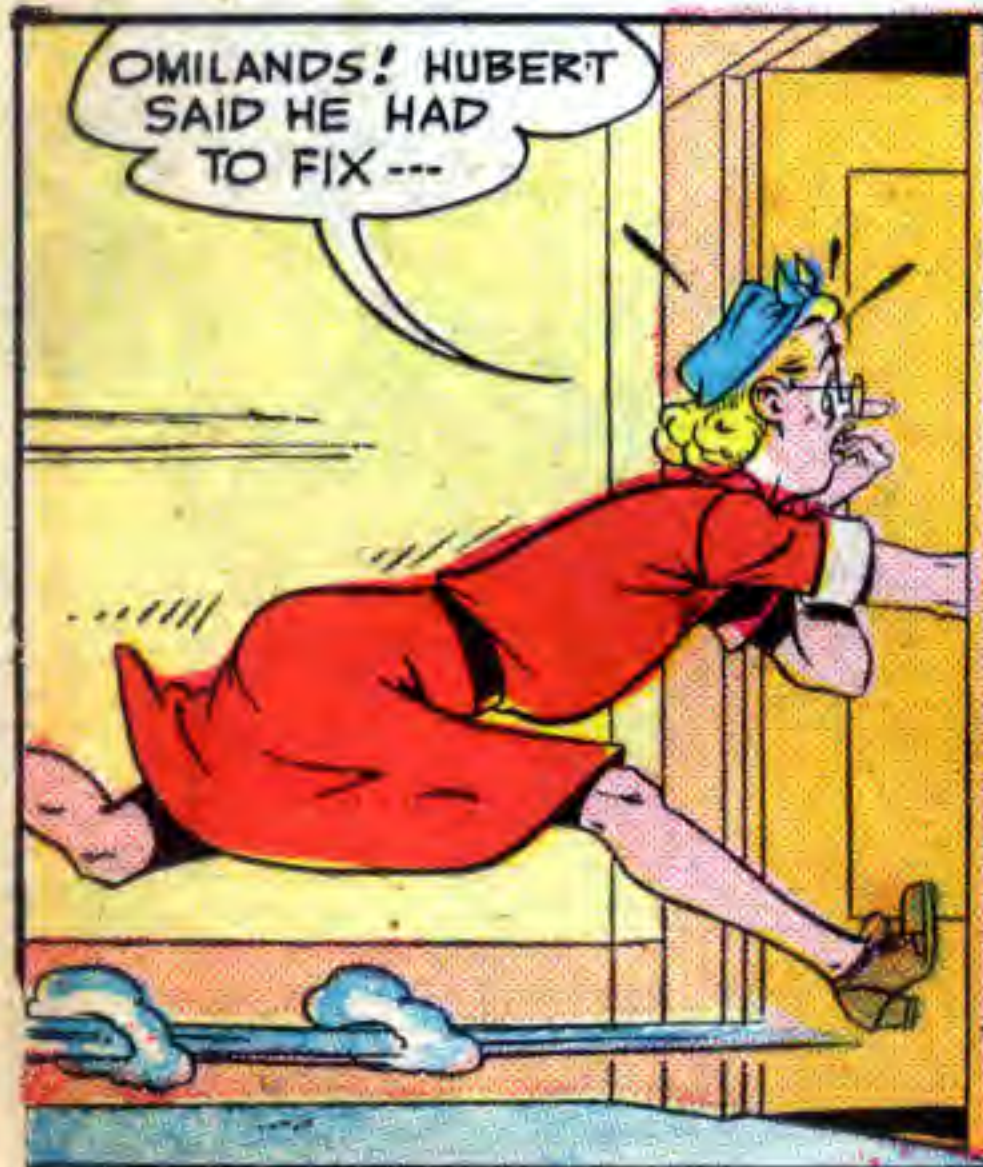
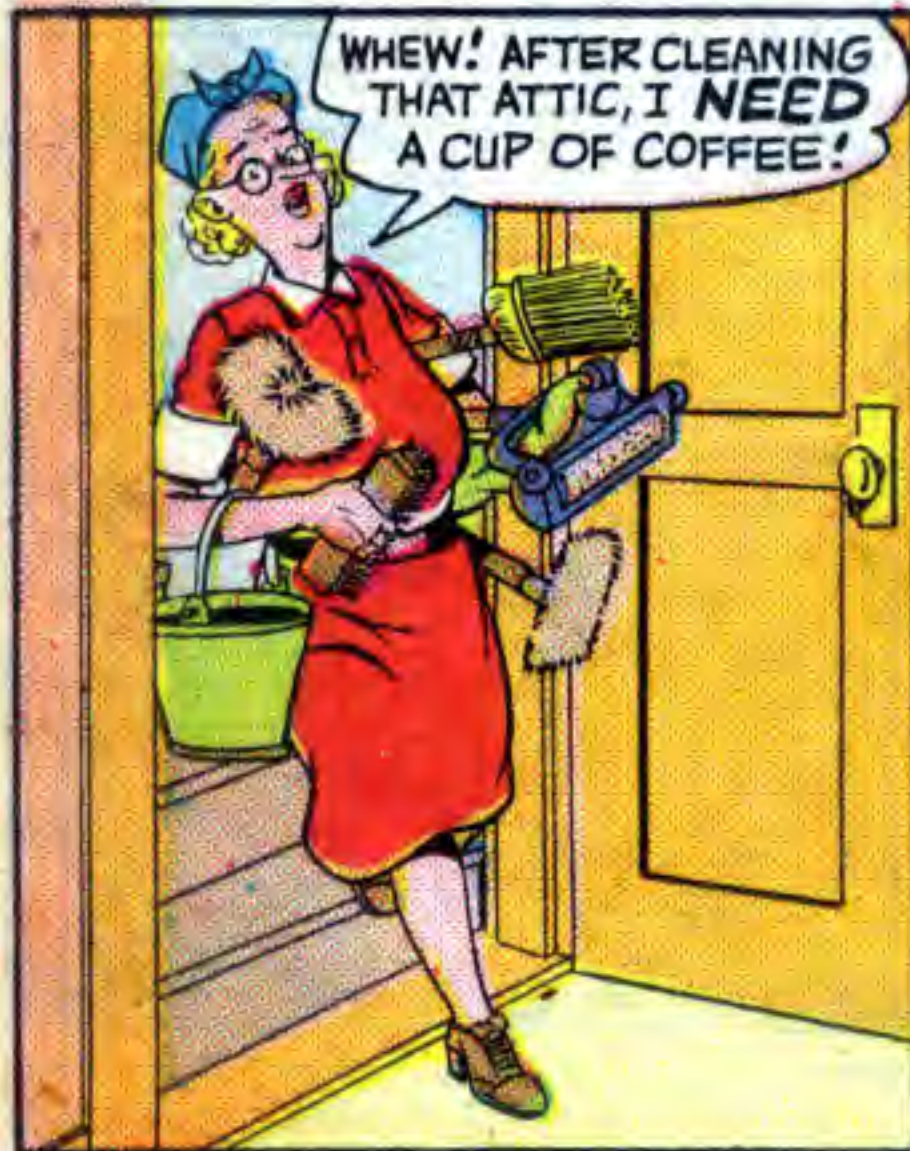
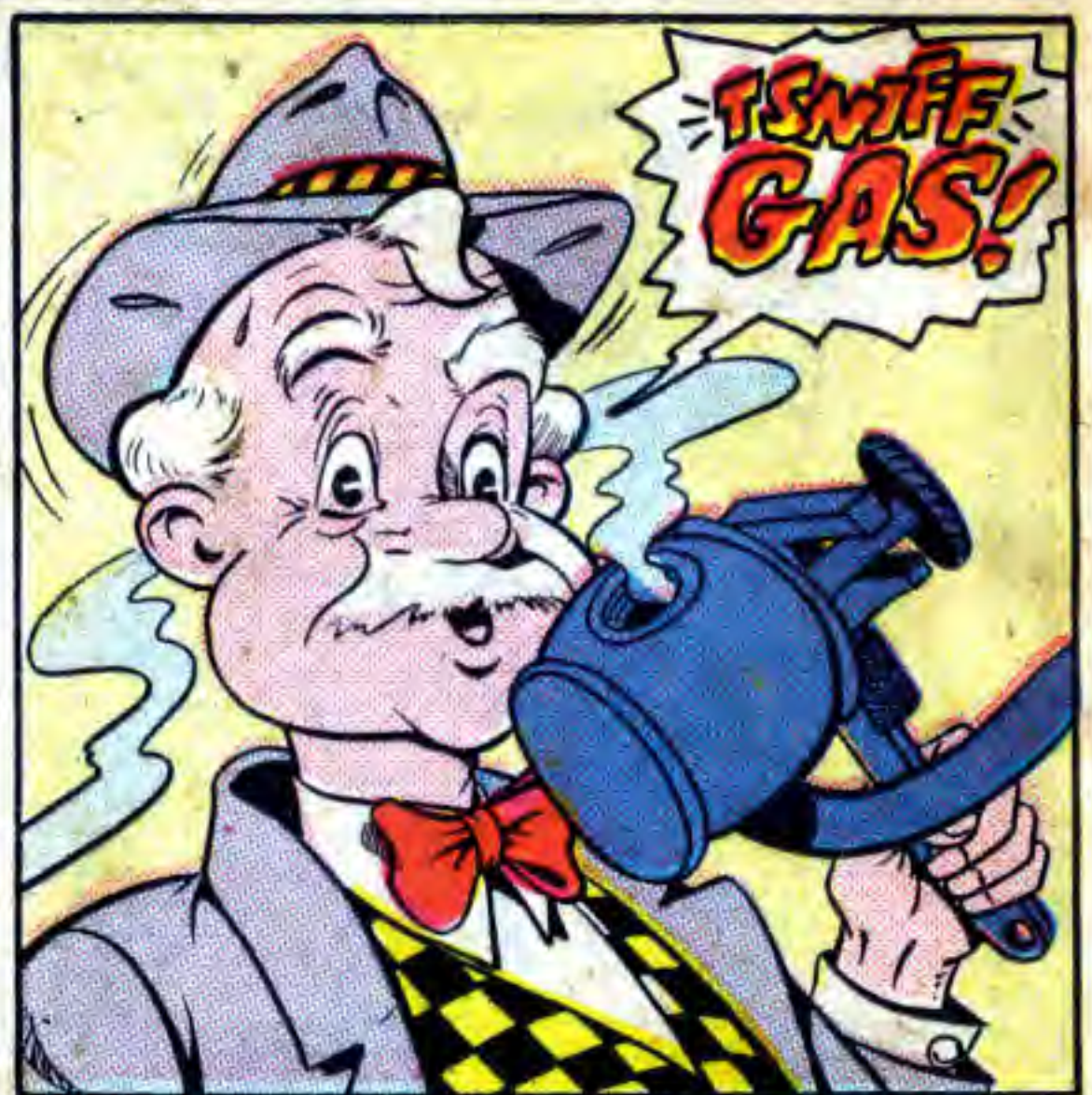
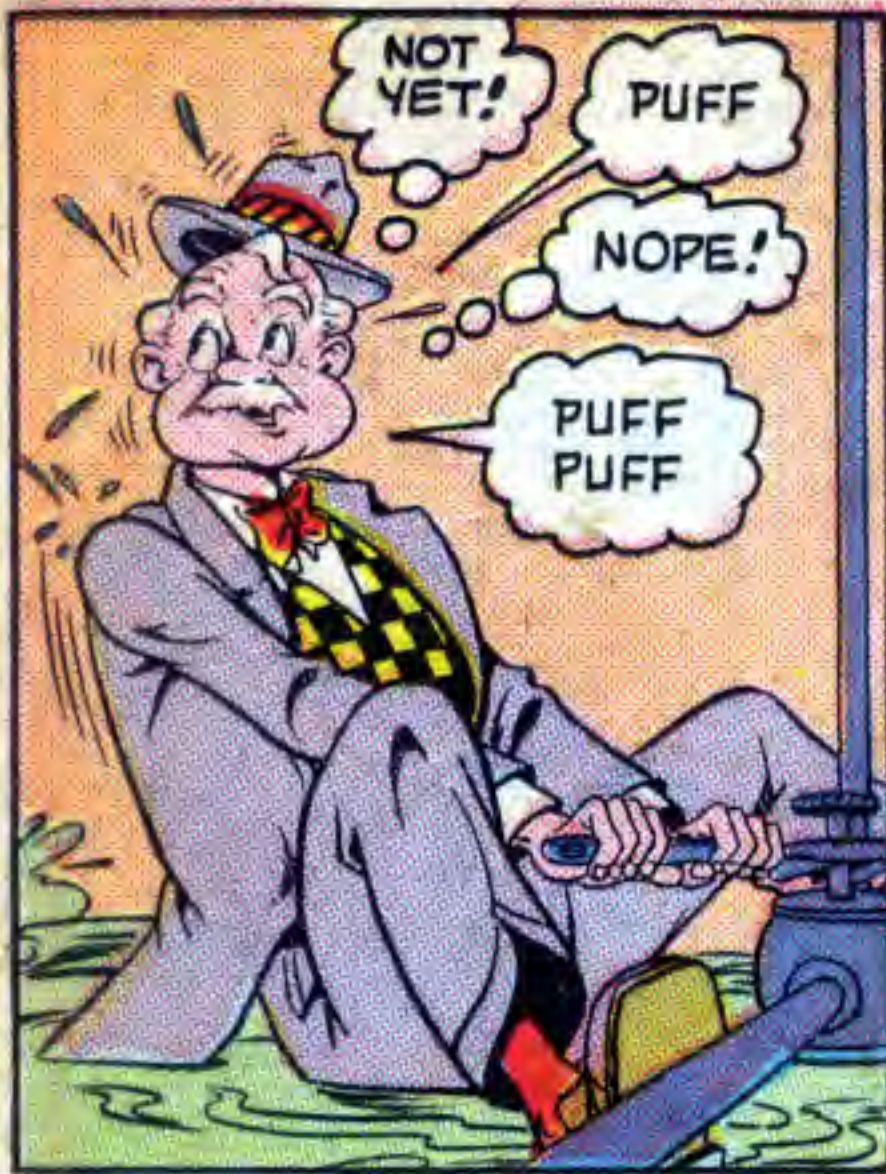


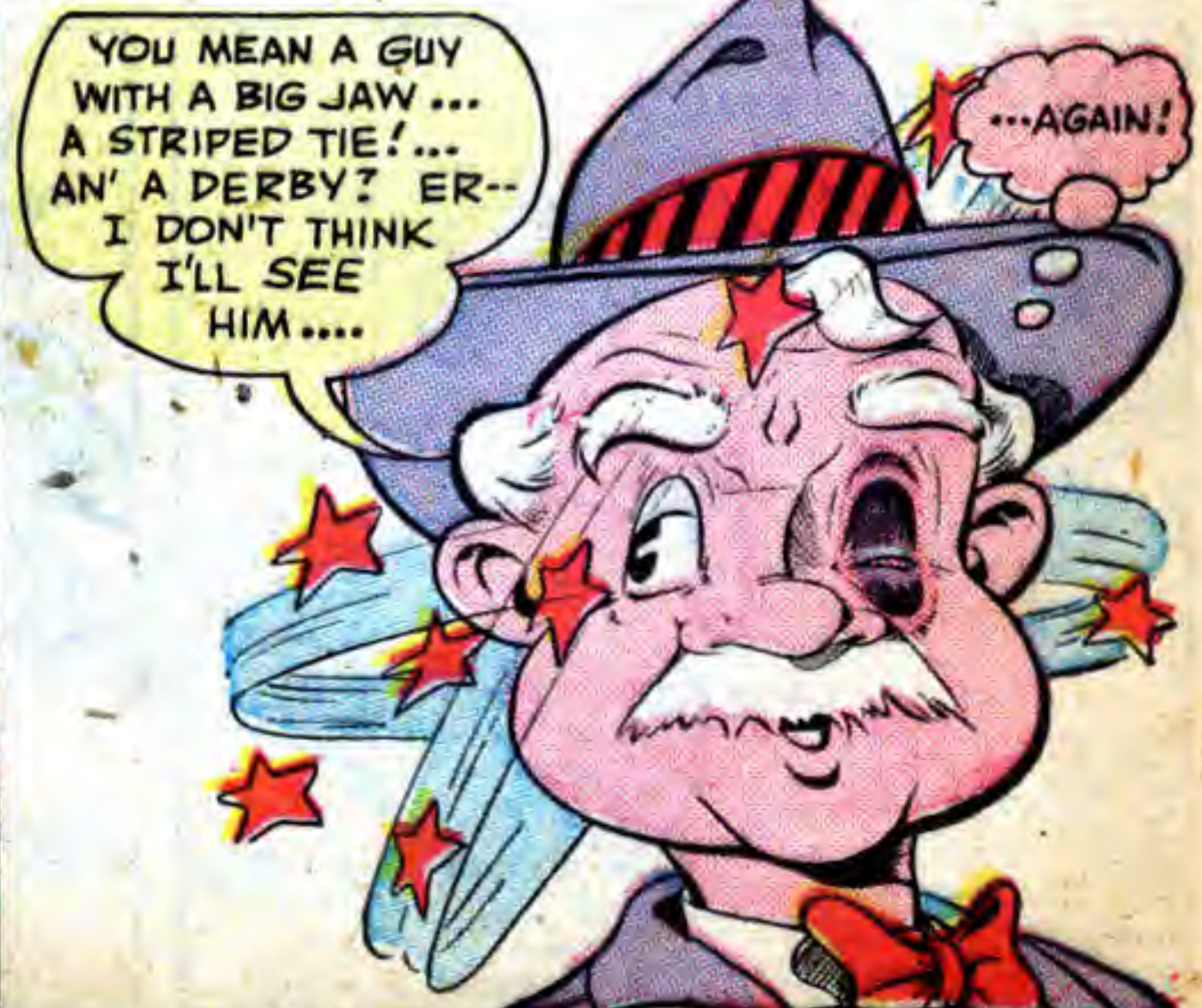
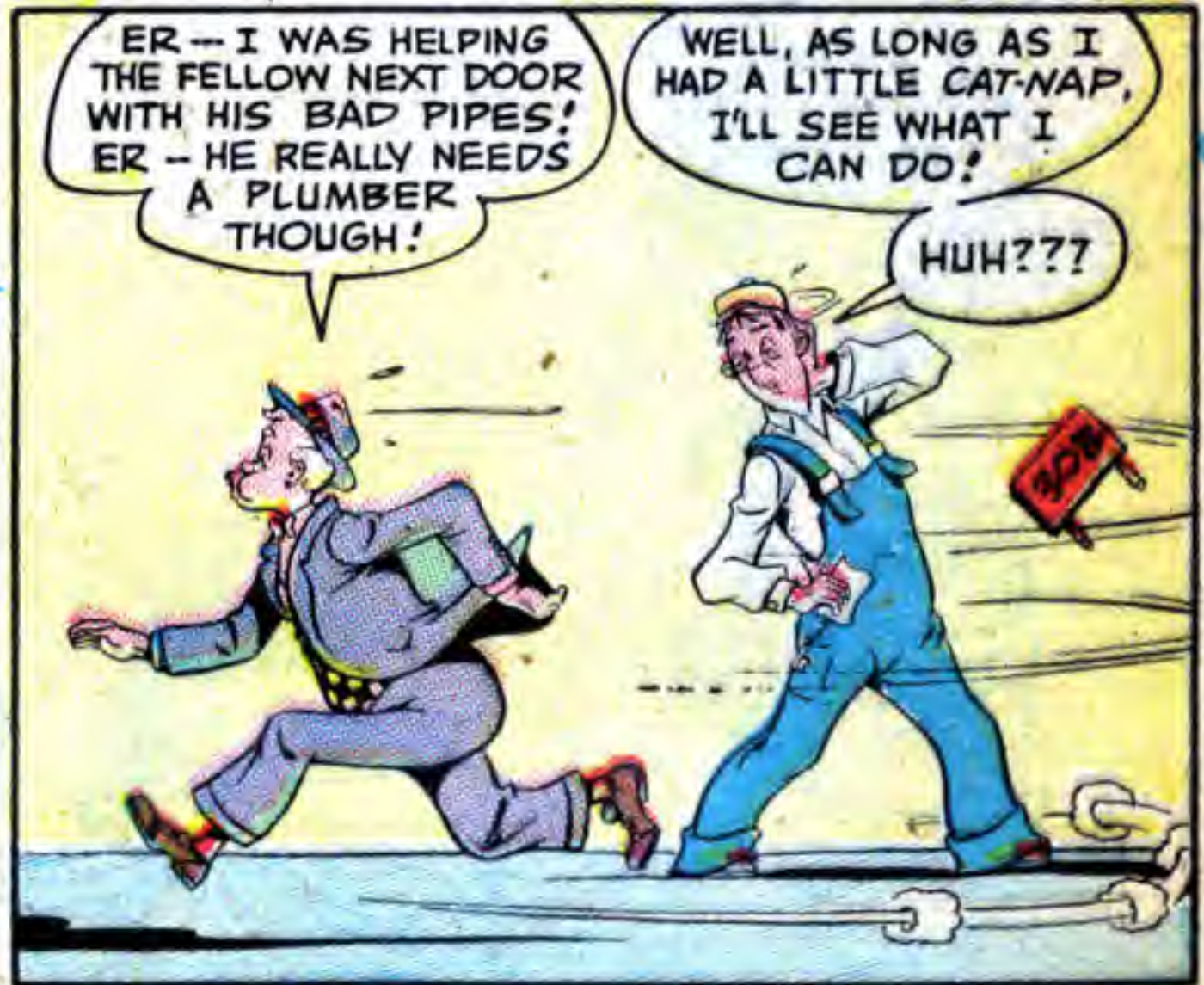
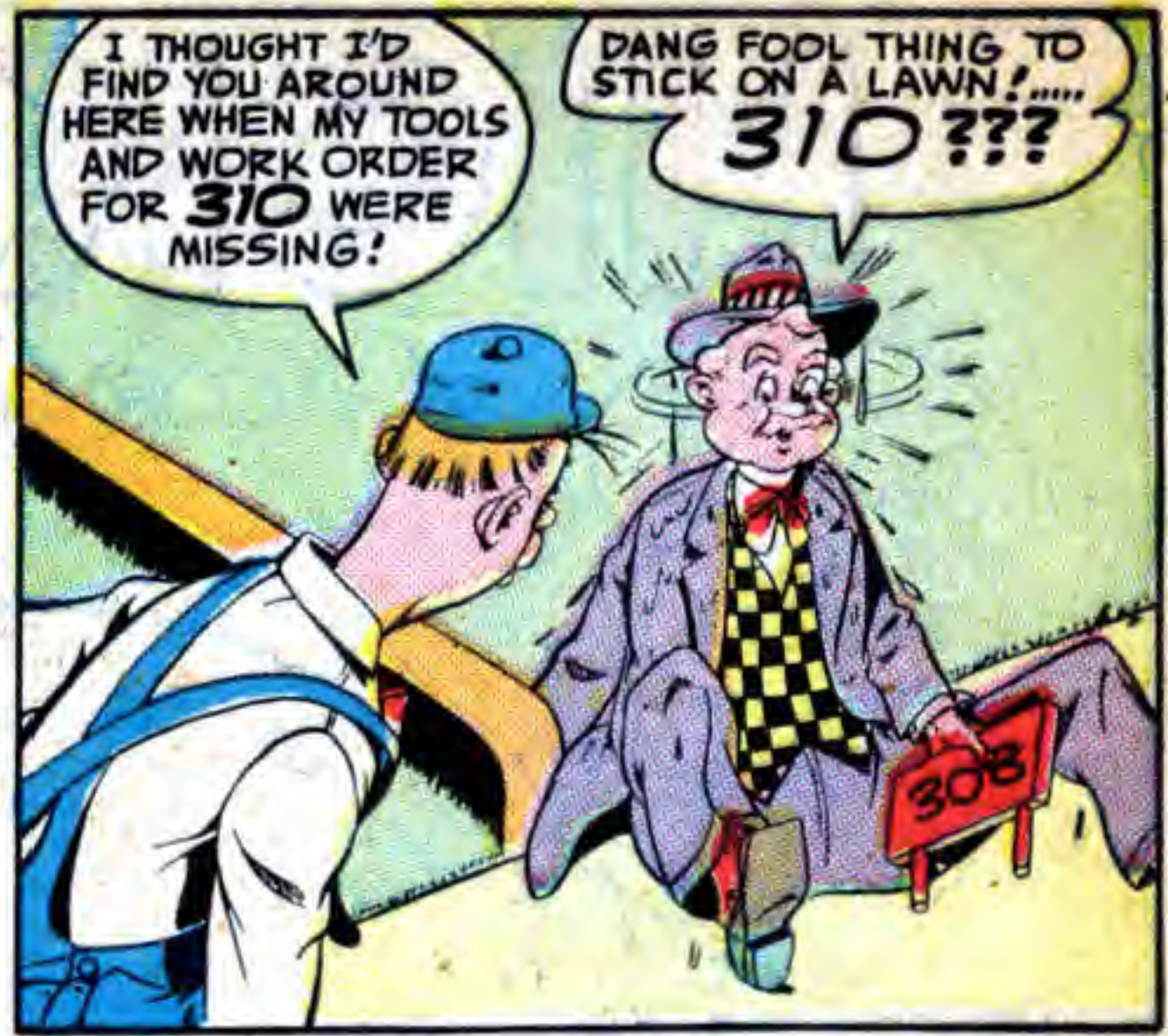
The Busiest Guy In Town, minding everyone else's business...





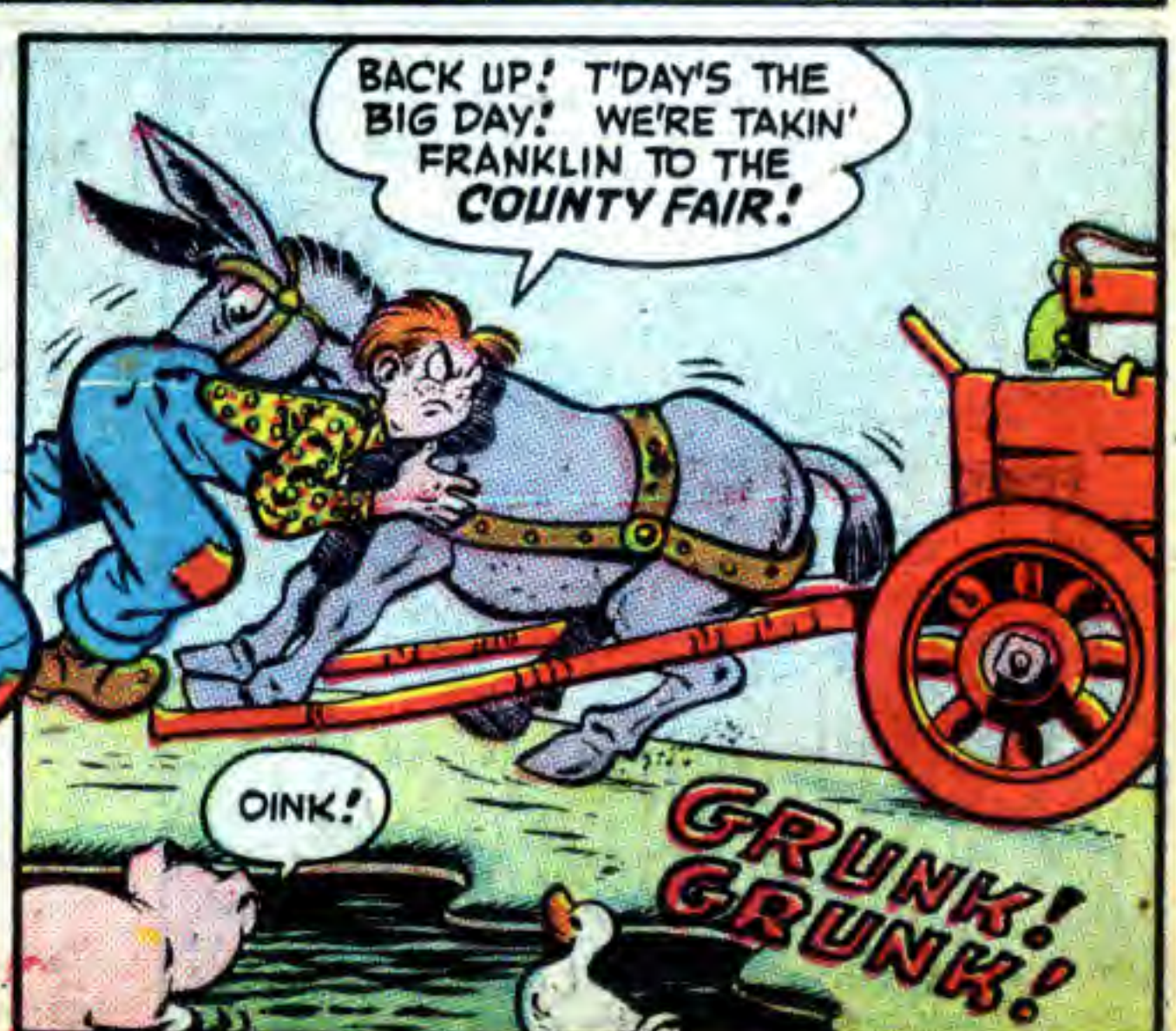
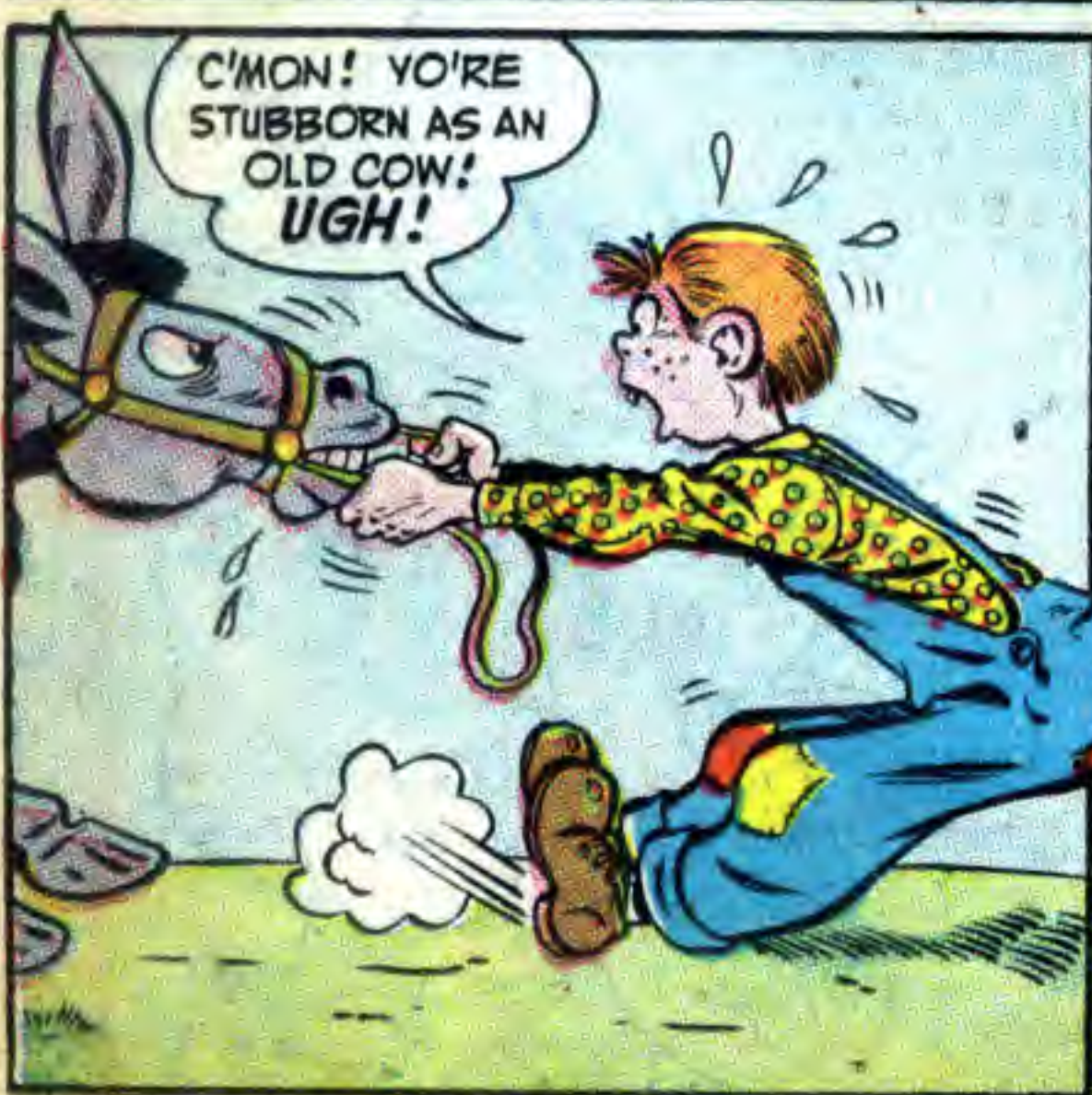
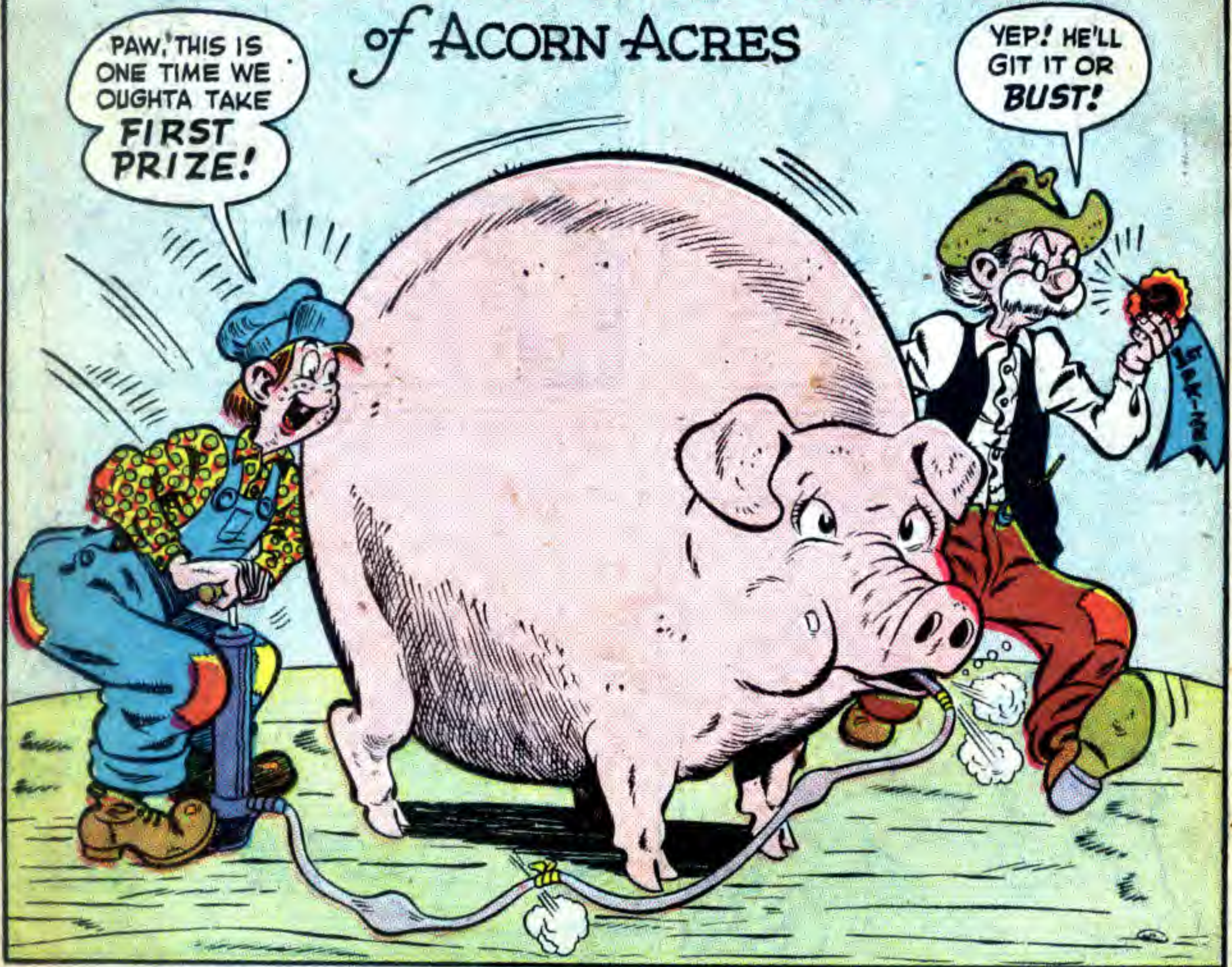


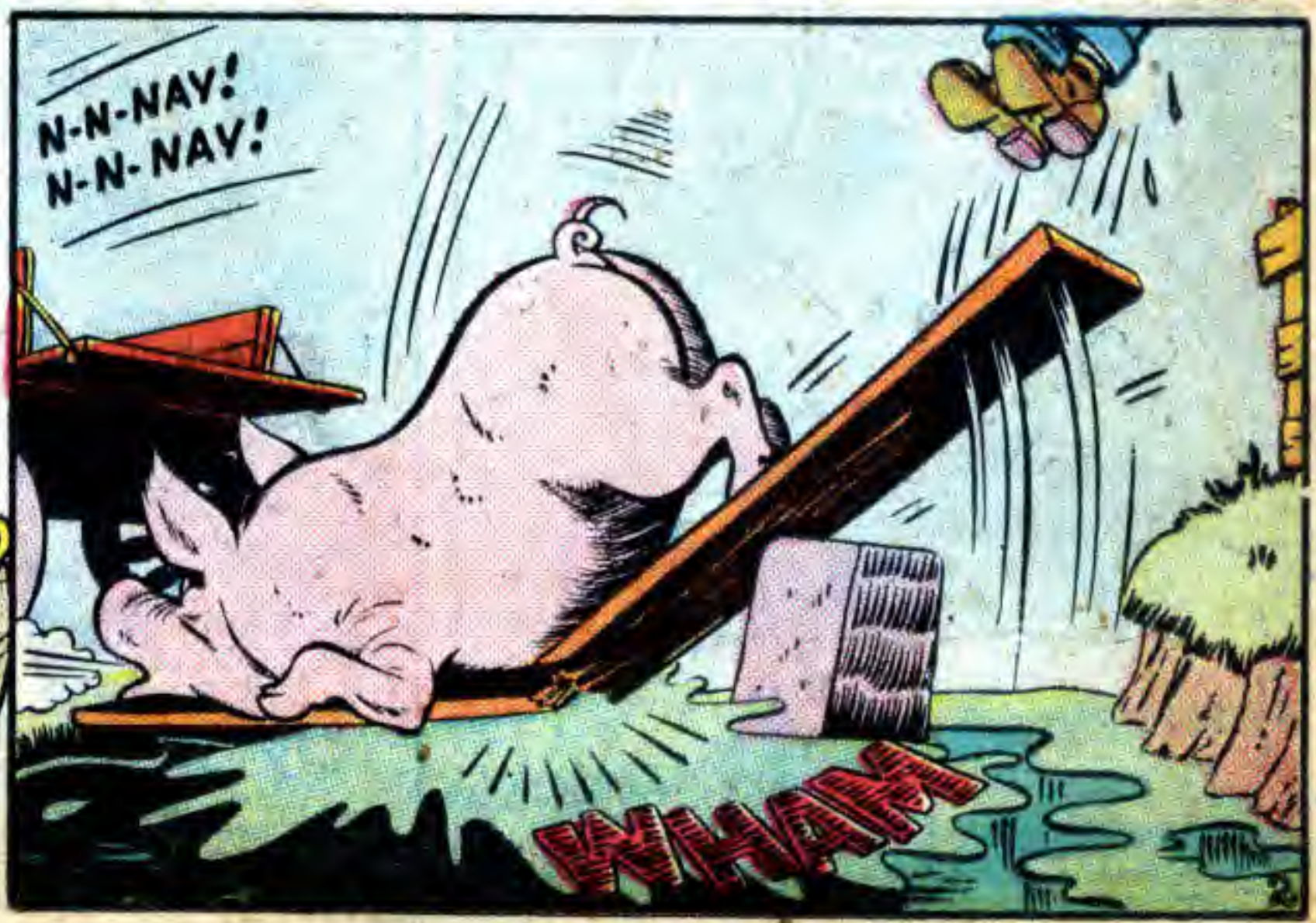
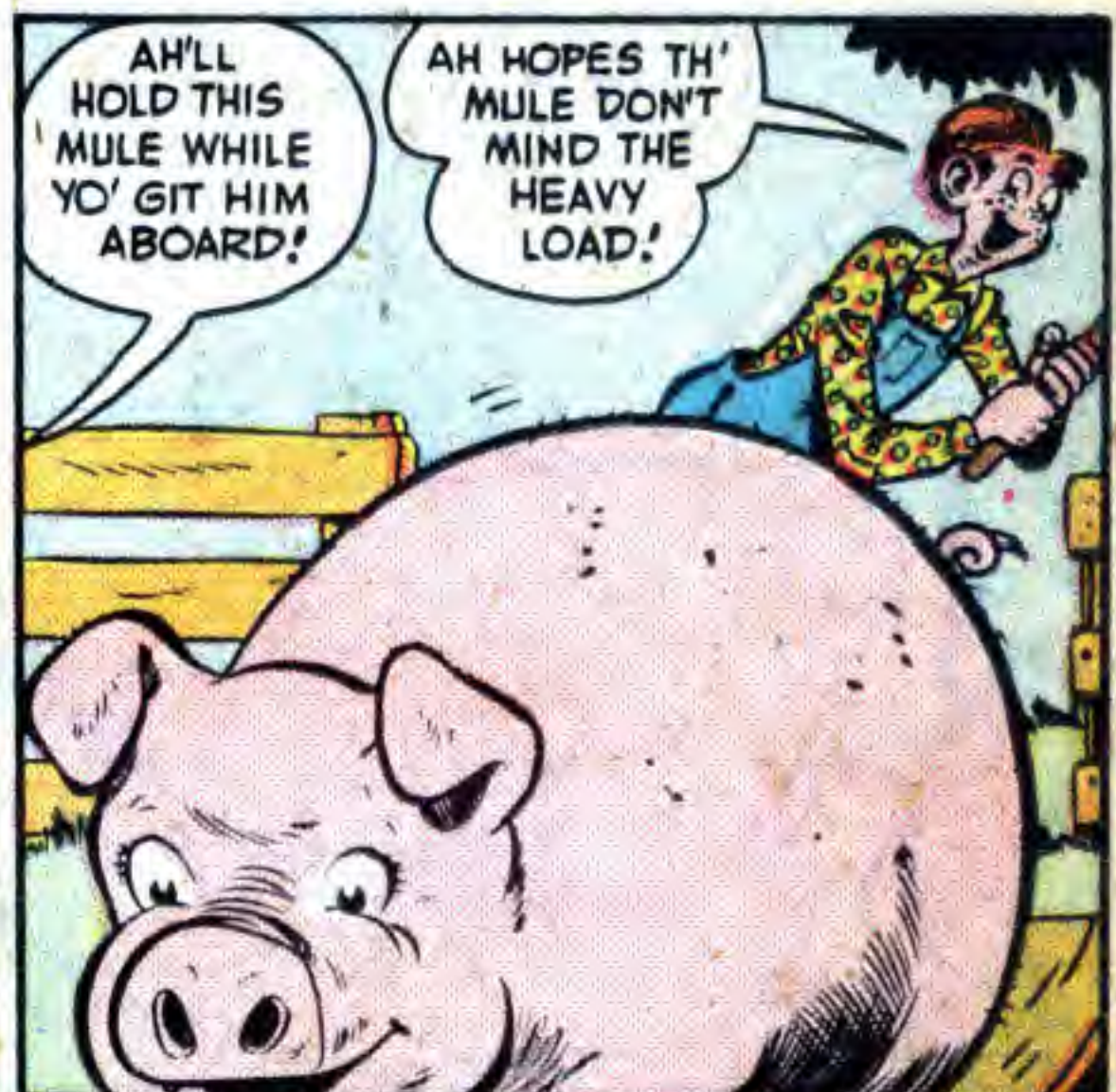
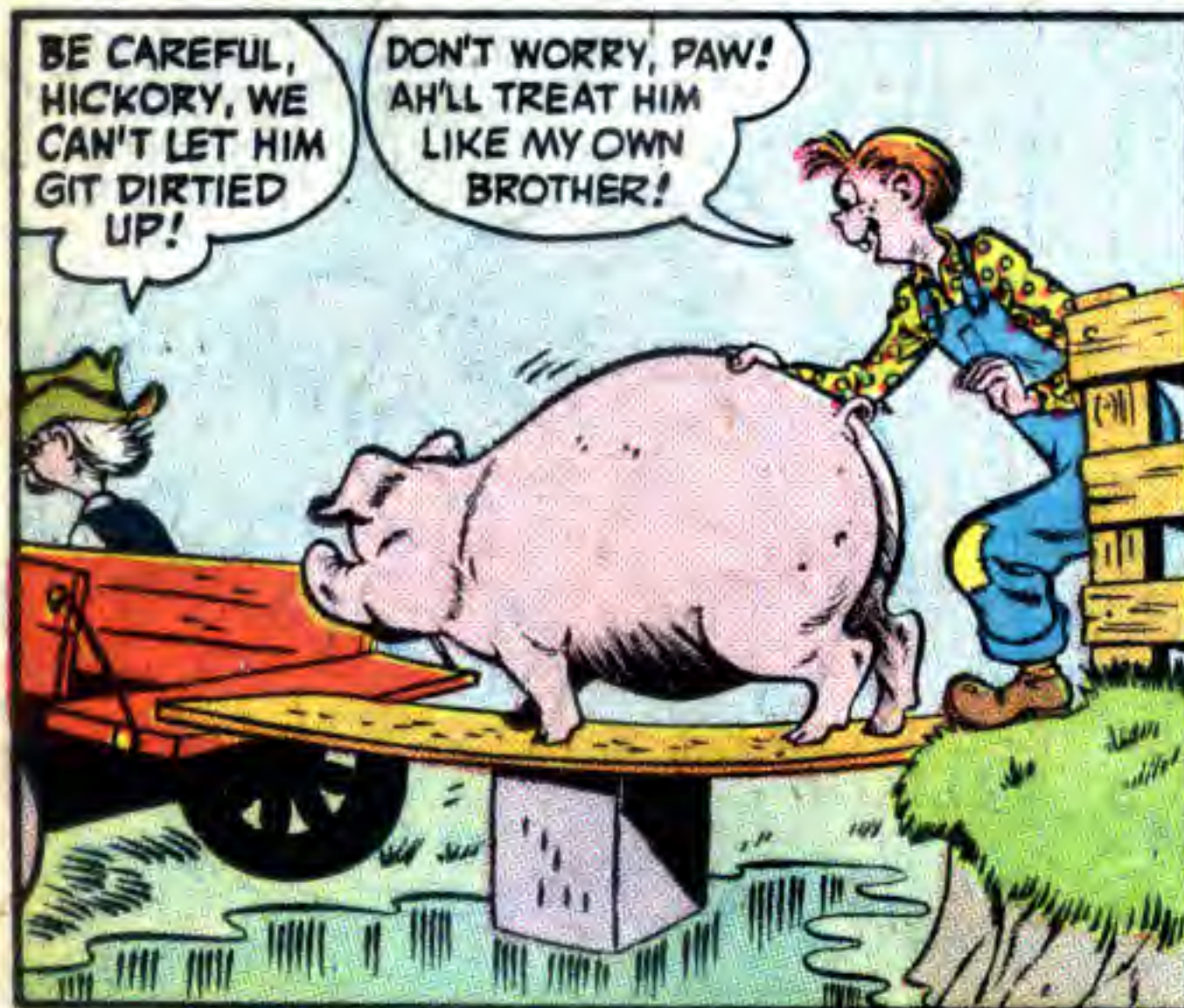
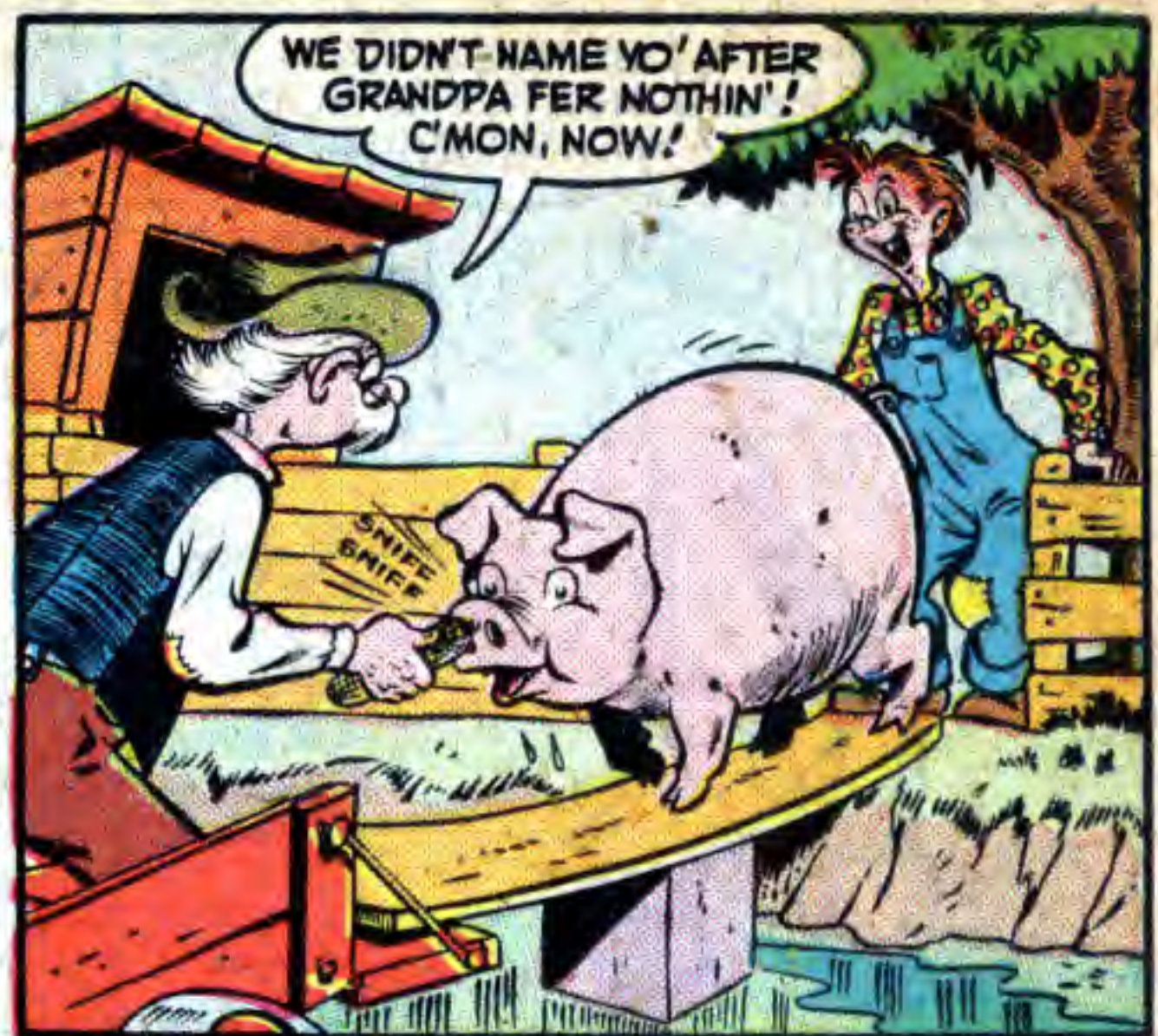
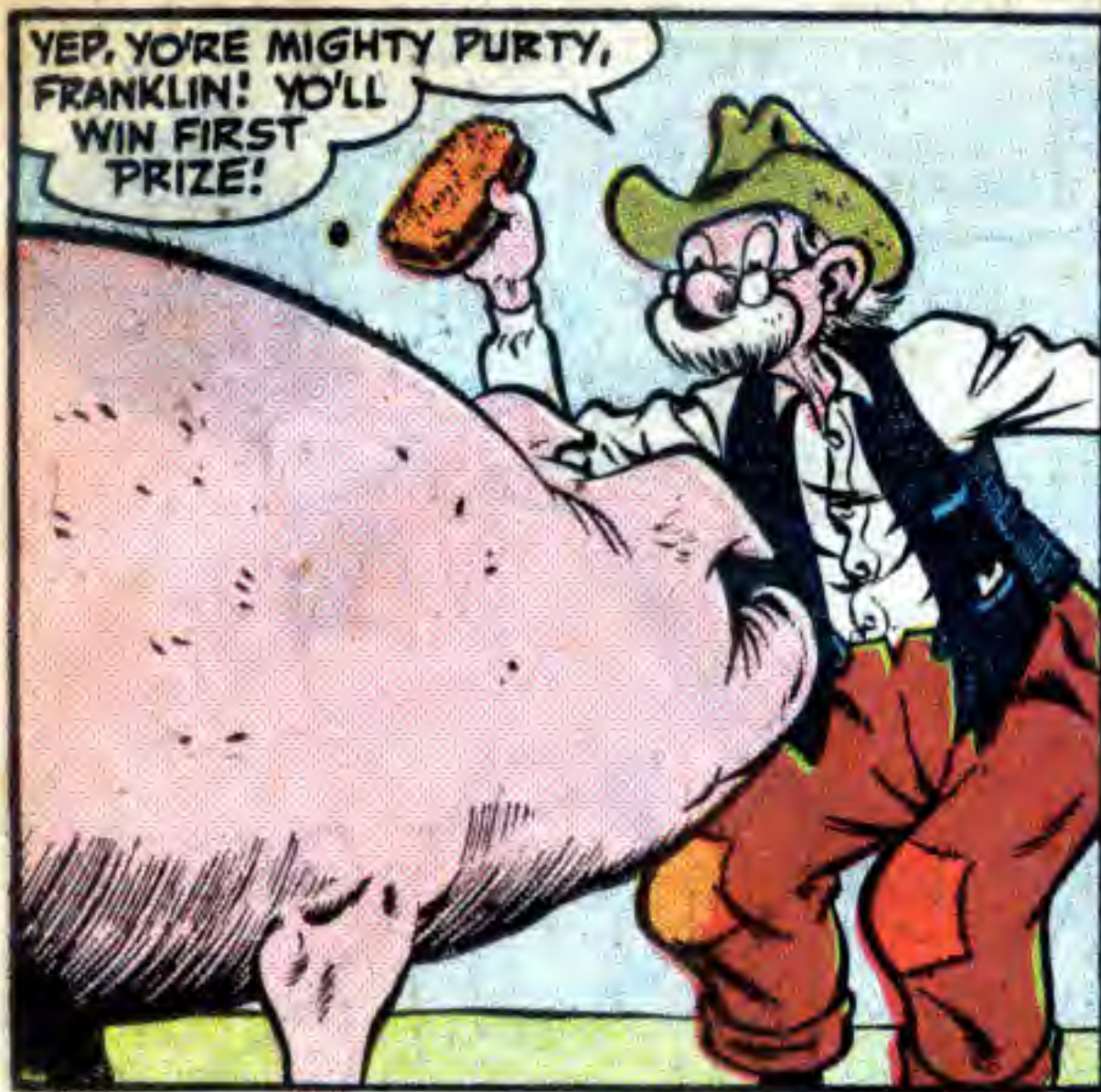


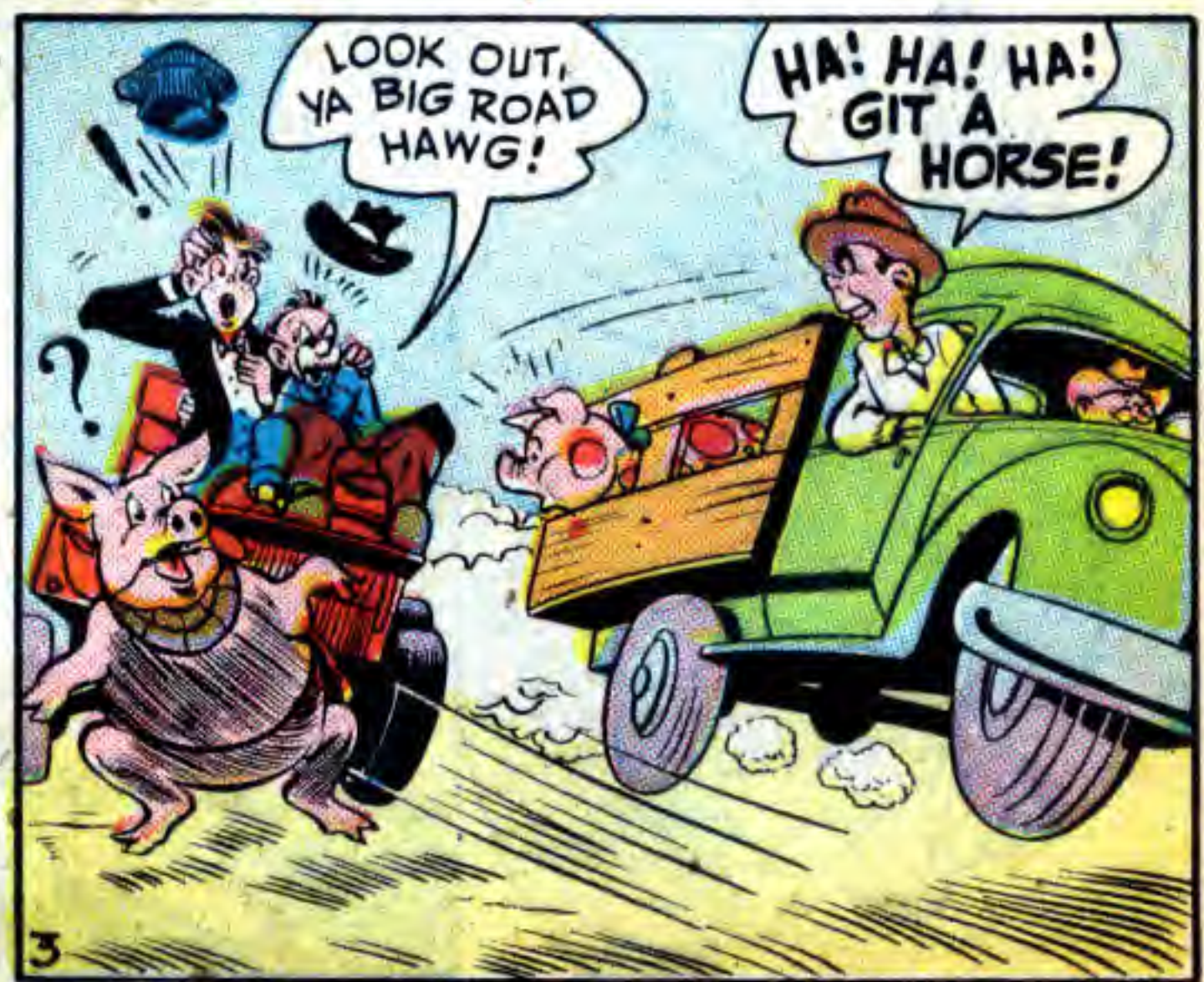
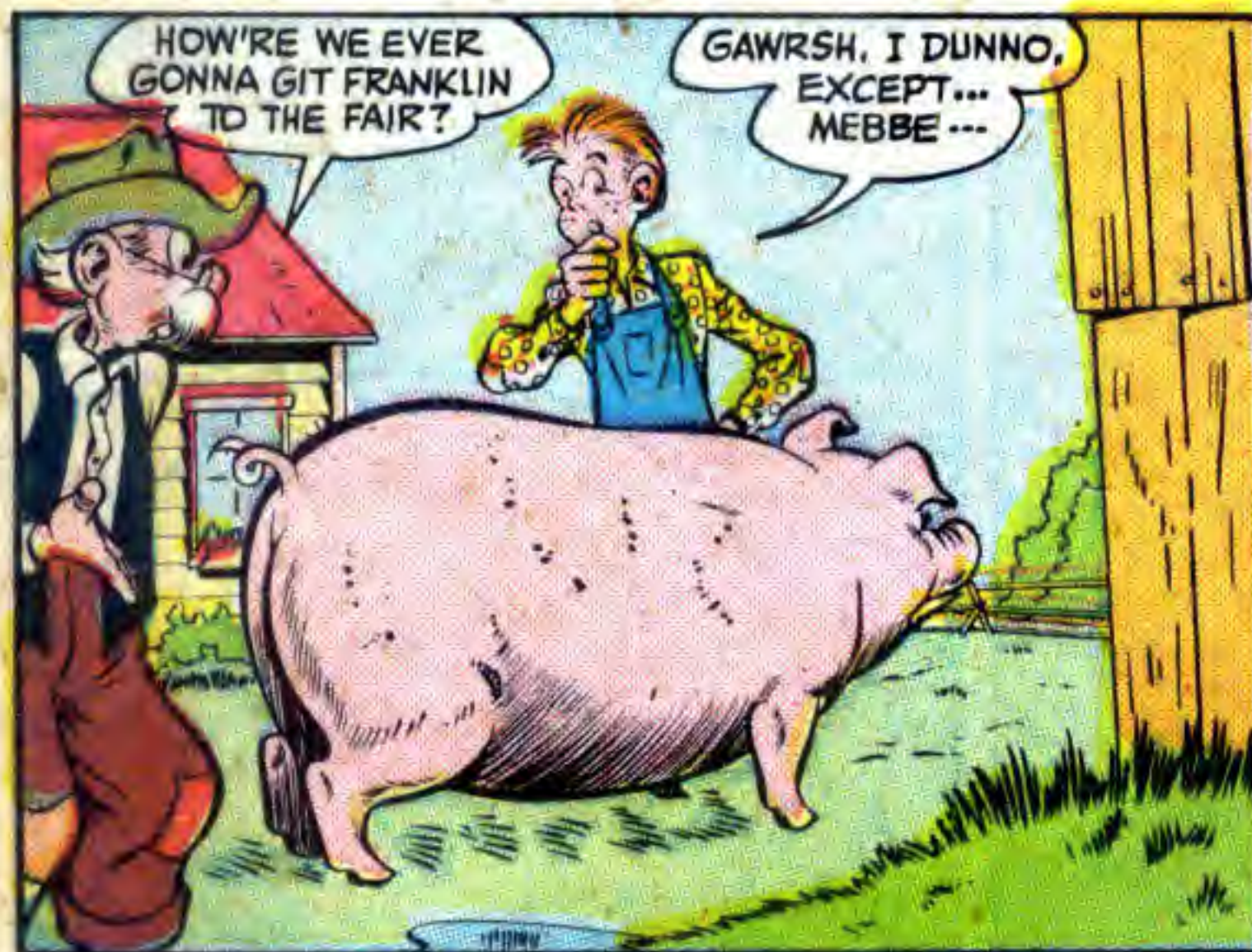
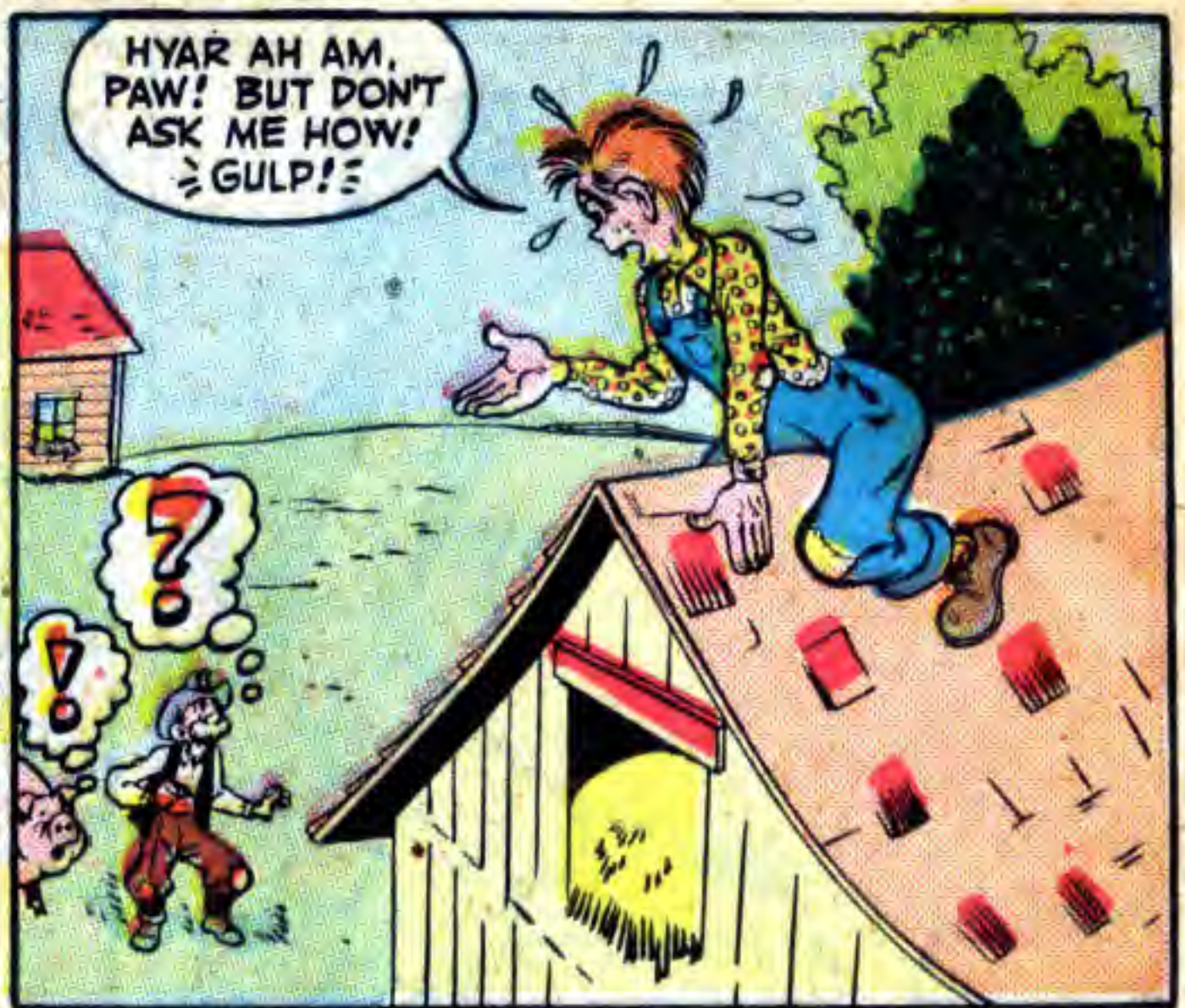


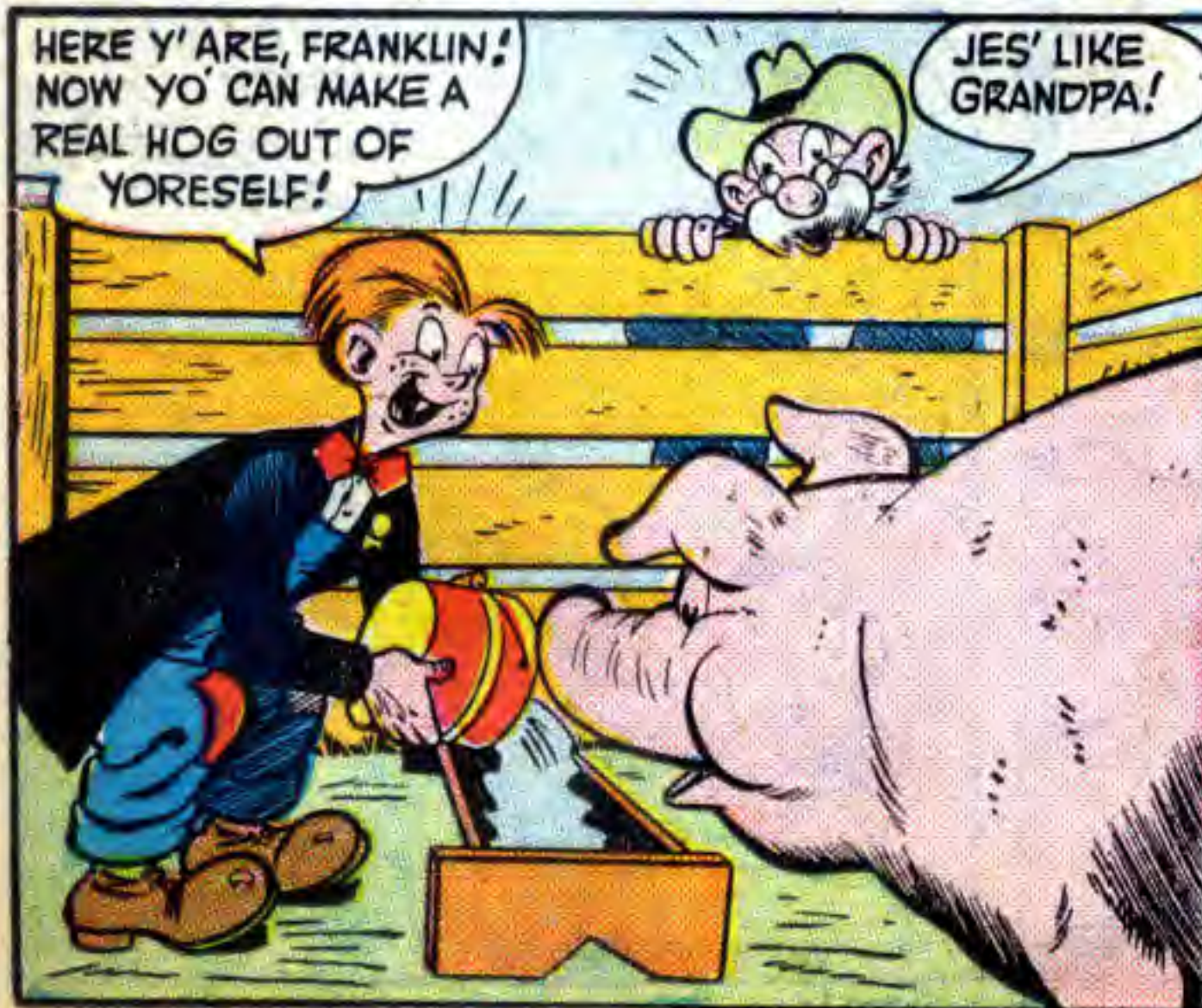
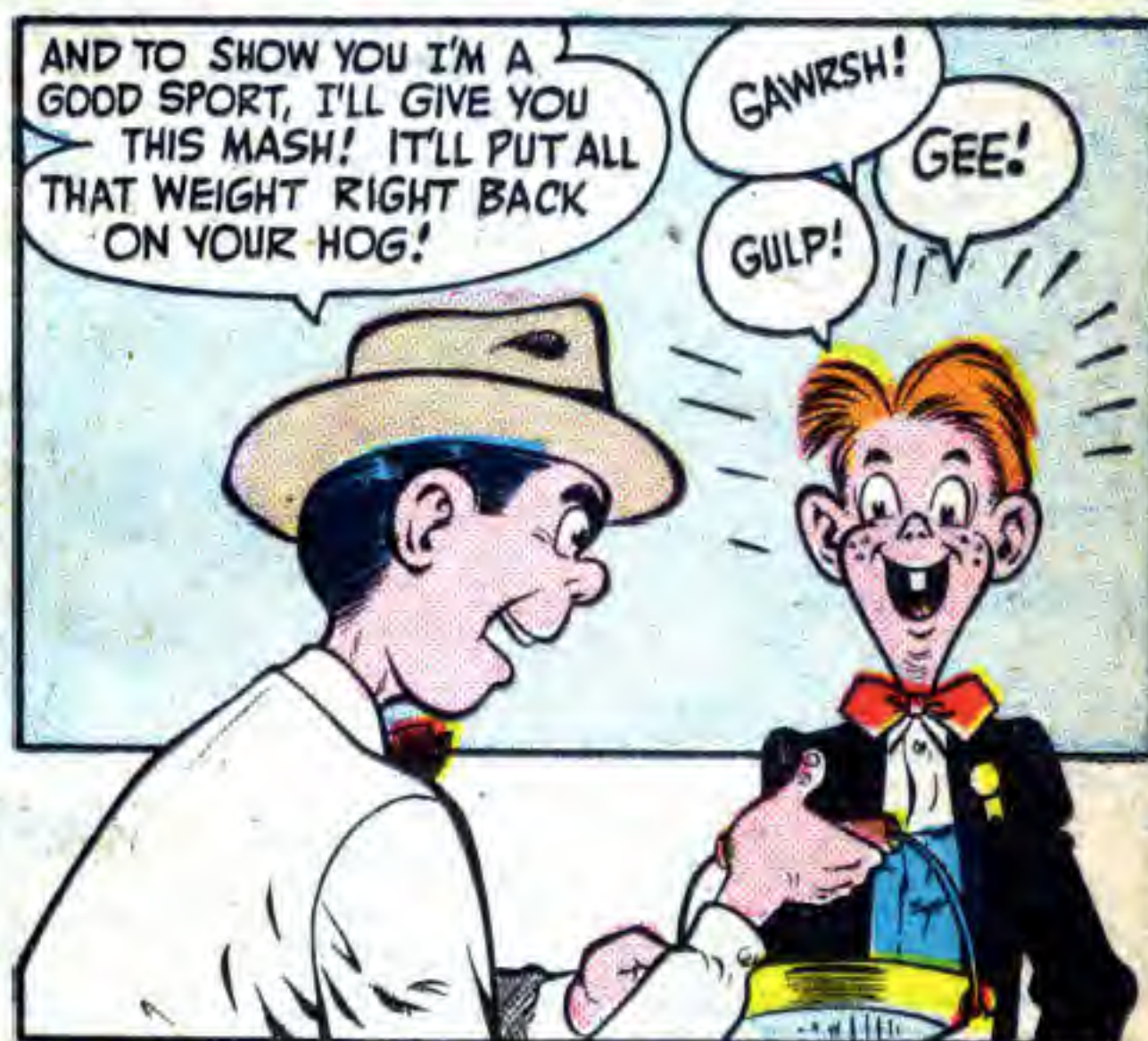
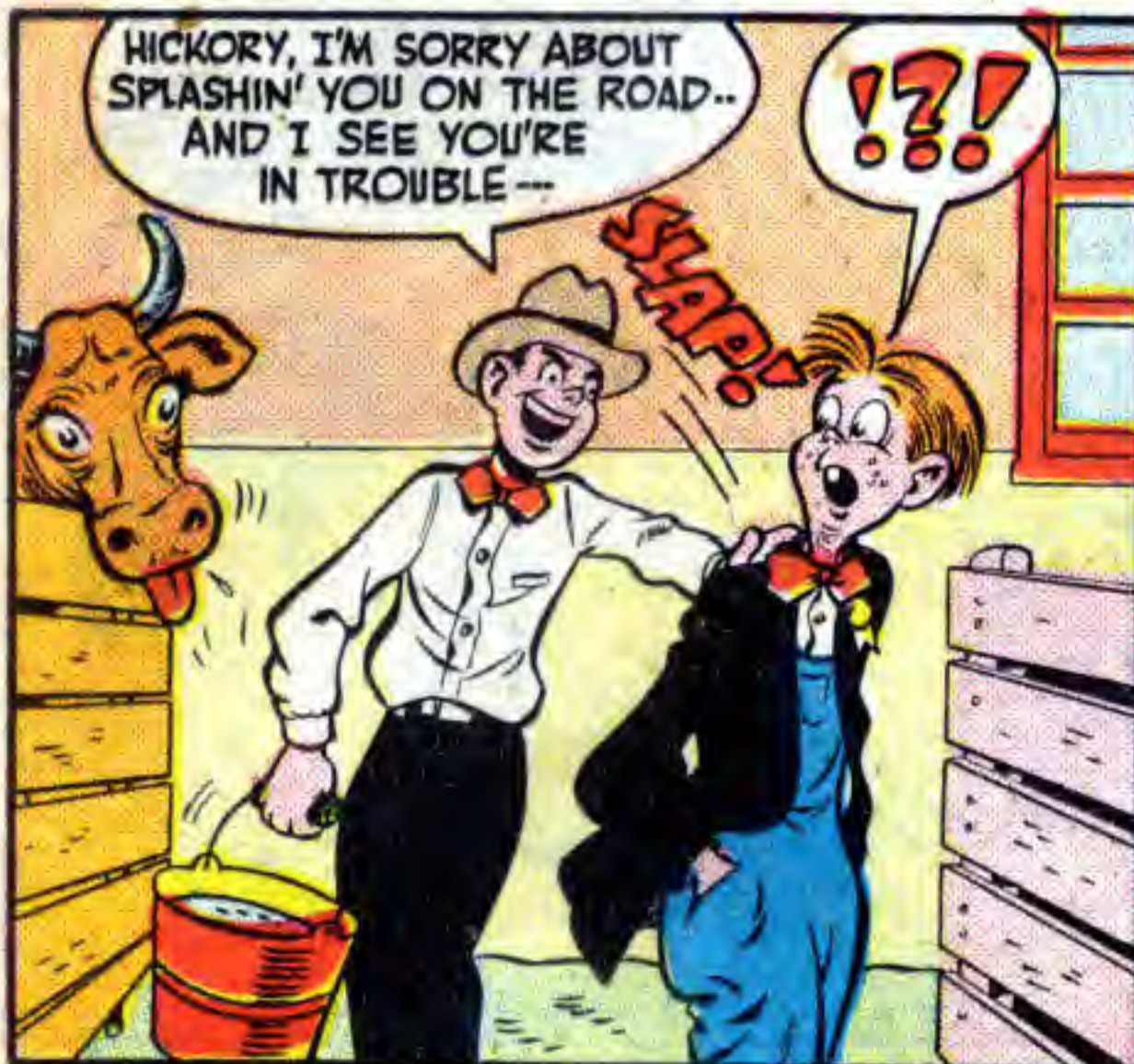
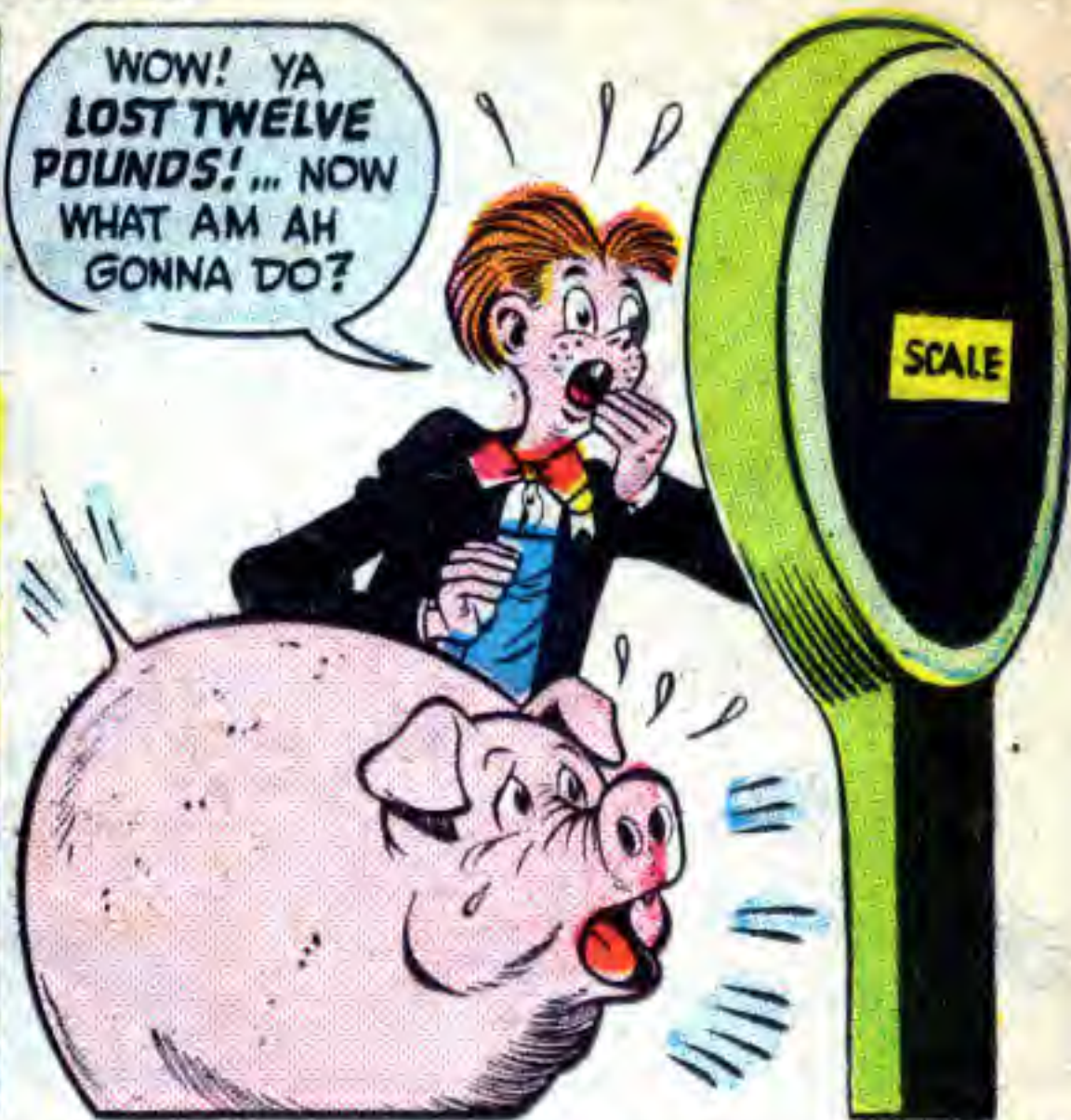
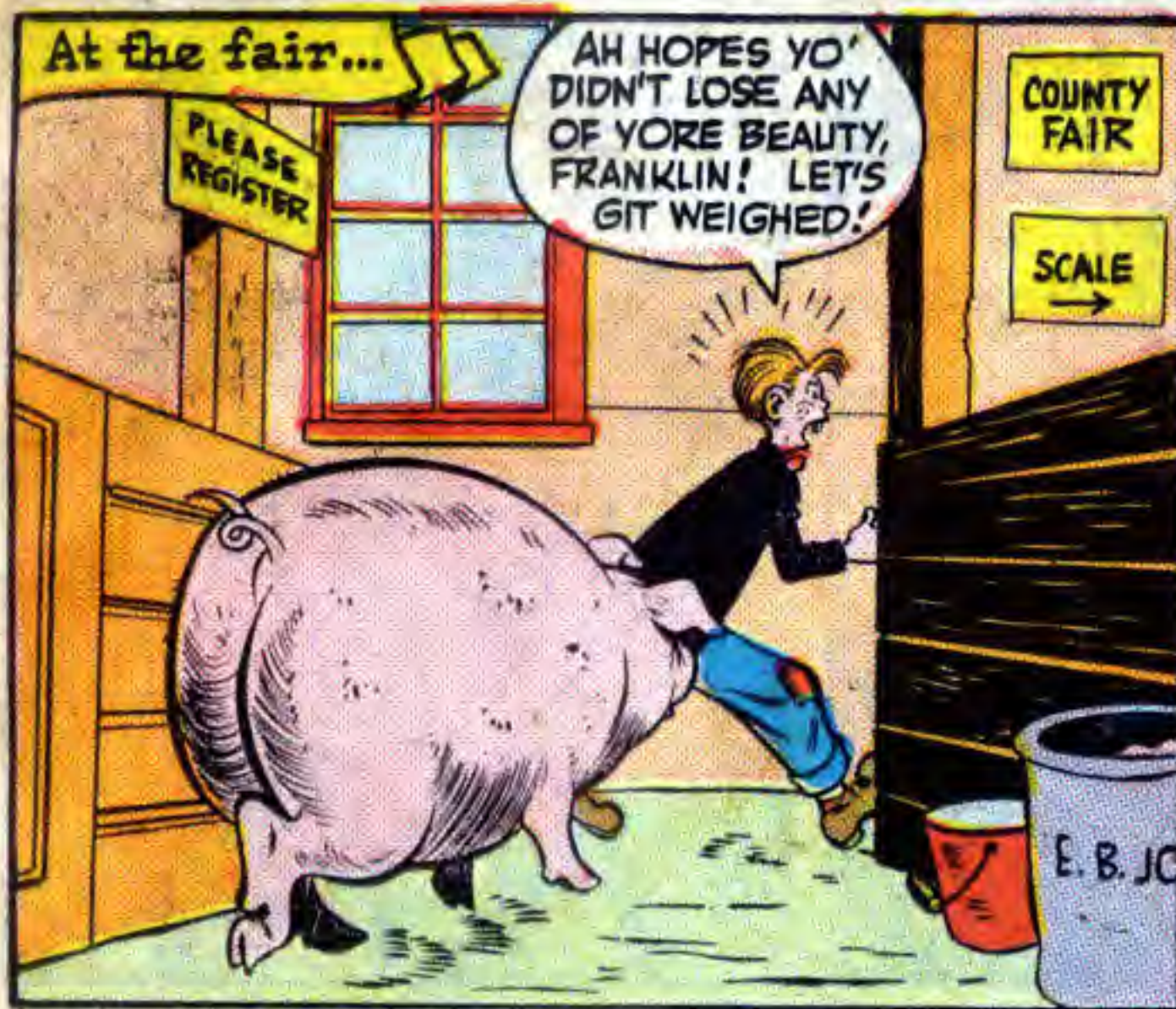
HICKORY

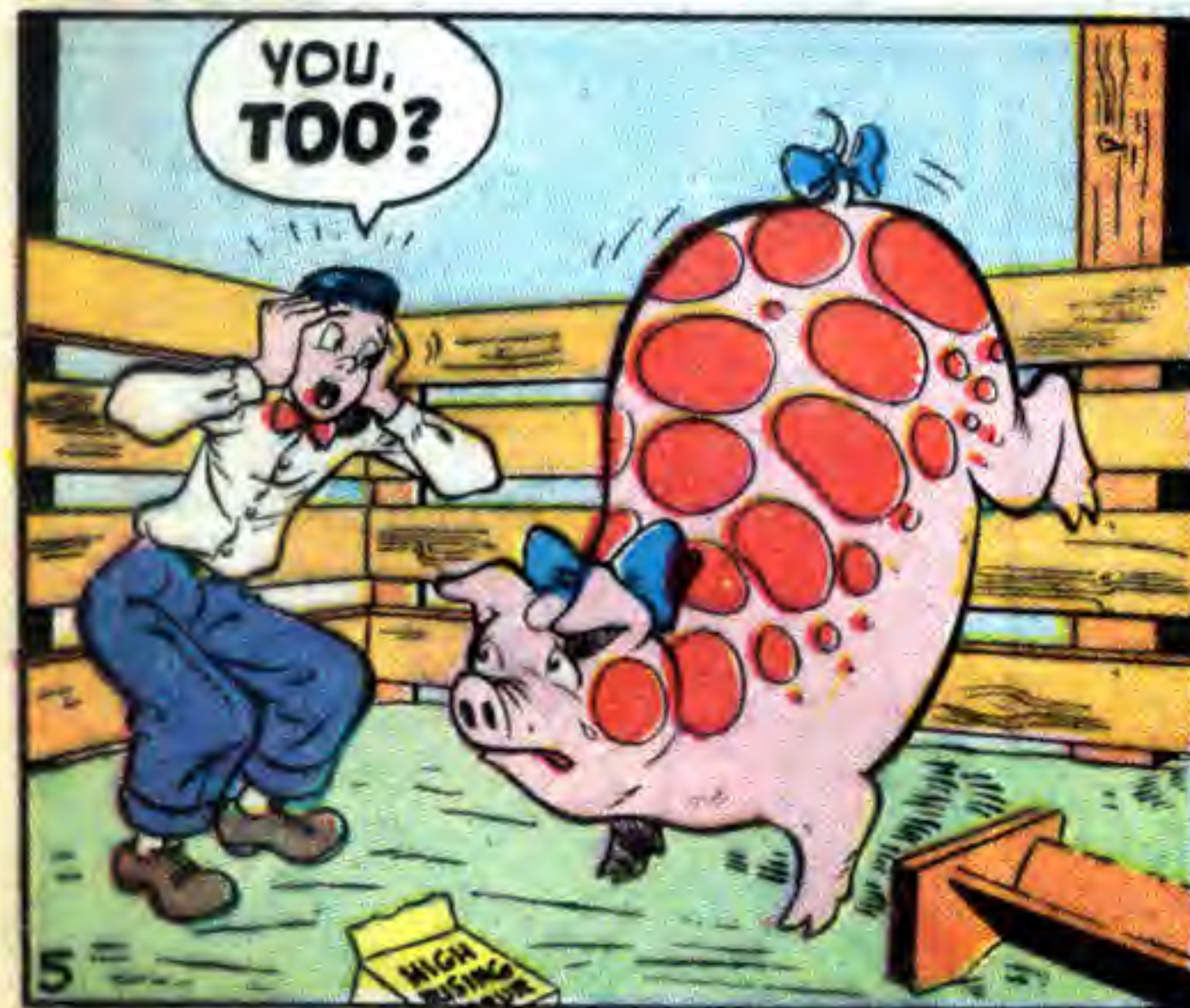
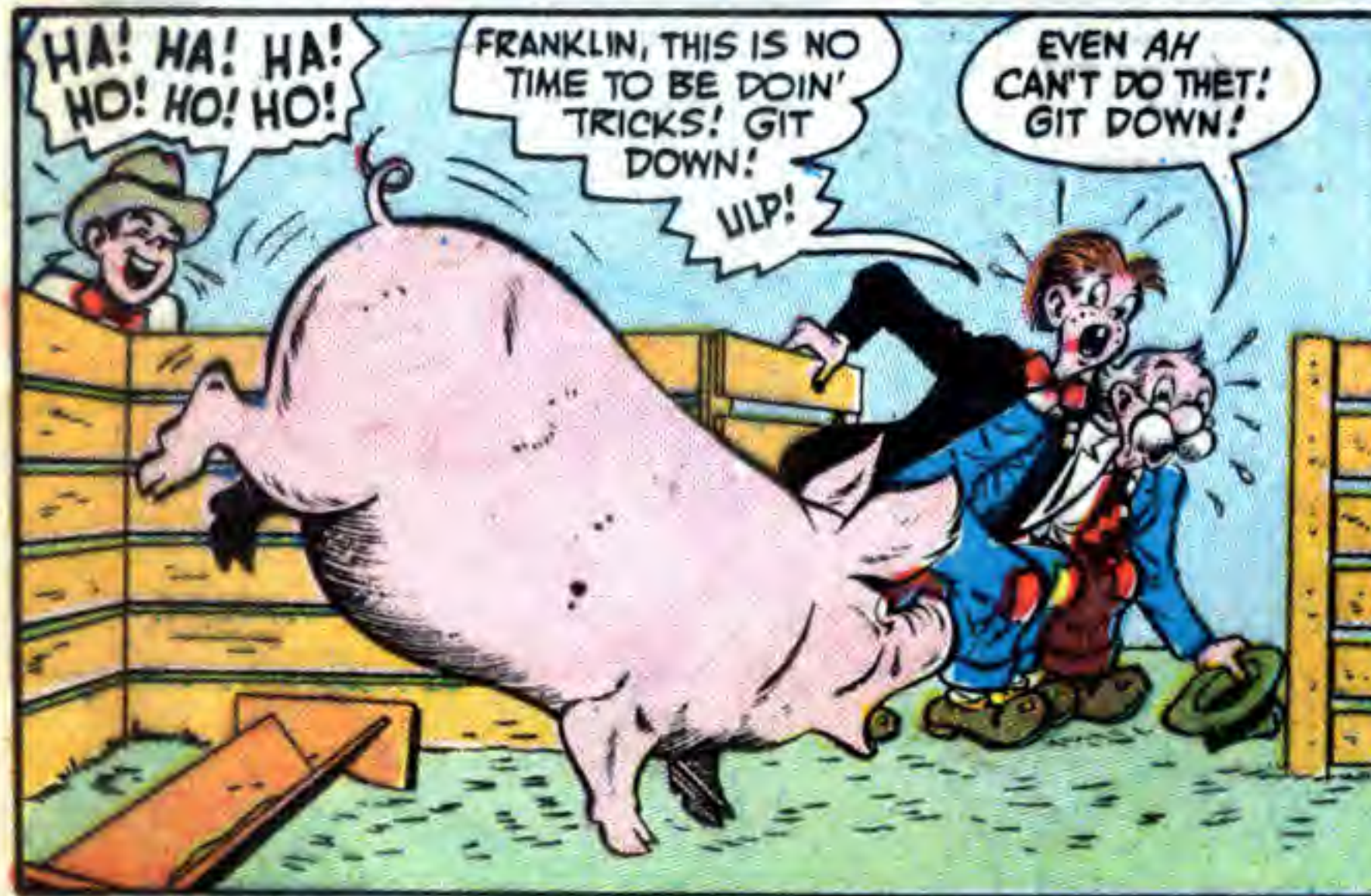
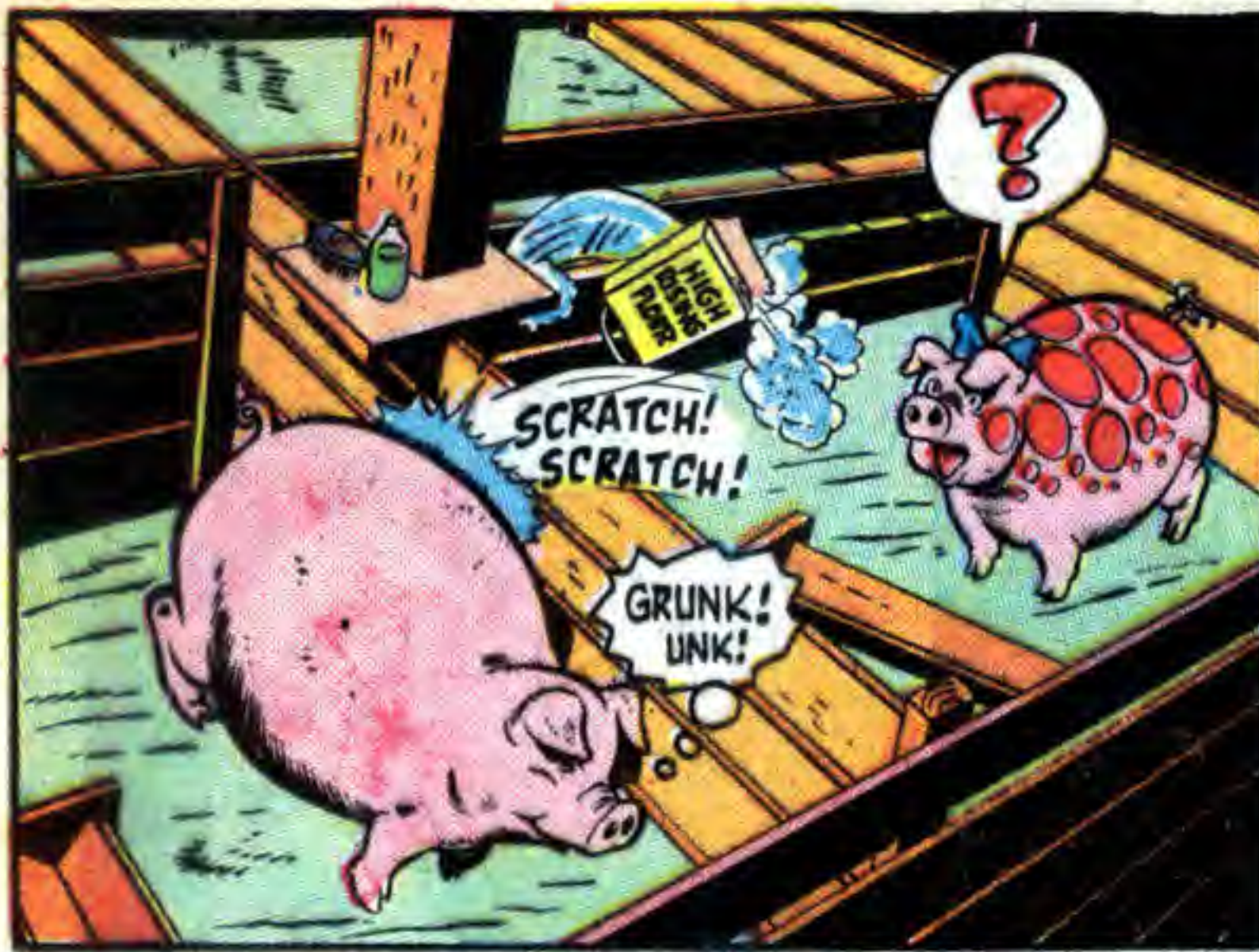
of ACORN ACRES

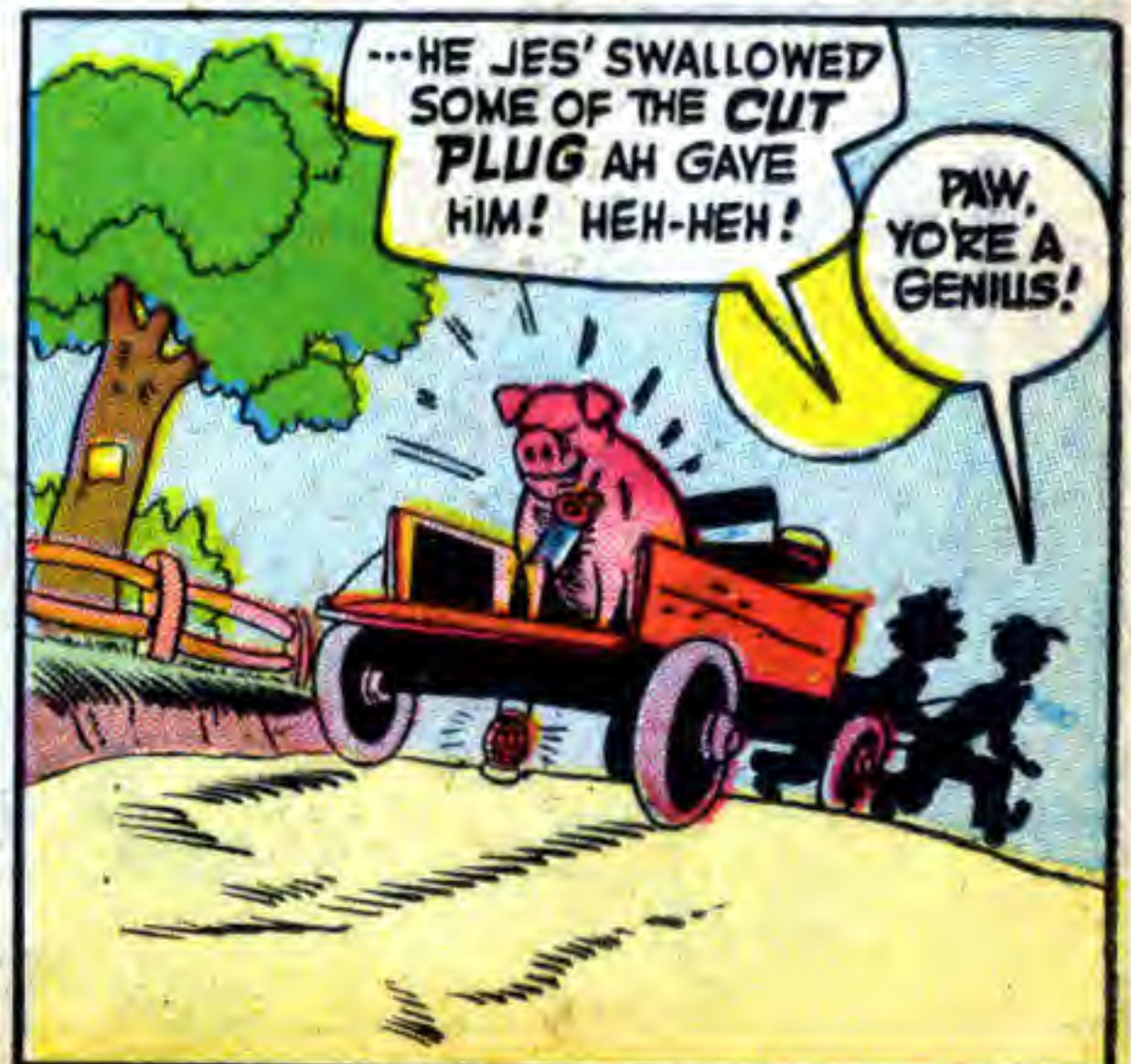
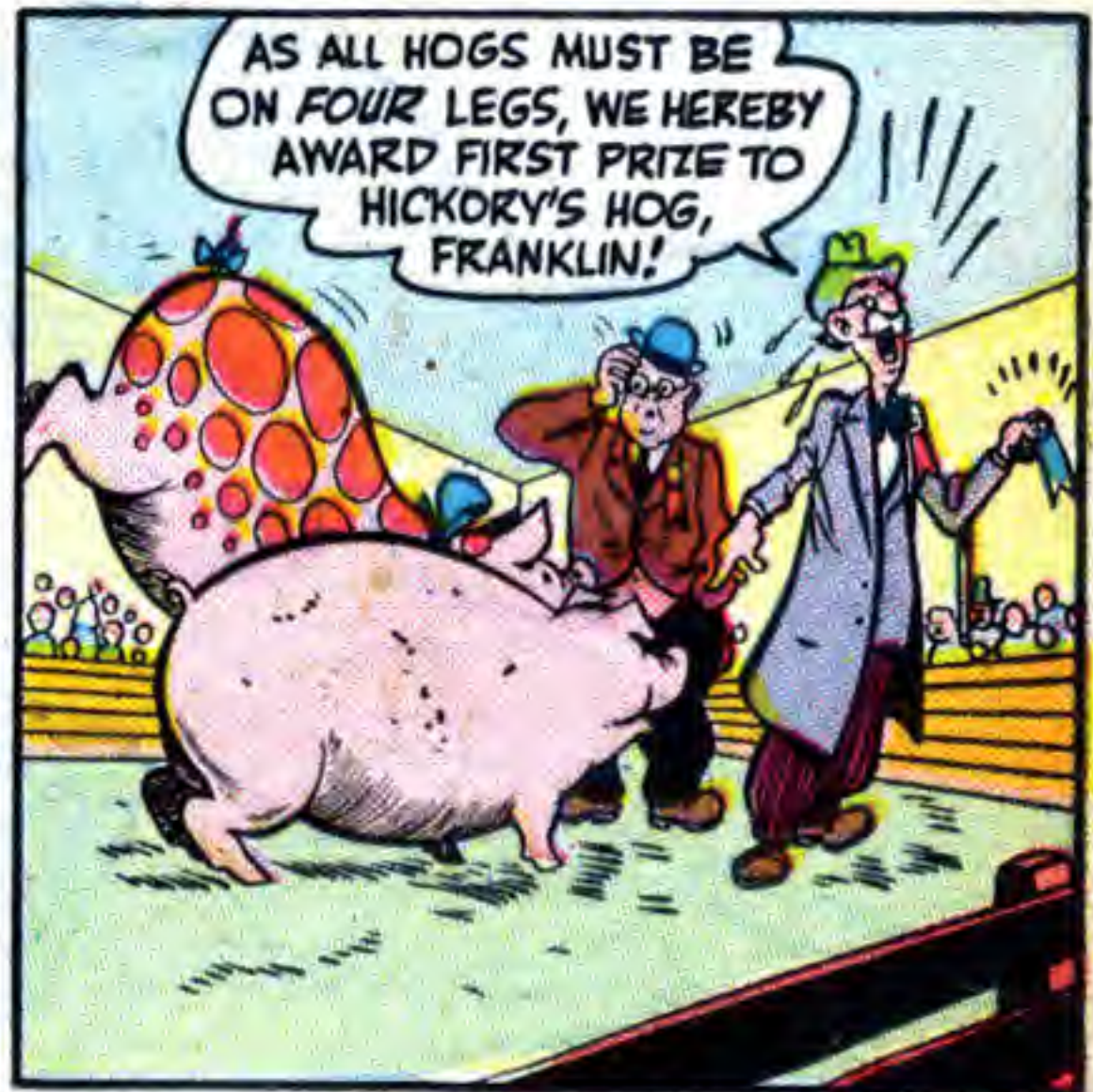
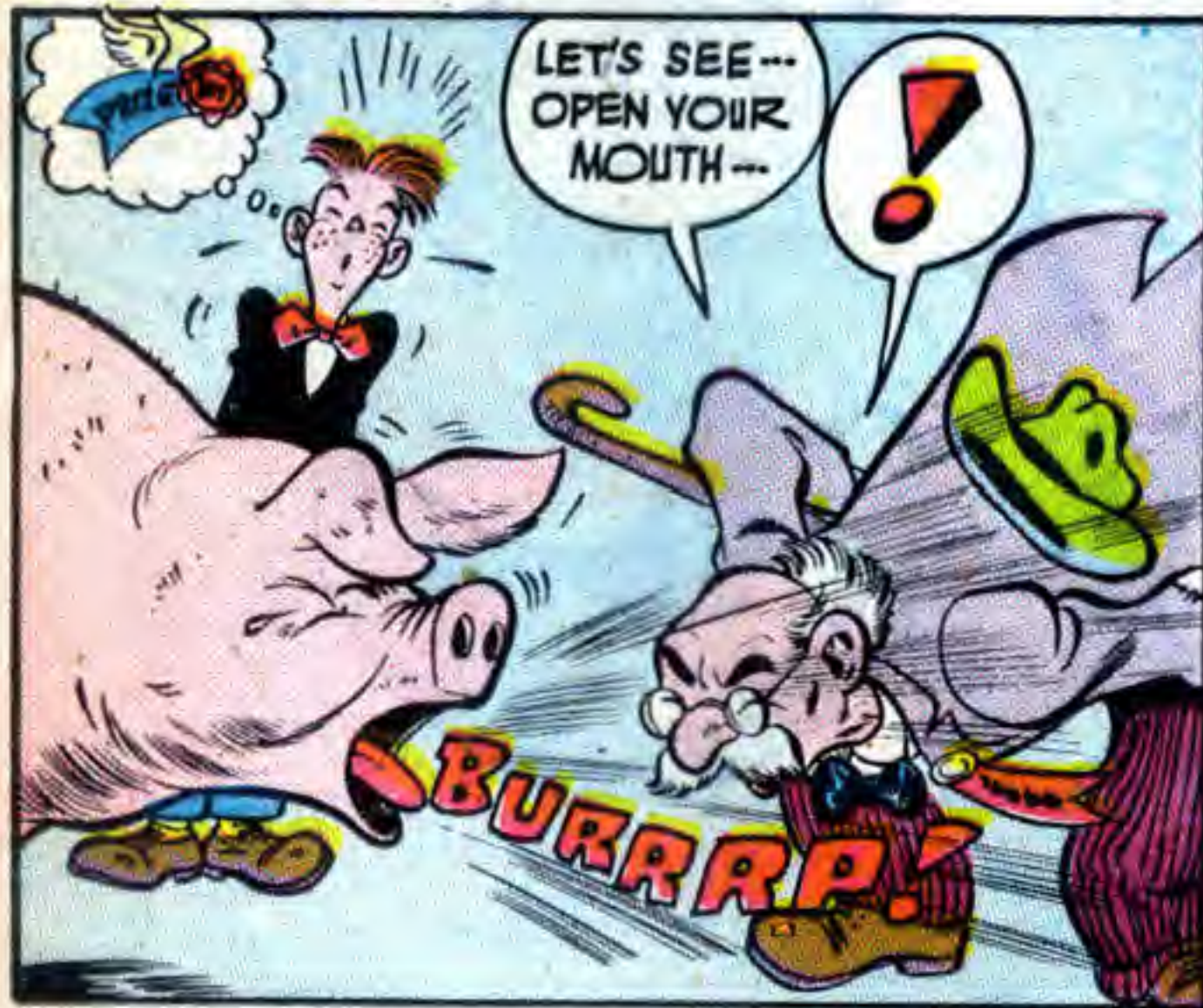
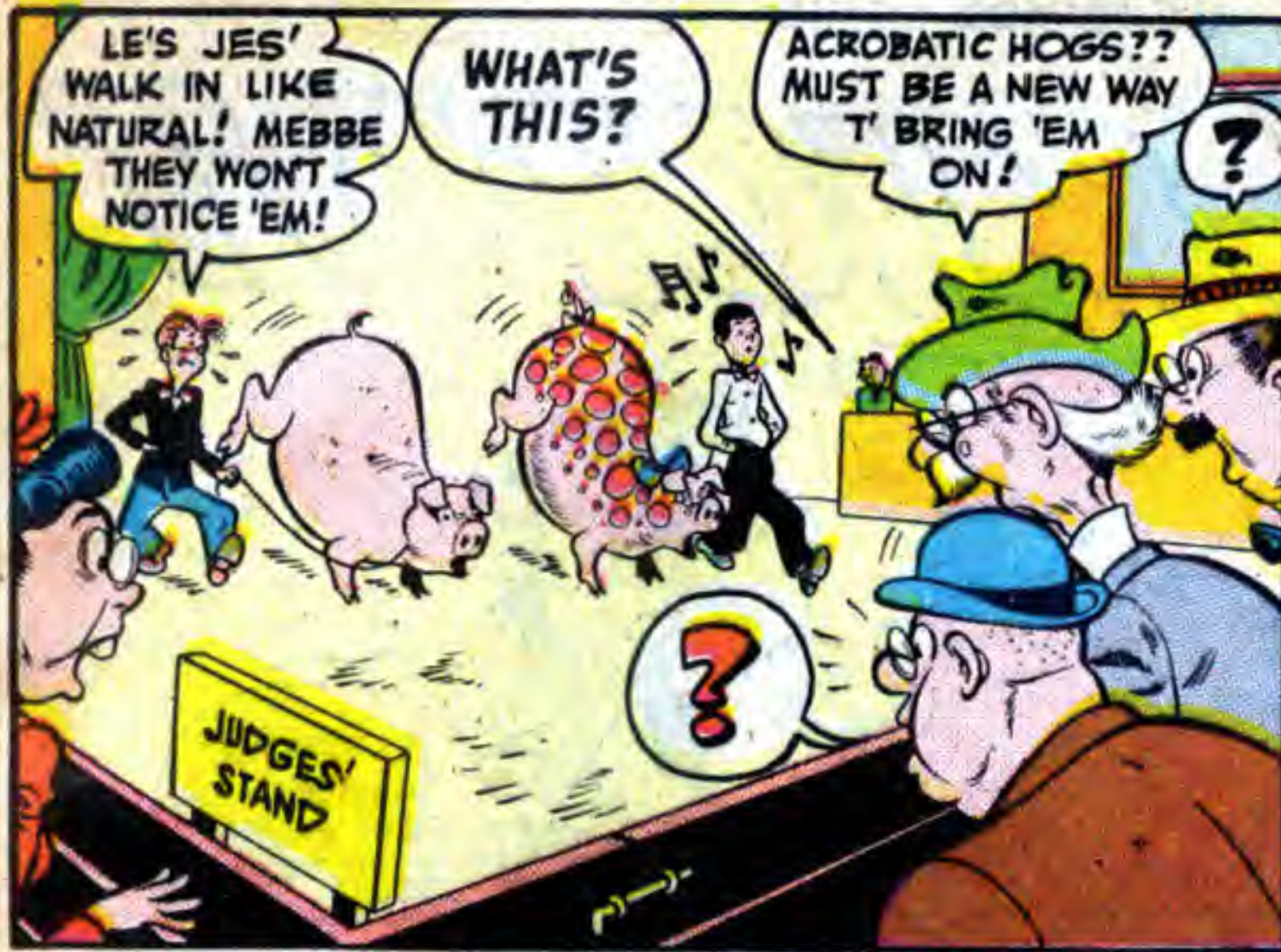






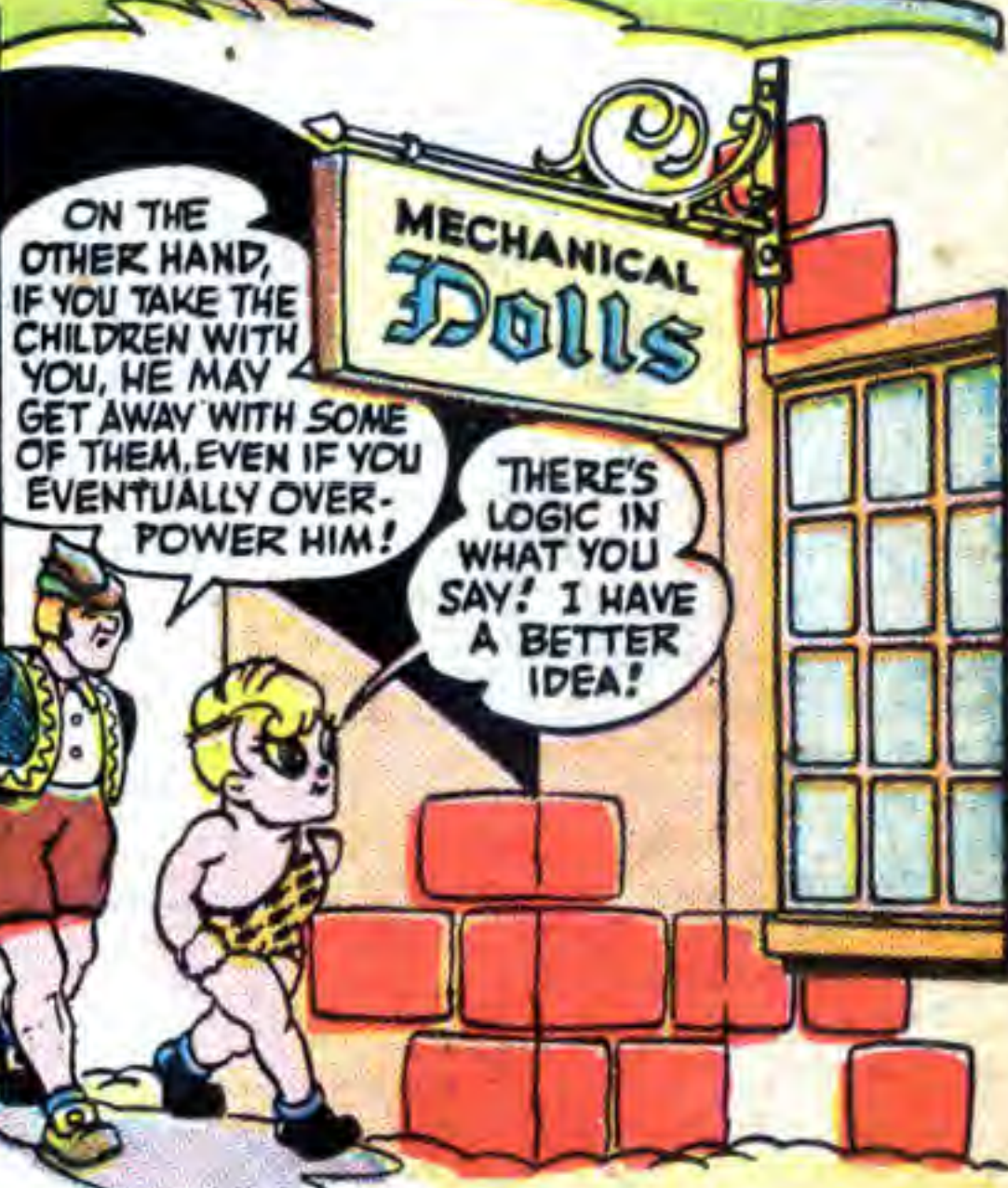
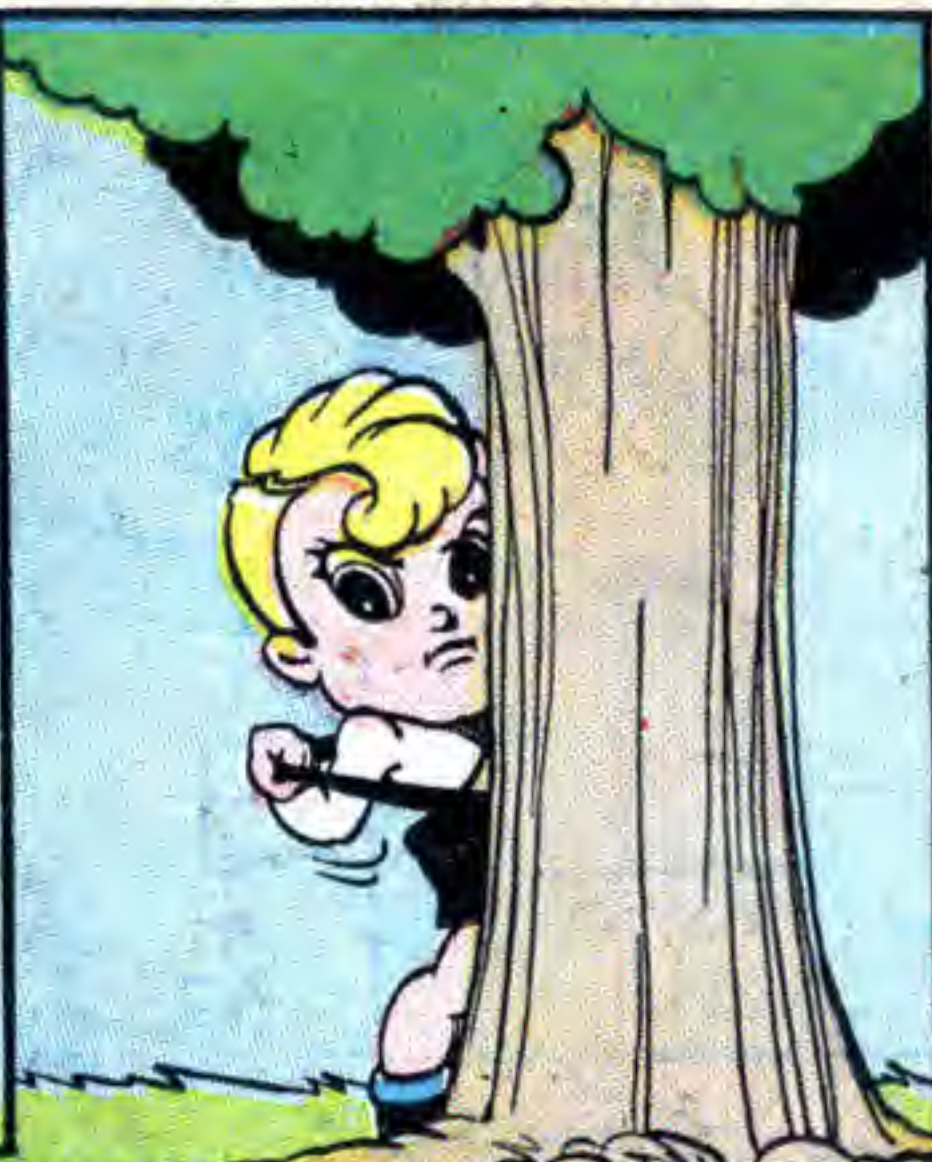


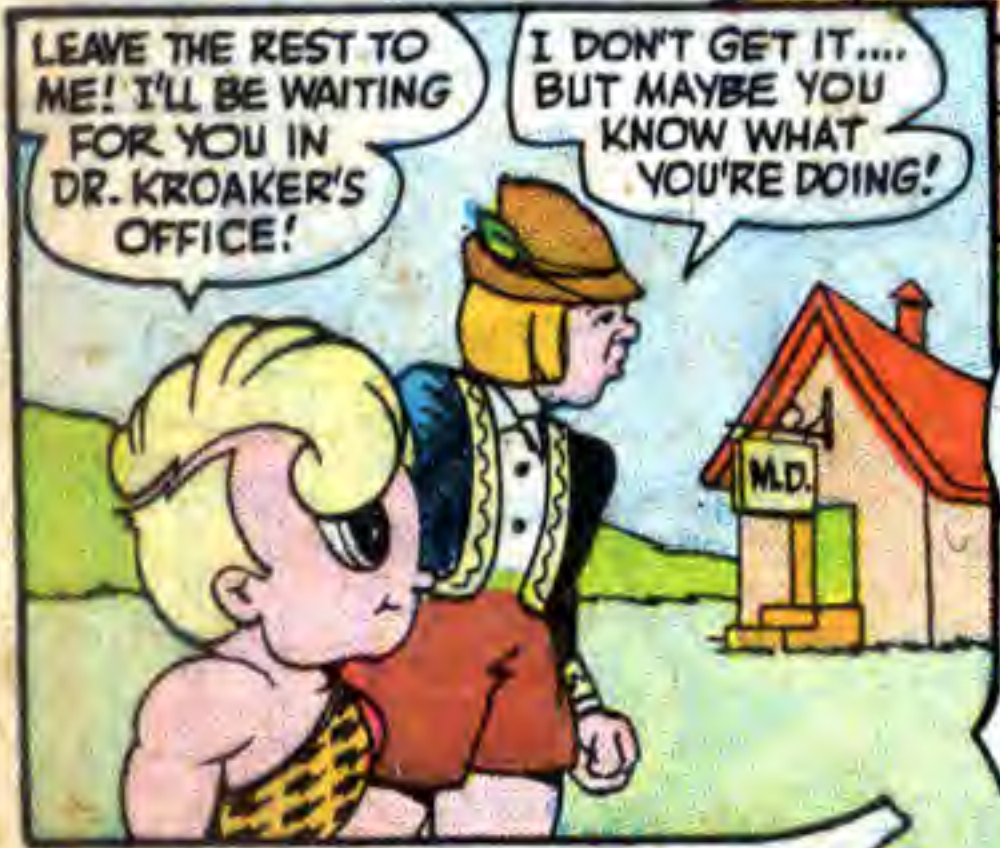
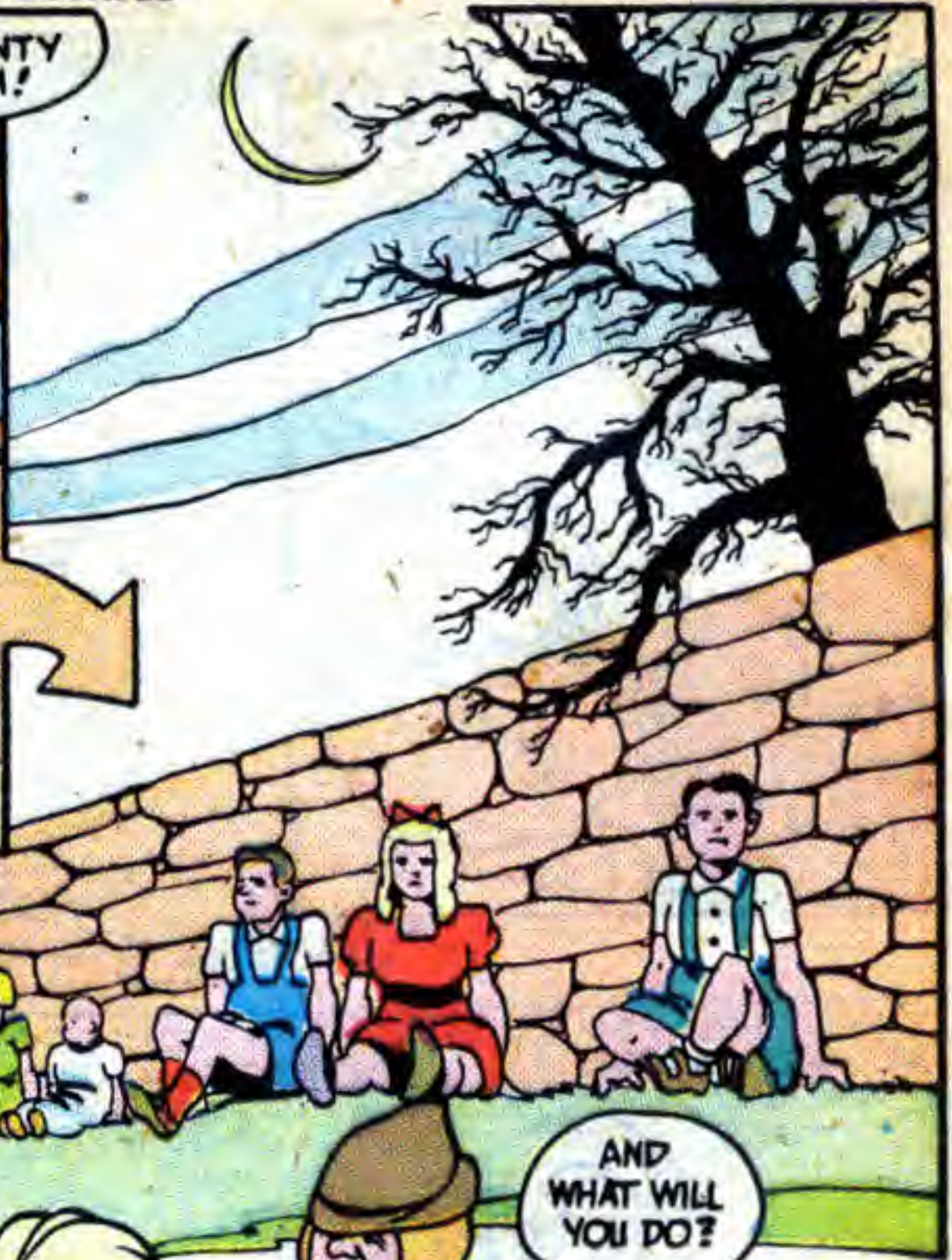
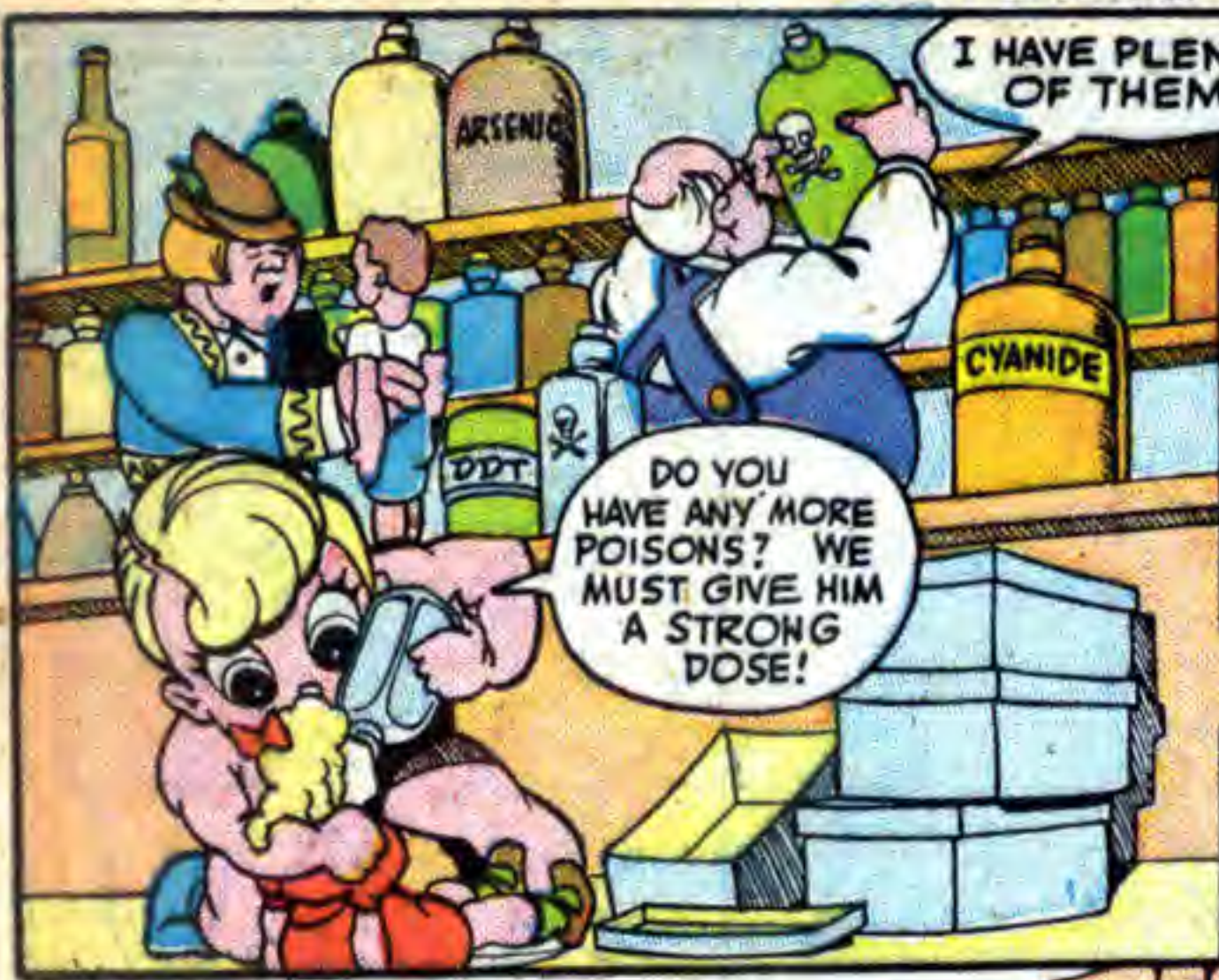




ATOMICTOT

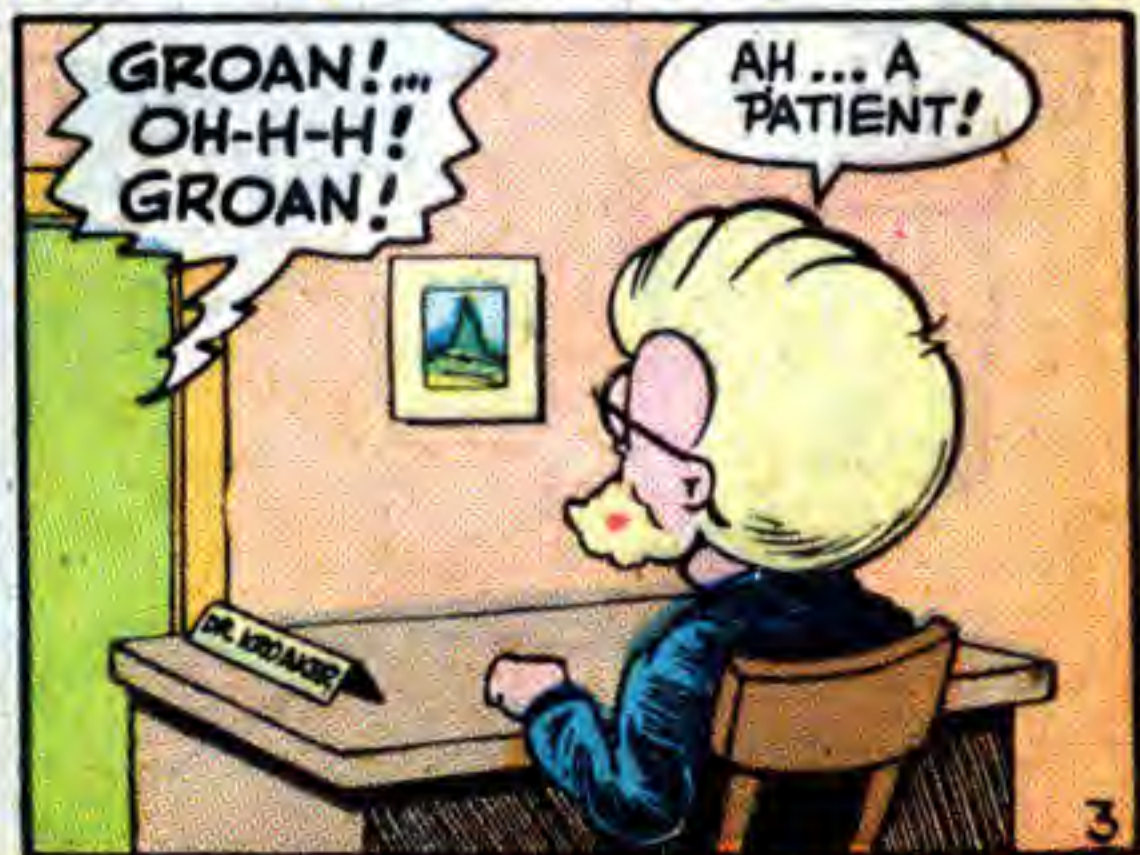
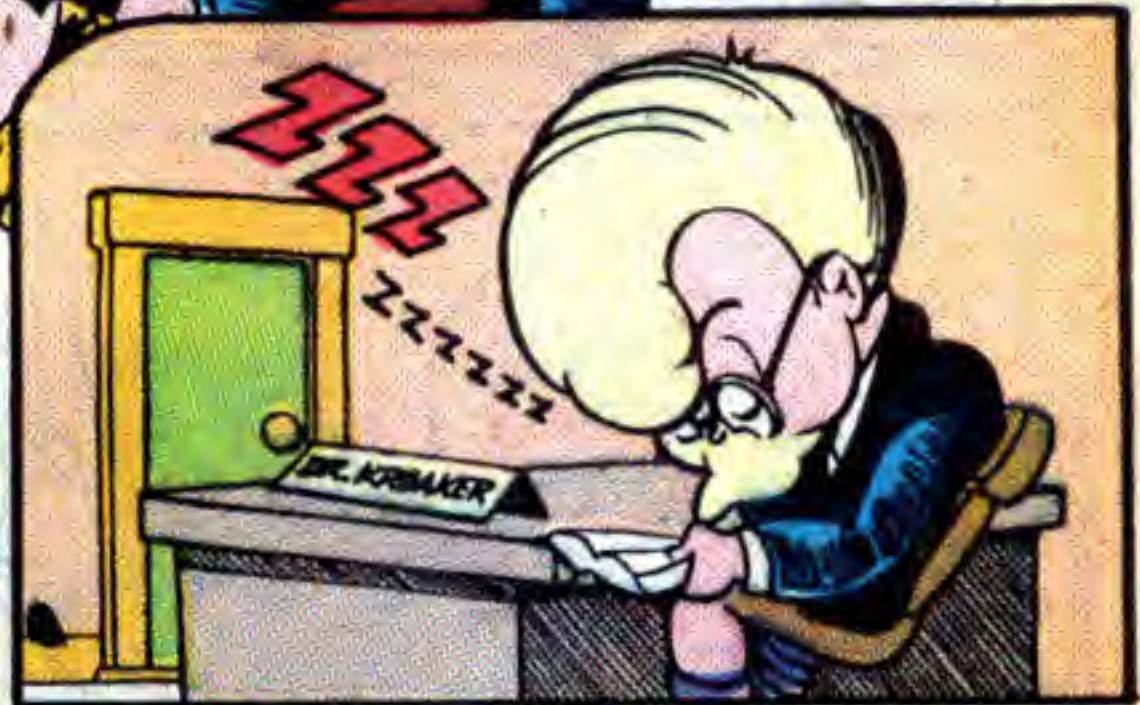


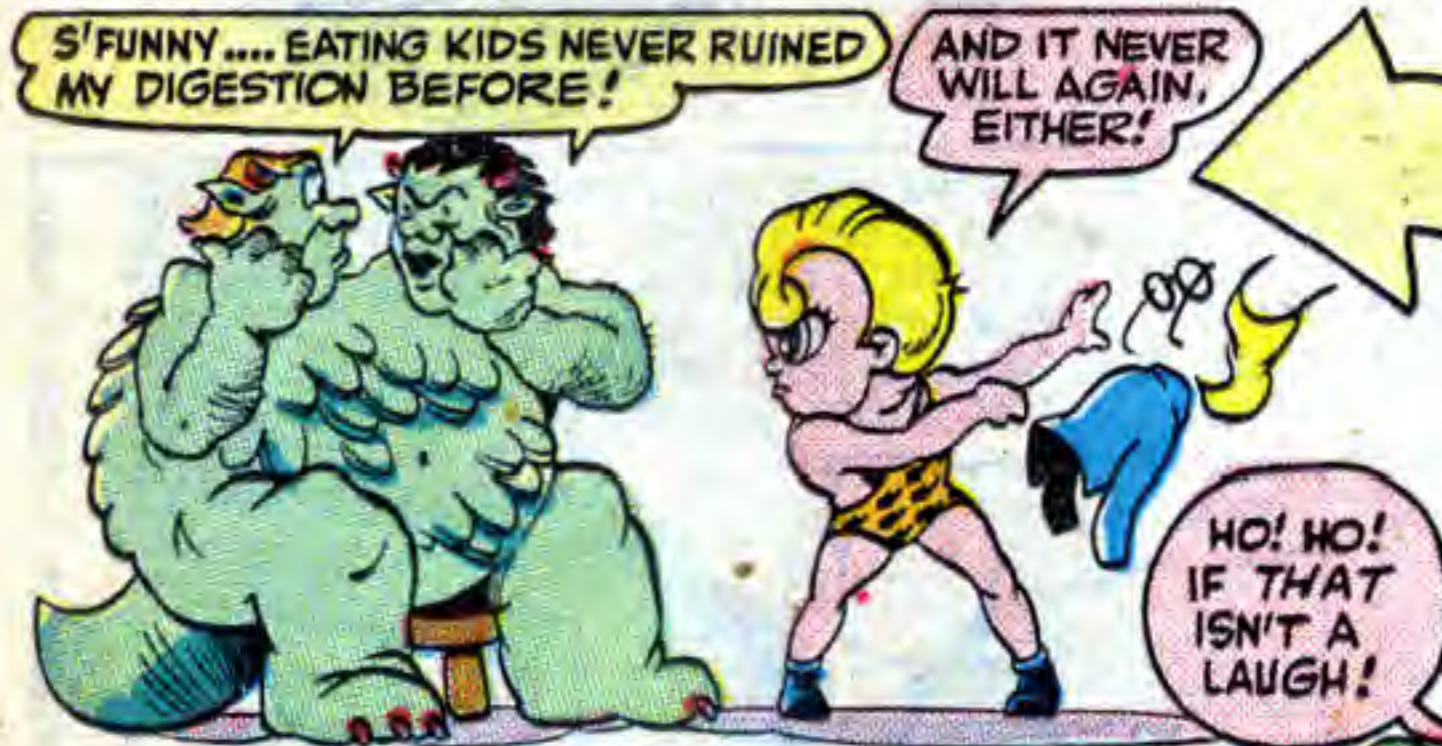
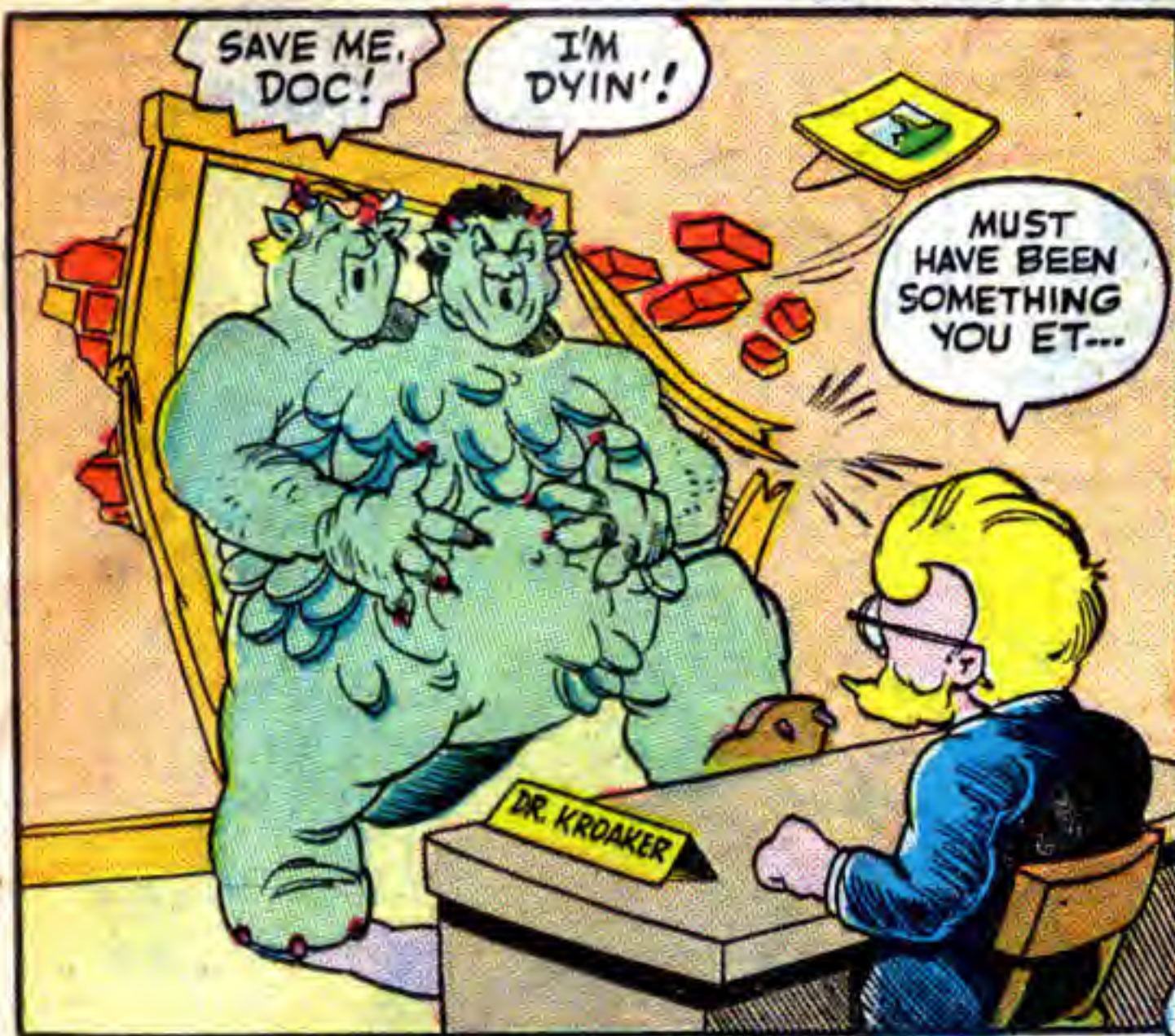


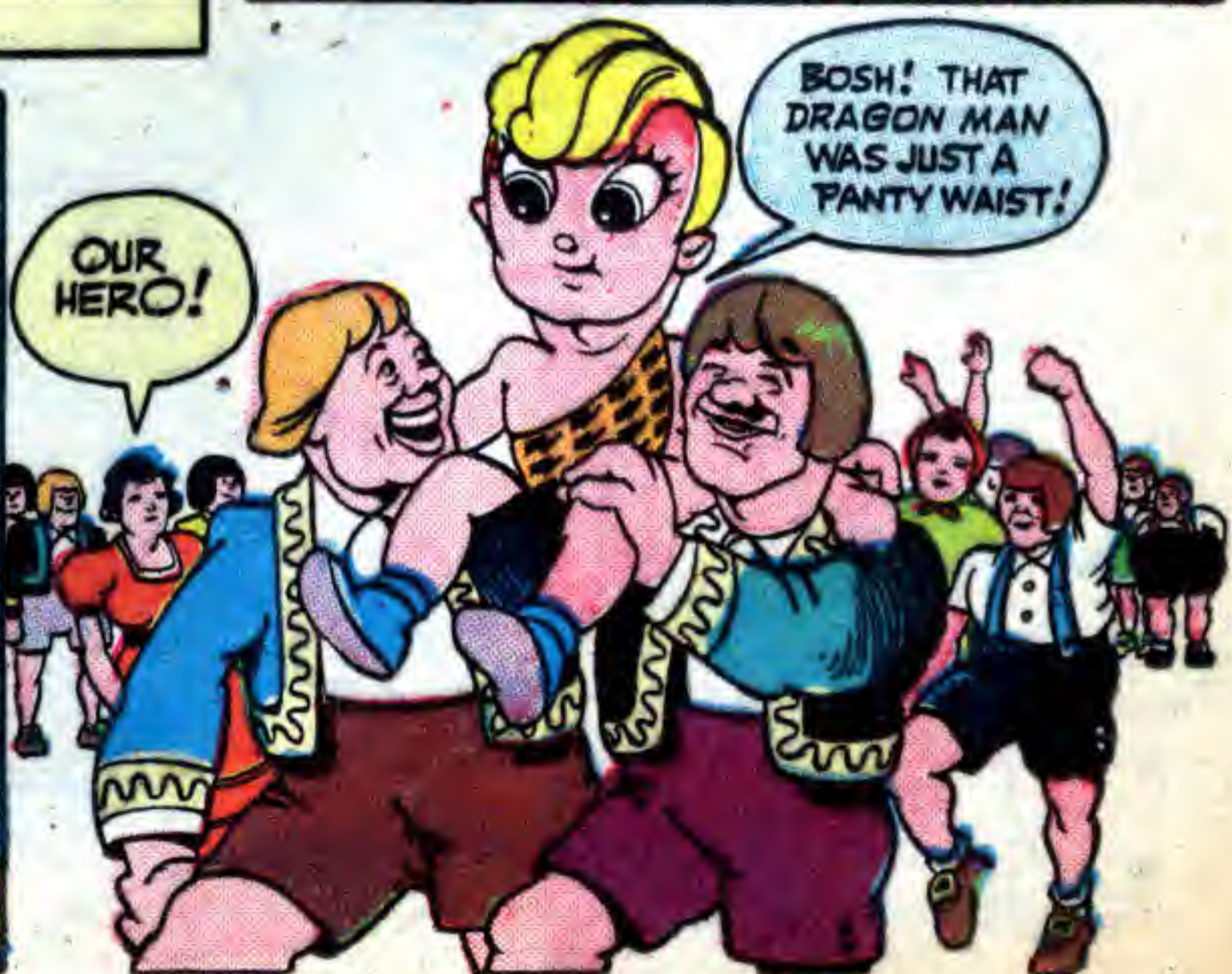
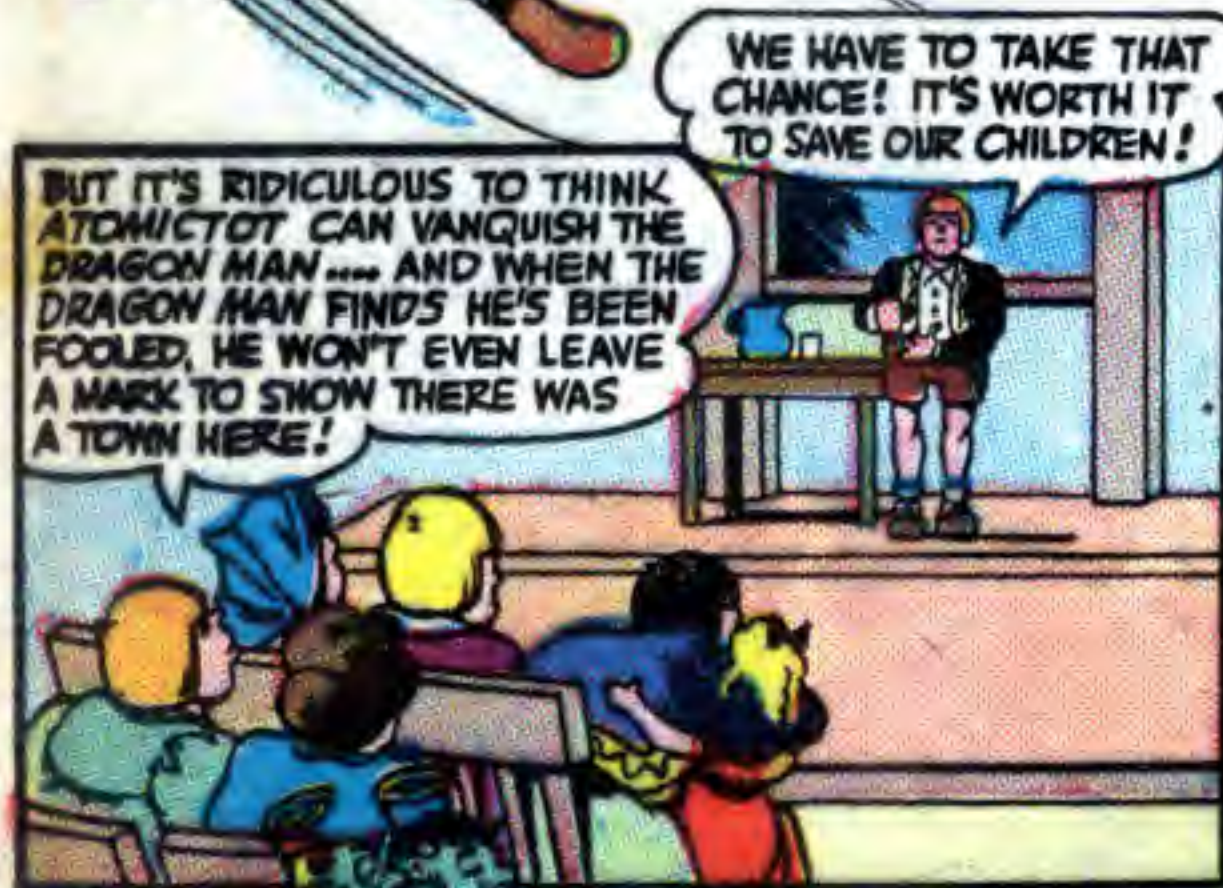
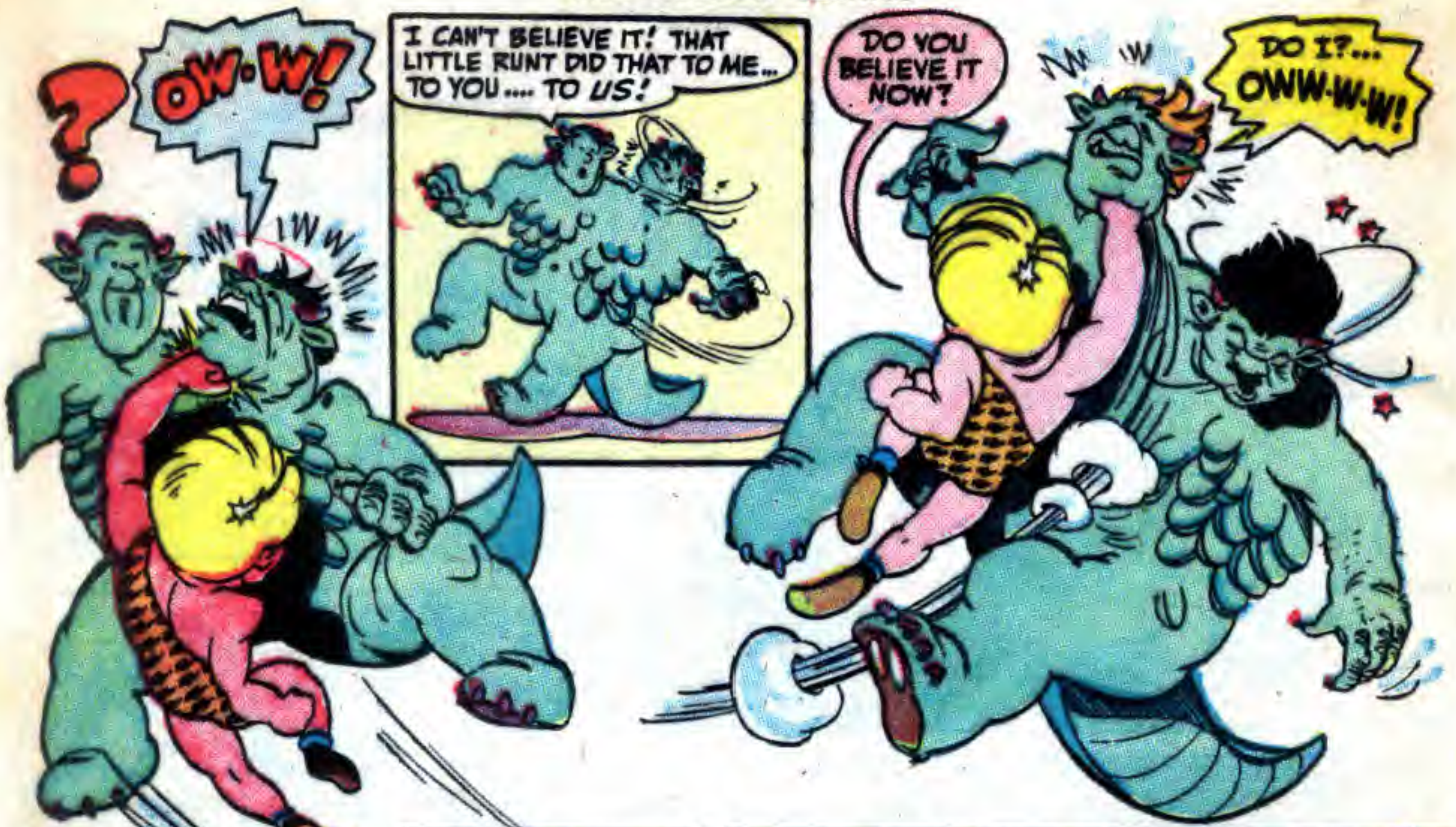


THERE!
NOW LET
DRAGON
MAN COME
AND GET
THEM!

HO! HO! THE TOWNSPEOPLE DID
NOT FAIL ME! THEY KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR THEM! AND I'M SO
HUNGRY I DON'T KNOW WHICH
FACE TO FEED FIRST!







RUN, SHEEP, RUN!

CRAZY SIMON sat on a stump surveying the vast flock of sheep he tended. They were good sheep. They were like brothers, thought Crazy Simon. Yes, better than brothers. His brothers anyway. Because Crazy's brothers thought he was a little "off."

Sometimes Crazy wondered if he was a little "off". The ideas he had. The dreams. Even in daytime those dreams.

Crazy grinned. "I ain't crazy."

The four big collies that helped Crazy to herd the sheep were well trained, stout hearted dogs. They, too, were like brothers to Crazy. They understood him. He didn't have to speak to them; they knew what to do at all times. They knew, for instance, when the sheep were nibbling out of bounds, when they strayed too far. Then the dogs got on the job and brought them back into the home fold again. Crazy didn't have to do anything.

When the five tourists rode into Crazy's camp one day for a "look at how a sheep herder lives," Crazy was on his good behavior. His brother, Jeb, was acting as guide. Crazy's father owned one of the biggest sheep ranches in the Northwest, and quite often tourists came from the East to stay a while and live out-of-doors.

Crazy didn't like tourists very much. They laughed at him.

"So that's a sheep herder," said one of them with a grin.

"Looks like he's a bit wobbly," said another. They laughed.

Jeb said, "Yeah, we keep him because he's a good herder. A little off in the head, but knows his work."

Crazy snorted, "It was always that way. Jeb always made excuses for me to the guests. Oh, well, it was Jeb who was a little off!"

Crazy put his dogs through their paces, for the edification of the Eastern people and they were loud in their praises.

"Say," said a big fat man whose weight was a terrible strain on the little range horse he was riding, "them canines are certainly trained. Who trained 'em?"

"I train dogs," grinned Crazy. "I good dog trainer." He laughed.

"My," said one of the women guests, "he surely has some laugh. Kinda wild, don't you think?"

"Wild?" cackled Crazy. "Me wild, sure! Look!"

Crazy did several fast cartwheels and then stood on one hand on the stump.

"Betcha you can't do that, Missus," he boasted. "Come on, try!"

"Thank you," said Missus. "But I think I won't try today."

"'Fraidy," scoffed Crazy.

The guests departed after a while, riding back over the green hills toward the rambling ranch house. Crazy was glad when they had gone. Now he could continue his communing with nature. He had names for all the birds and squirrels that came around his camp. And even an old lizard looked at him familiarly as he blinked in the noon sunshine, and then slithered under the camp wagon.

Crazy felt the urge to eat and began preparing a snack. First, he fed the dogs, then the pet crow, two squirrels and a three-legged skunk which he had caught as a kitten. All ate their fill, then Crazy took his own repast.

The guests rode over the hills, led by Jeb, seeing the old Indian pictographs in a cave, the stunted juniper trees, the huge footprint of a pre-historic beast in the limestone along a stream. They played games and sat before the roaring fire place of an evening spinning yarns.

Crazy wasn't in on these things. He was crazy.

Maude Stebbins, one of the guests whose father was a wealthy stock broker in New York, was an amateur camera fan. She clicked shutters everywhere. One day she was riding alone when she came upon Crazy reclining in the sun as he watched his herd nibbling at the short grasses. She rode up and called out to him, "Hello, Crazy!"

"Huh!" said Crazy, eyeing her distantly. He didn't like to be called Crazy. That was Jeb's work.

"I ain't crazy," he told her pointedly "You're meanin' my brother, Jeb. He's crazy as a loon!"

"Is he?" laughed the young lady, slipping off her horse and sitting down on the stump.

"How would you like to have your picture taken, Cr—" she began. "I mean—"

Crazy's eyes gleamed. "I had my pitcher took once," he told her. "When I was stayin' in a big house a hundred miles from here. I had fun there."

Miss Stebbins knew he meant some institution. She said, "I want this picture of you for my collection. Mind if I shoot it?"

"Nuh. Go ahead. Only, I ain't crazy. That's my brother. He's nuts."

Miss Stebbins laughed as she aimed the camera and snapped the shutter. "There," she said. "See the birdie?"

Crazy nodded enthusiastically. "I see lots uh birdies all the time."

Miss Stebbins rode away, thinking to herself it wasn't so bad to be crazy. One didn't have to worry about anything. One was immune.

Miss Stebbins and her party had arrived at the ranch in the fall, the tail-end of the tourist season. Already the hills were quite brown and hot winds puffed over the range like the breath of a furnace. The grain fields were waiting for the reapers.

On their last ride, the party halted at Crazy's camp. Miss Stebbins showed Crazy his photo, which gave him considerable elation. His eyes sparkled. "Too bad Jeb ain't like me," he said a bit sadly. "Course he's crazy!"

"I know," said Miss Stebbins. "You can be glad you're not crazy."

"I'll say, Missus!" exclaimed Crazy.

As the party was riding off, one of the men flipped a cigarette into the grass. Crazy let out a yell and began stamping the glowing butt. He shook his fist angrily at the man.

"You crazy!" he yelled. "Wanta start fire?"

The man guffawed and rode away, Crazy still muttering angrily.

It was hot. During the late afternoon the guests took a quiet siesta in their rooms. The sun blazed but it was cool in the big ranch house.

Suddenly someone shouted, "Smoke!"

A stir ran through the house. The Chinese cook ran outside and came flying in, shouting, "Fire! Miss Atkins, fire in 'e valley!"

At this the whole ranch came to life. Men at the stables threw saddles on horses and galloped toward the vast pall of smoke rising in the south. The owner put in a call to the Forest Rangers and asked for a plane to come and spray chemicals on the young blaze. He was told this was impossible as a big fire was raging in a nearby forest. When the rancher tried to call the town, he found the telephone dead. The wire must have burned through!

The entire ranch, every hand, was on the job now, doing their best to fight a fire that had already got out of hand. It was no use. It stretched for a mile across the valley, growing rapidly in the wind. It was marching steadily toward the ranch buildings.

"My gosh, what'll we do?" cried one of the tourists. He knew they were trapped. They couldn't get away from the ranch because that valley was the only inlet to the big valley where the ranch house stood.

Suddenly someone shouted and pointed. They could see a great dust cloud forming in the east. Even above the roar of the fire they could hear a louder confused noise. The thunder of running hooves! Then a vast wave of grayish color seemed to overflow across the valley, cutting through the flames with a cacophany of sound. Dogs barking, animal cries, a man shouting. The dust cloud merged with the smoke. It was an infernal melee.

When the gray cloud had crossed the valley, the blaze was nearly out, smoldering and in a few spots still flaming. Cowboys on fast ponies quickly had these extinguished. Then everyone rode to where Crazy sat, blackened and singed, among his blackened and singed sheep. Even the dogs were scorched and ragged looking.

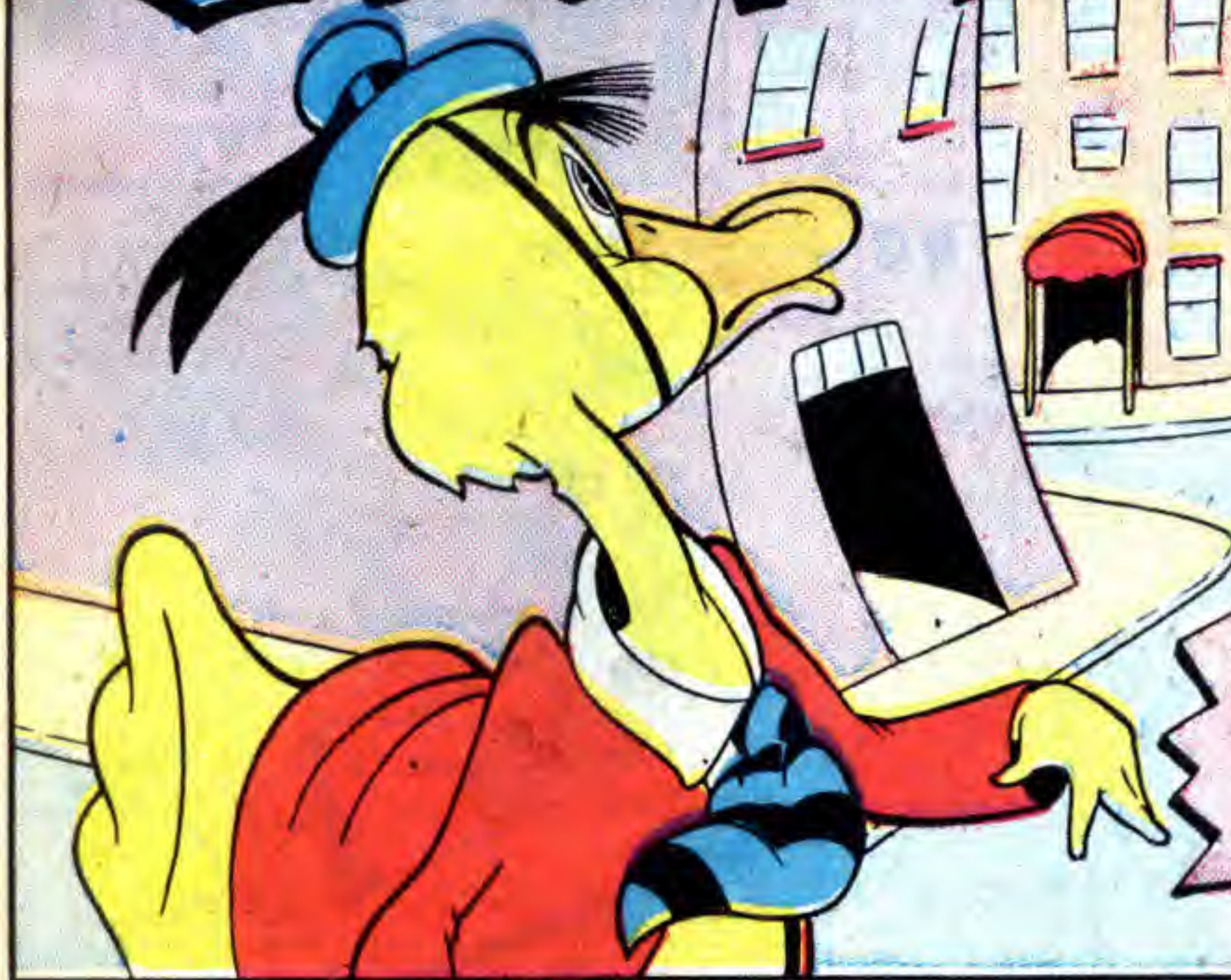
"How in the world did you do it, Crazy?" yelled Jeb. "You put the fire out. You saved the crops and the ranch!"

Crazy pointed to his sheep and dogs. "They did it," he groaned. "They're crazy, running into that fire. The dogs are crazy, too, 'cause they drove the sheep. Crazy!"

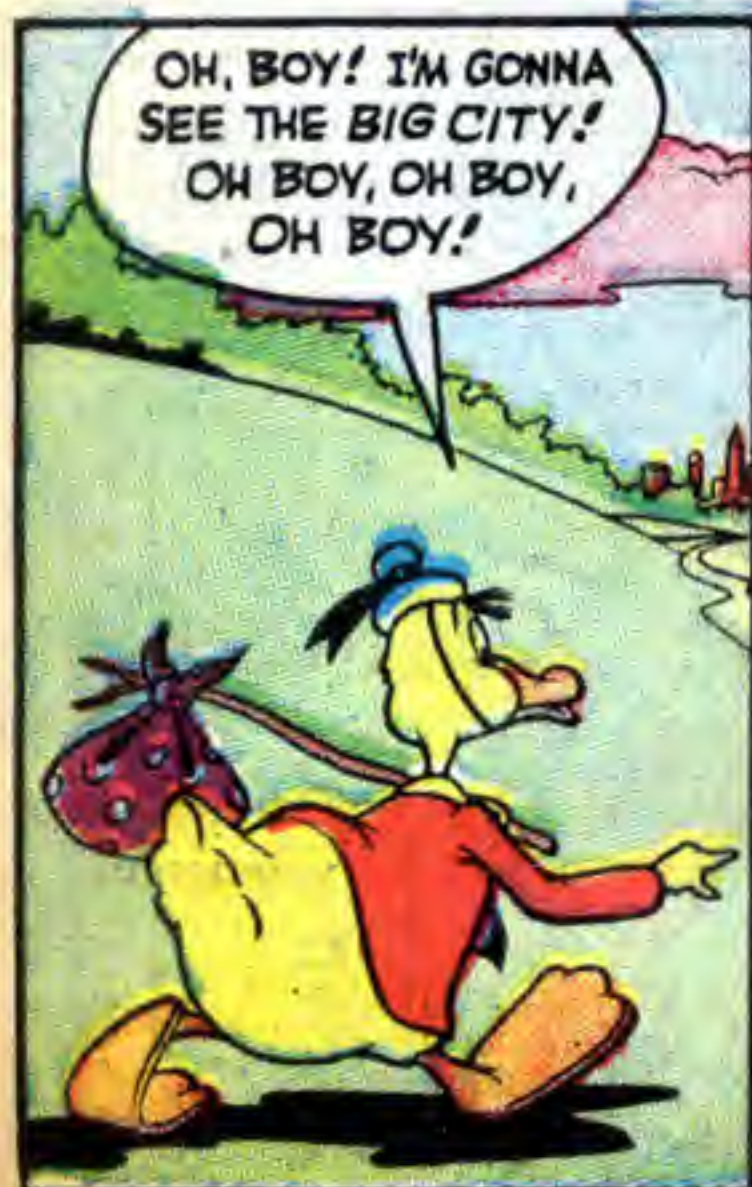
Maude Stebbins was putting wet cloths to Crazy's scorched face. "You were wonderful. You're a hero. You saved all our lives."

Crazy muttered and looked awry at his flocks and dogs. "All crazy," he said. "I thought just Jeb was crazy, but they are, too. Everyone is crazy—but me!"

Giddy GOOSE



This is the story of Giddy,
Who decided he wanted to roam!
He went to the famous Big City,
But found that there's no
place like home!



OH, BOY! I'M GONNA
SEE THE BIG CITY!
OH BOY, OH BOY,
OH BOY!



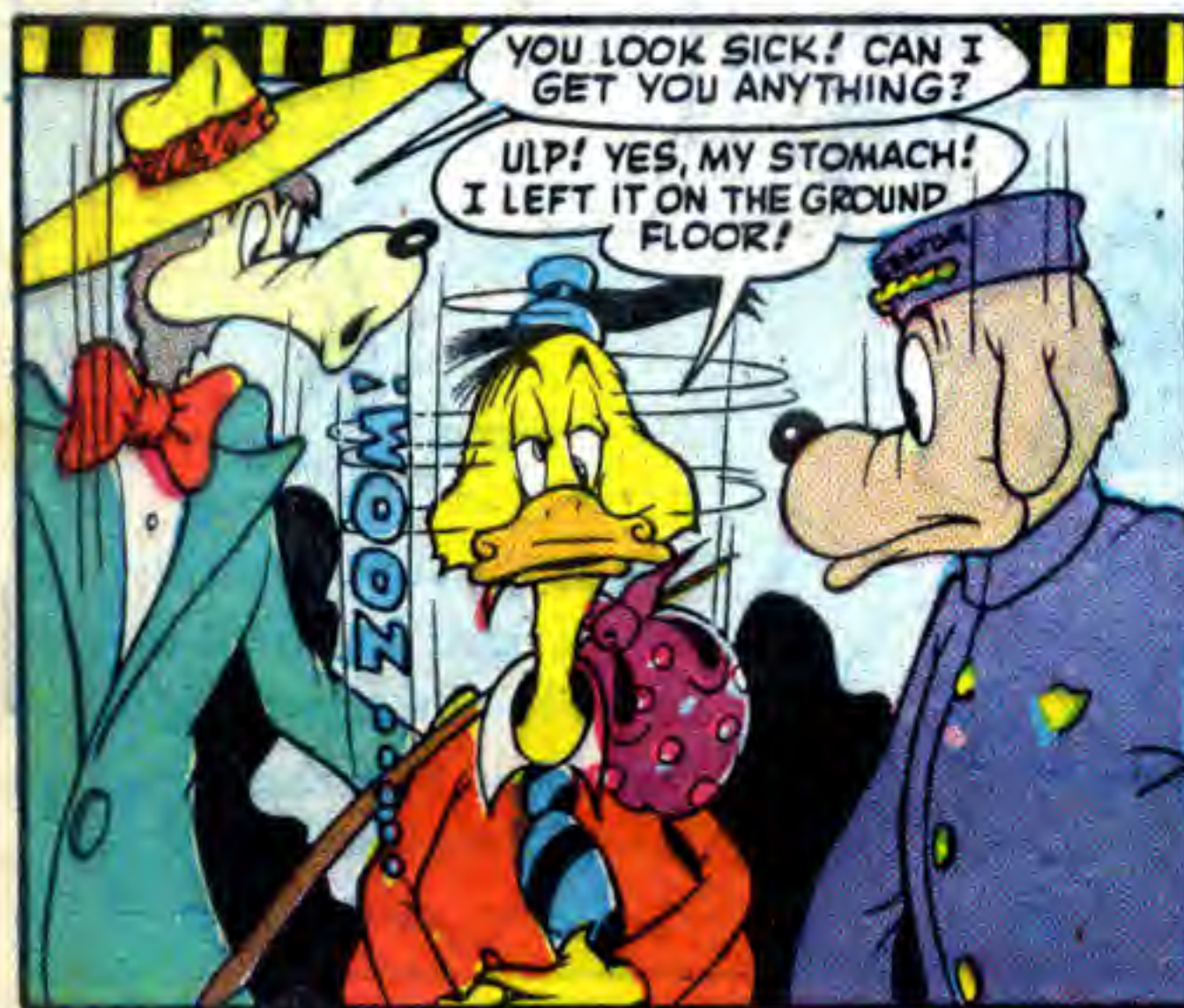
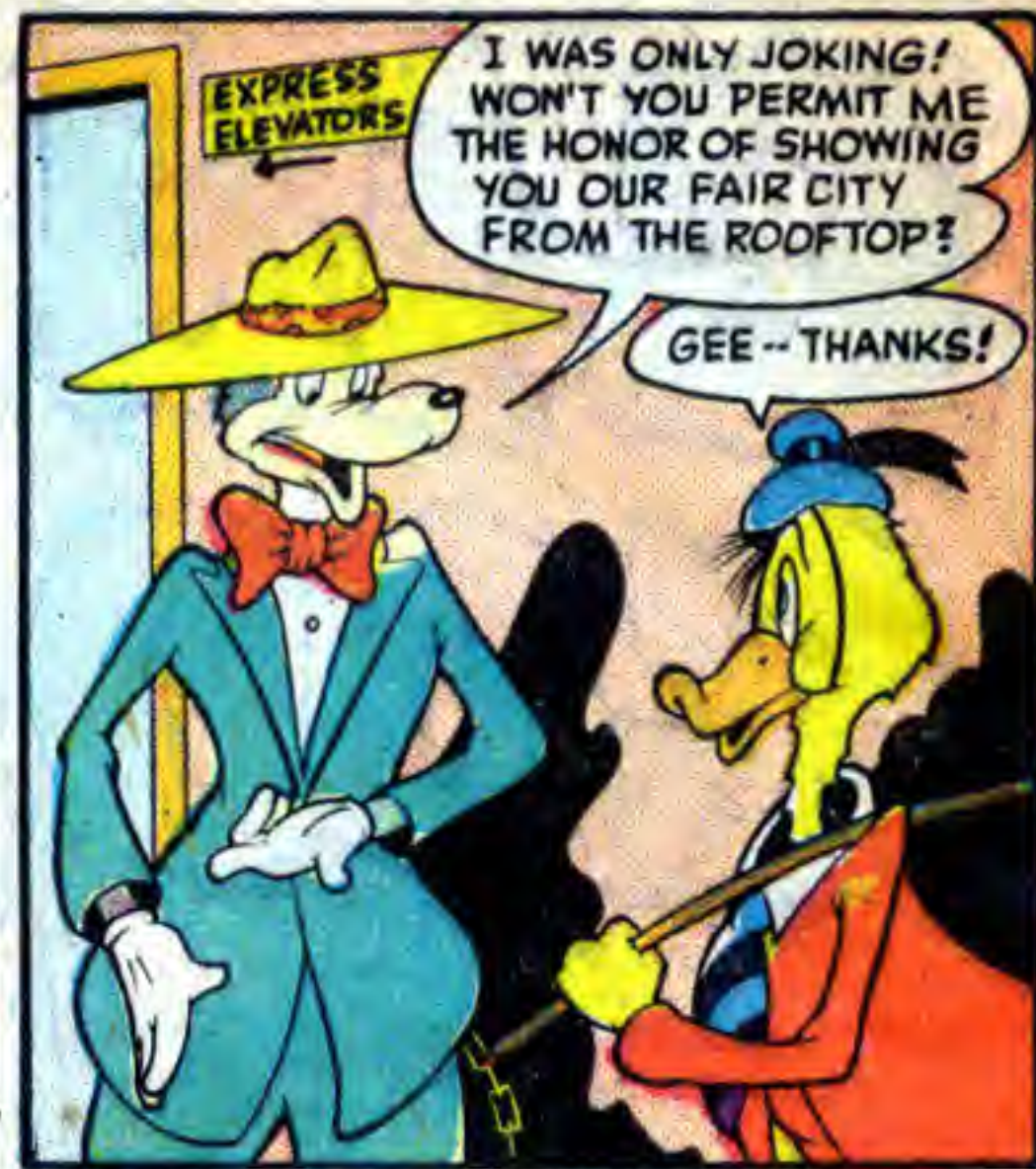
WOW! THAT'S
A TALL
BUILDING!
HOW FAR
UP DOES
IT GO?

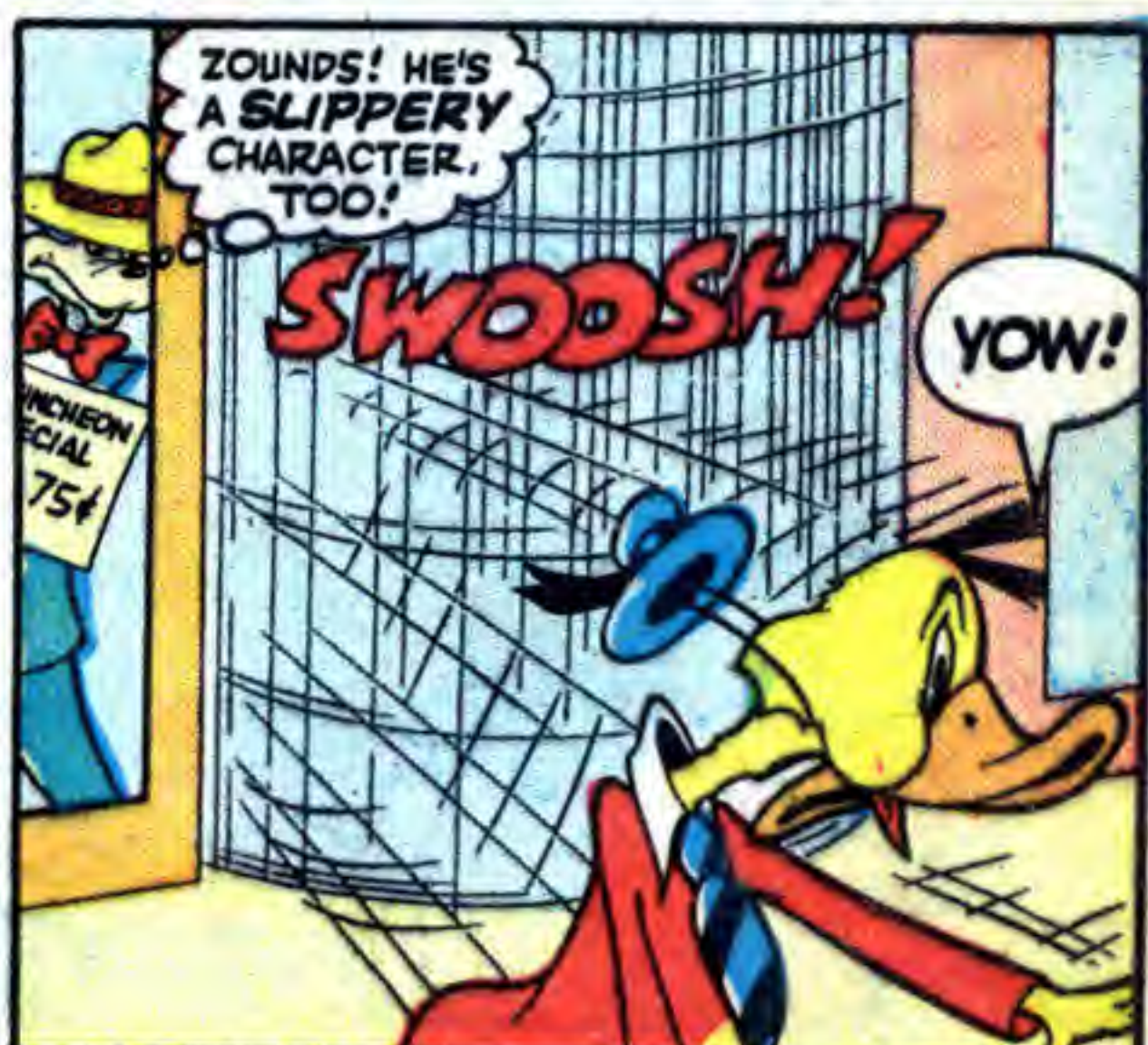
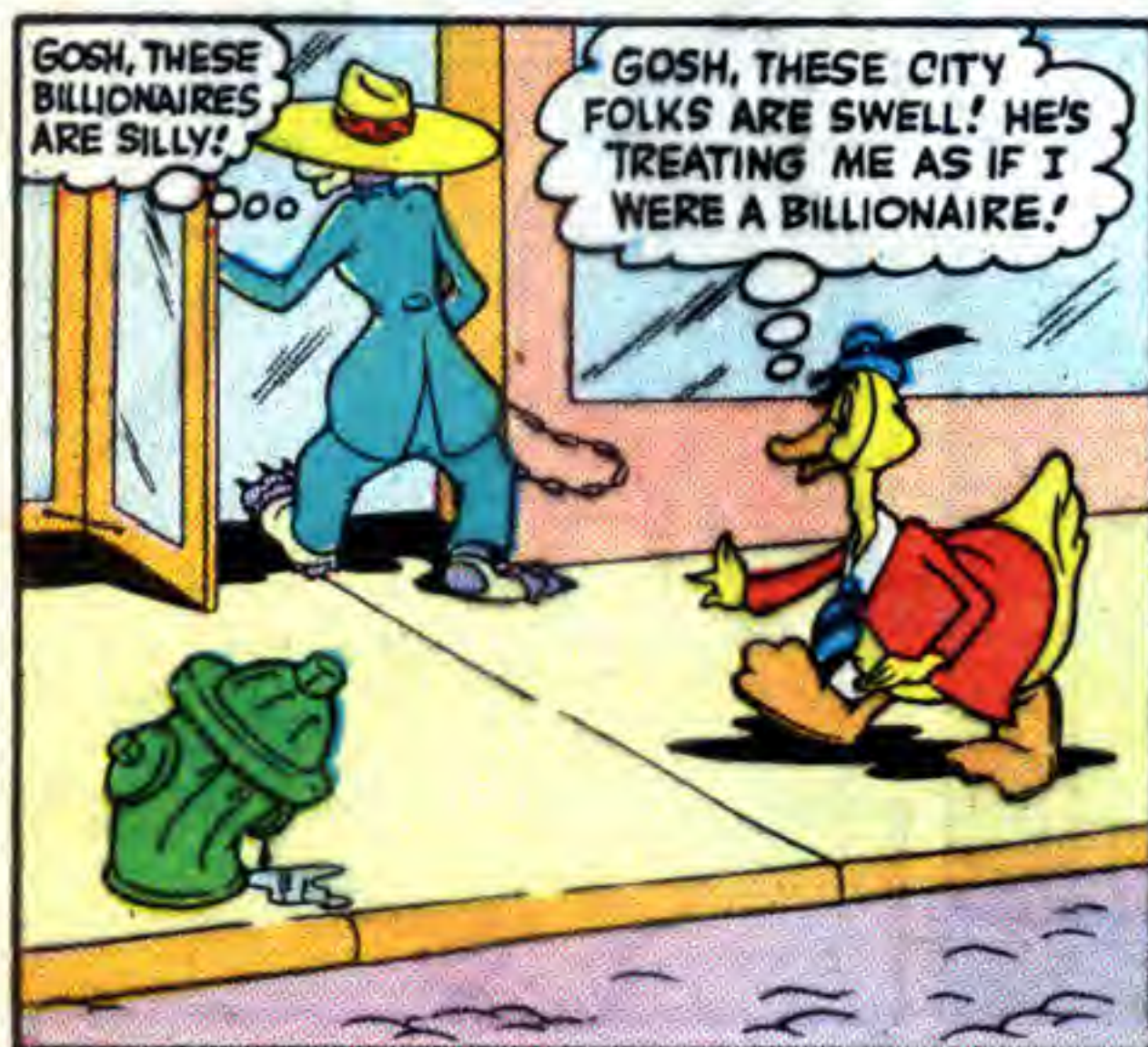
IT DOESN'T GO
ANYWHERE, STUPID!
IT STAYS THERE
ALL THE TIME!
HAW! HAW!
HAW!

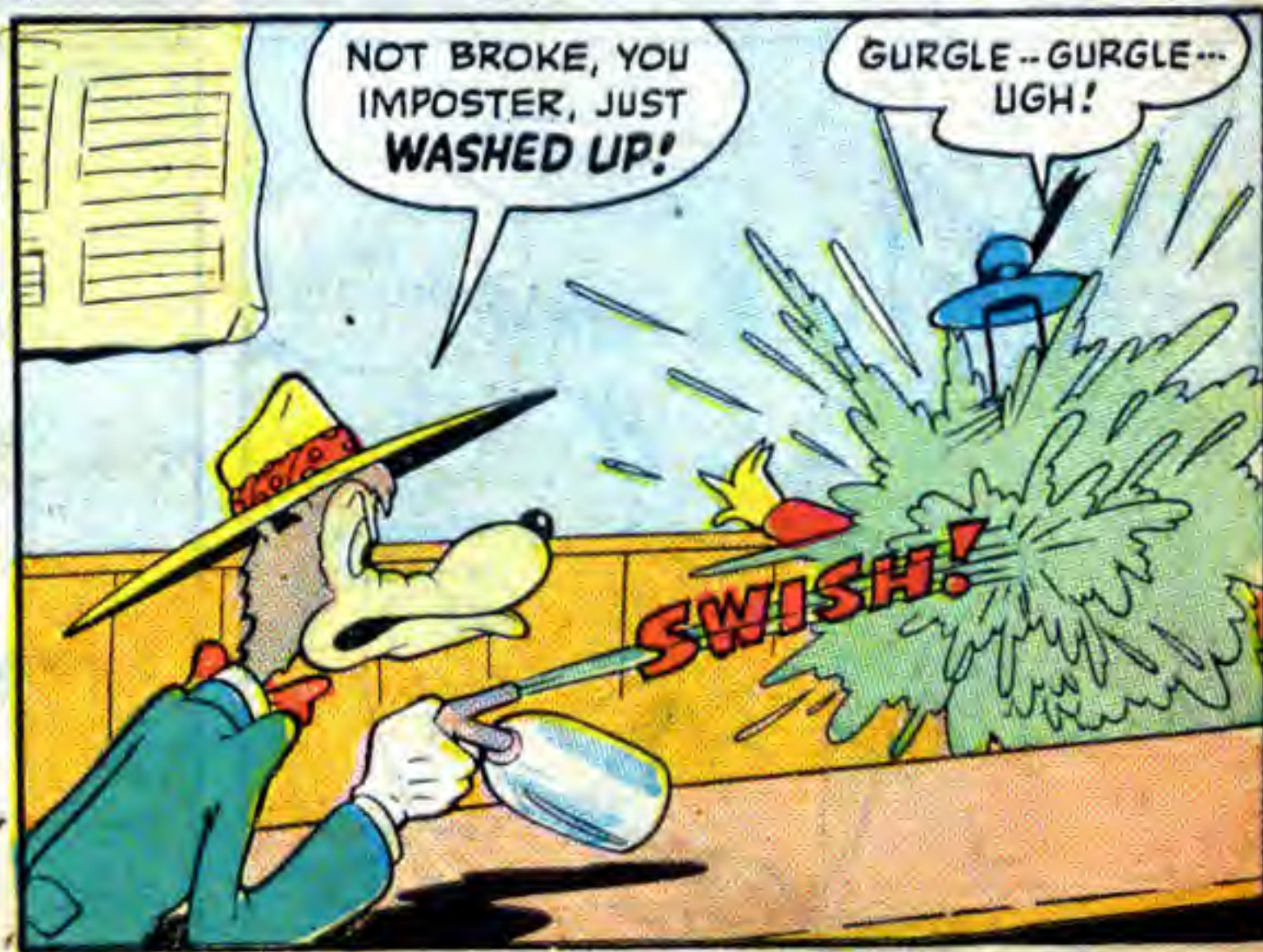
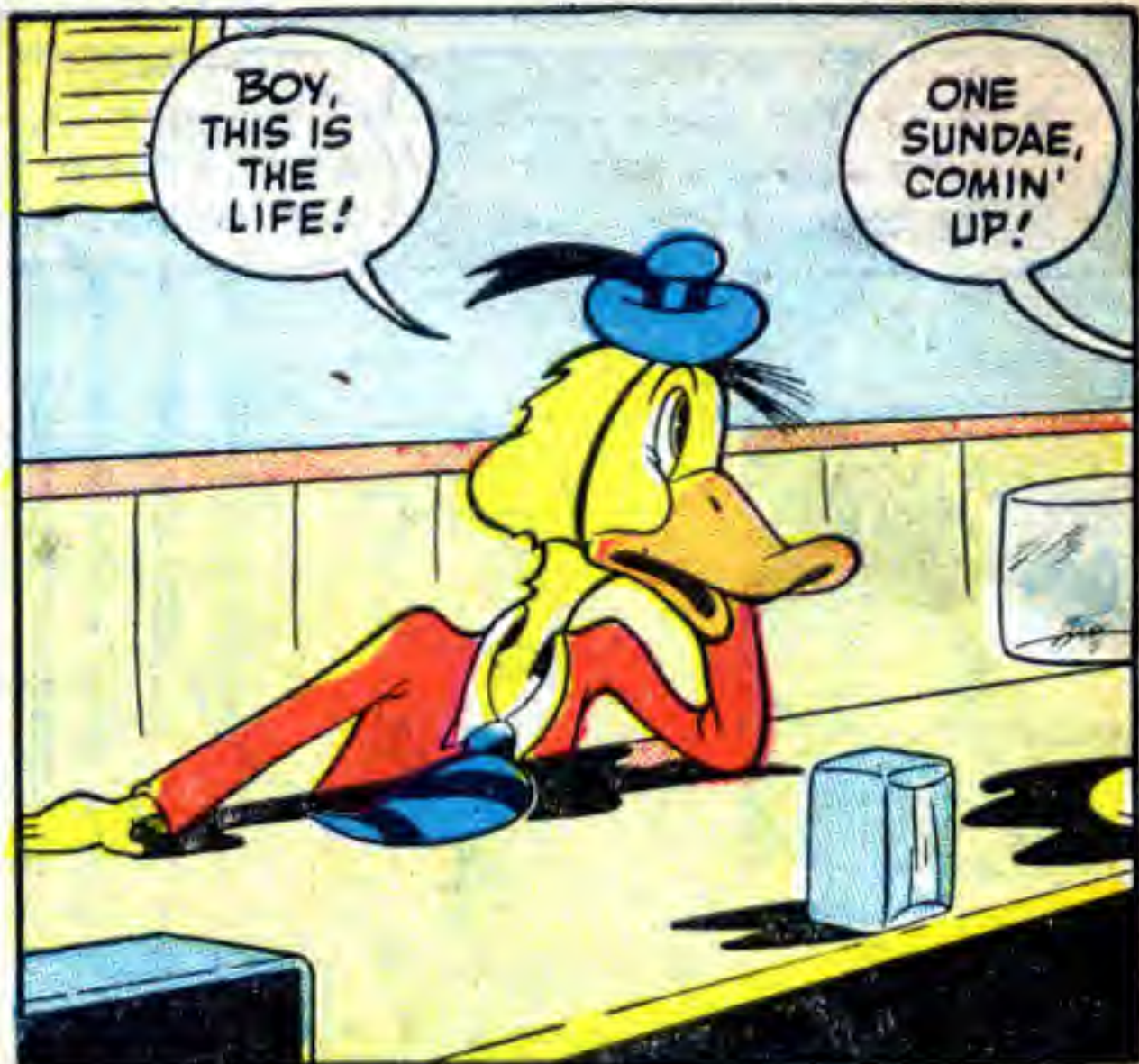


PLEASE, MISTER, WON'T YOU TELL
ME HOW TO GET AROUND AND SEE
THE SIGHTS? I'M A
STRANGER HERE!

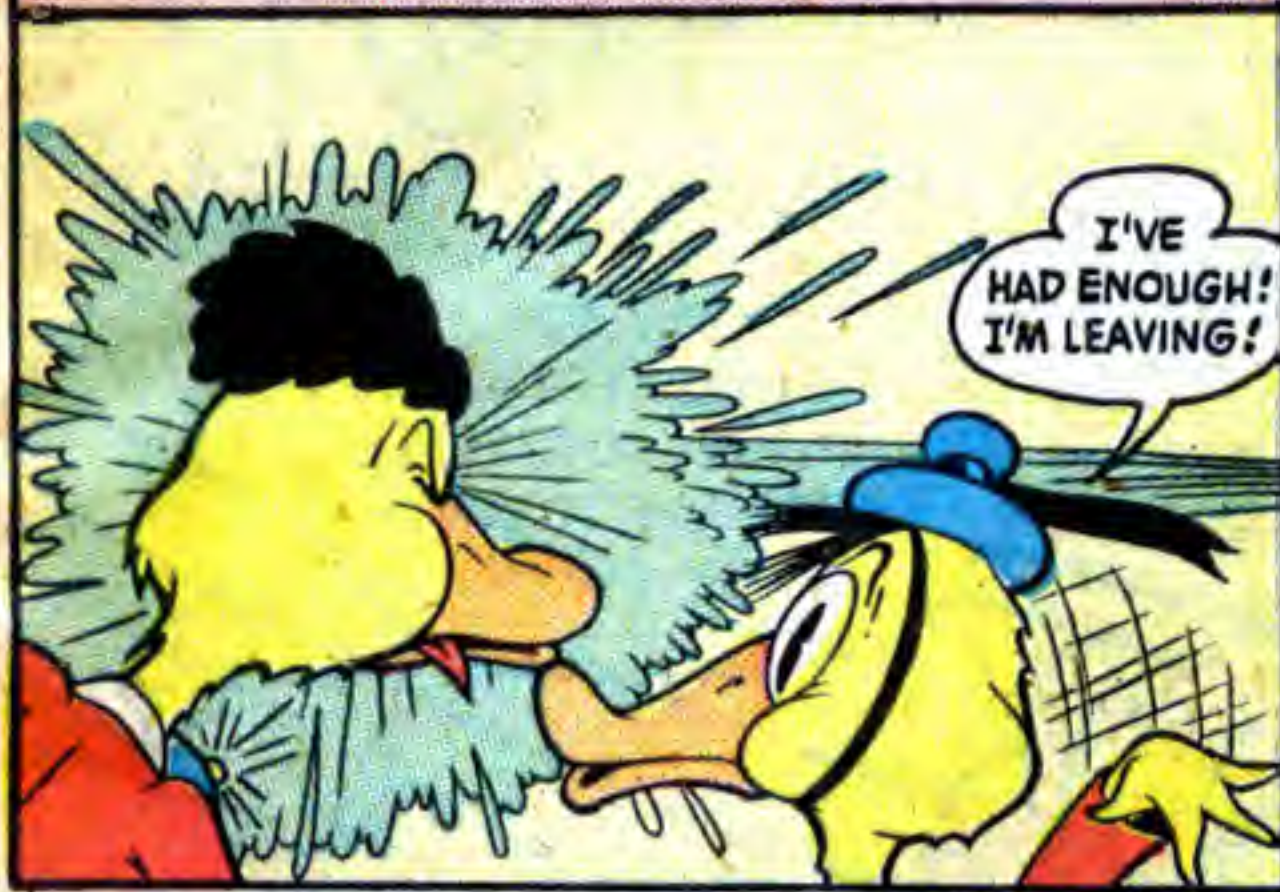
G'WAY!
YA BOTHER
ME!







But Billy Billionaire, who's been visiting the city, Passes by the shop and sees the plight of Giddy! He rushes in to save him, but is taken by surprise By the stream of soda water right between the eyes!



POLICE! POLICE! ARREST THAT MAN! HE ASSAULTED ME!



HE'S A PHONY --- HE FOOLED ME, TOO! JUST LOOK AT --- OH! MY GOSH, IT IS HIM! BUT OFFICER, I DIDN'T KNOW ---

OH, YEAH? TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!



Meanwhile...

HI, GIDDY! GOSH, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!

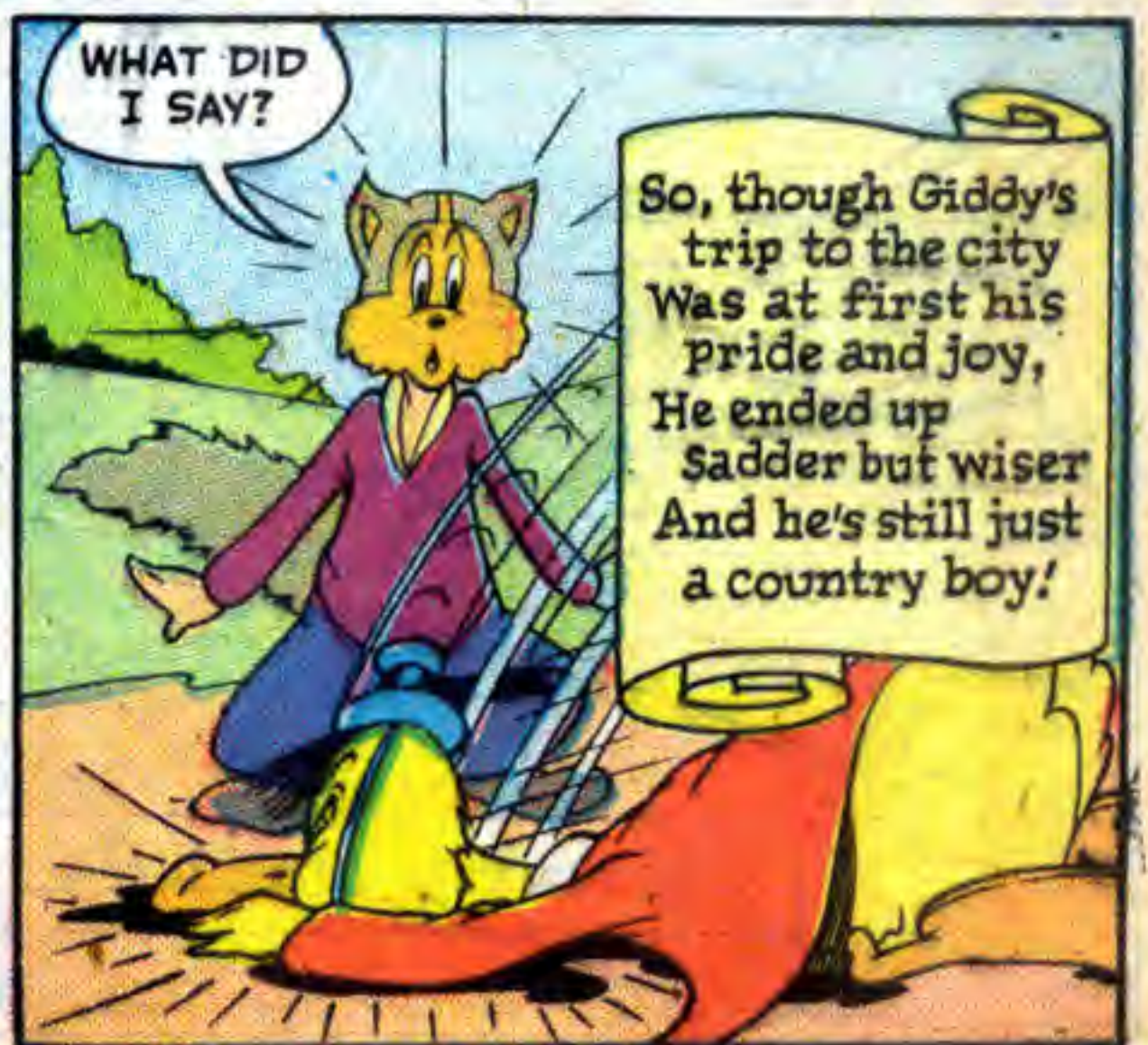


WHAT YOU NEED IS A CHANGE OF SCENERY! WHY DON'T YOU RUN DOWN TO THE BIG CITY FOR A REST?

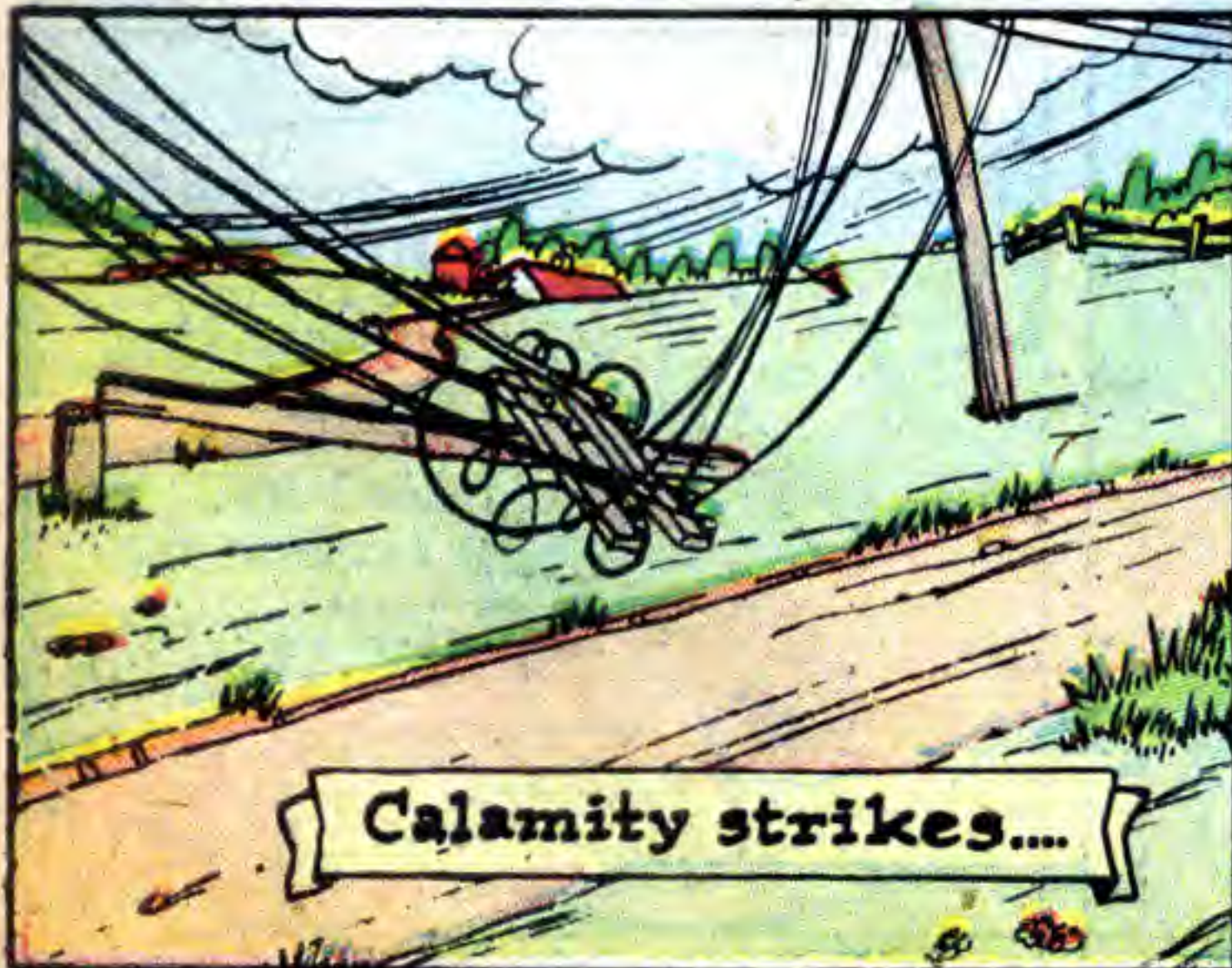
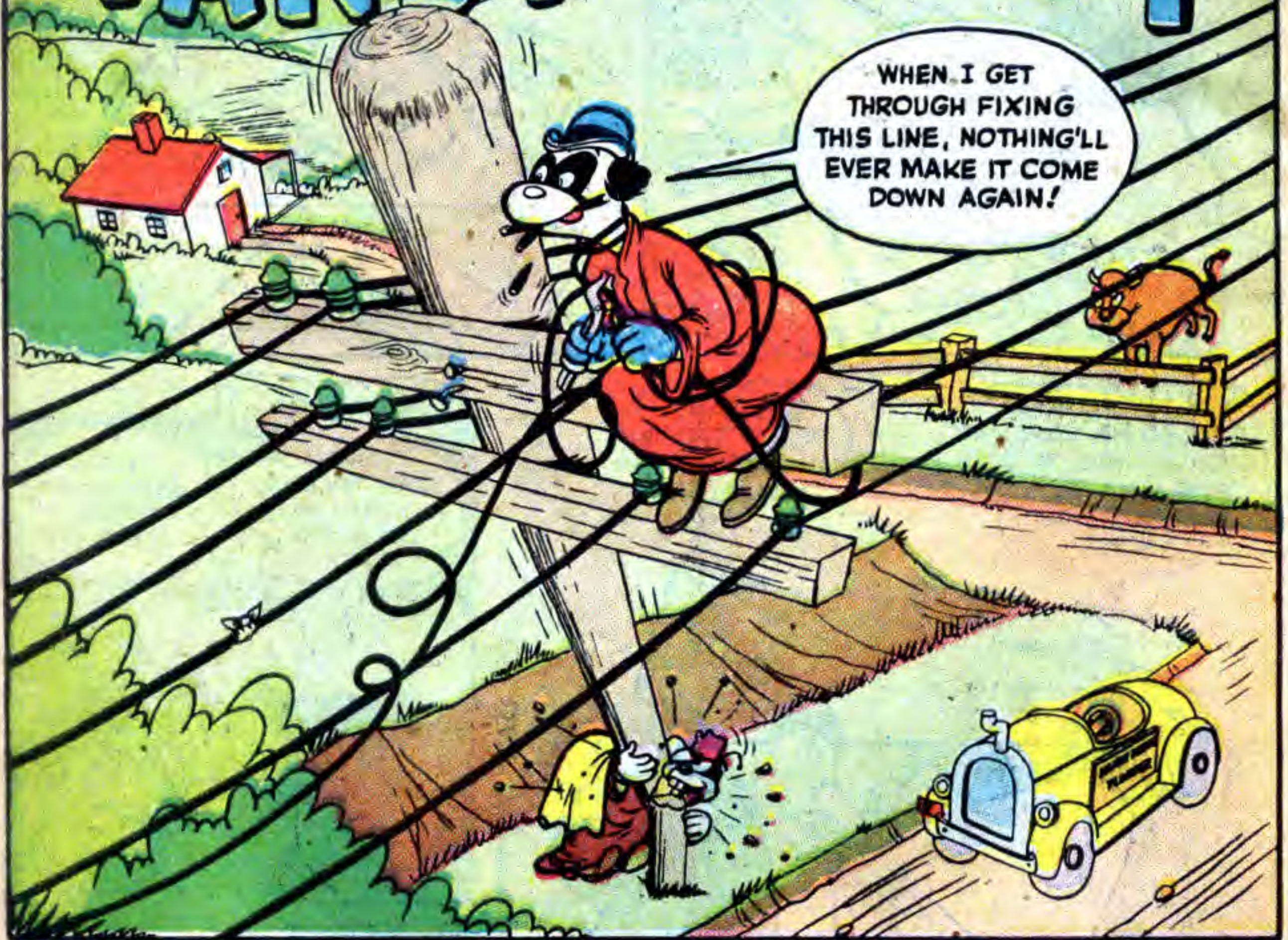


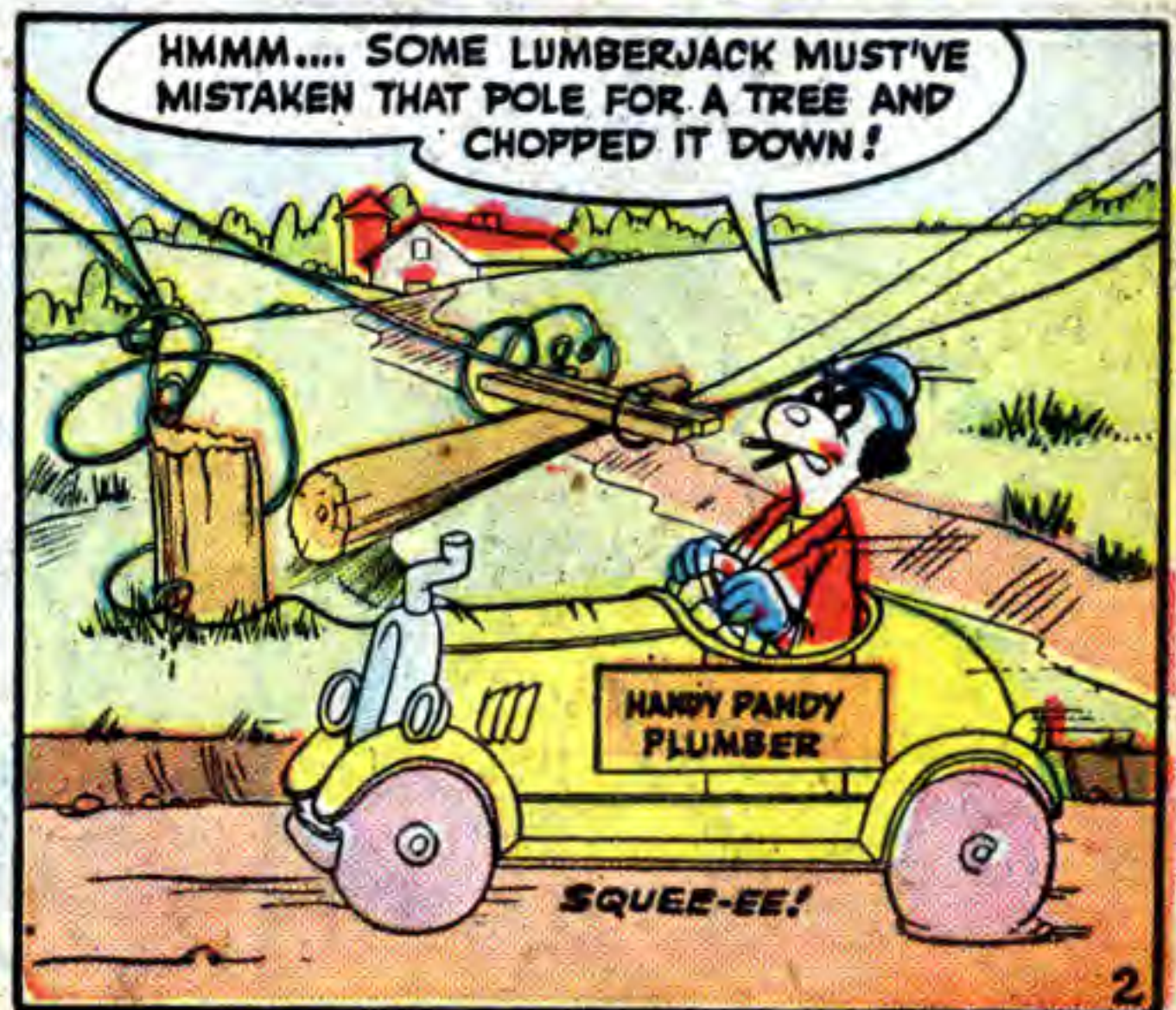
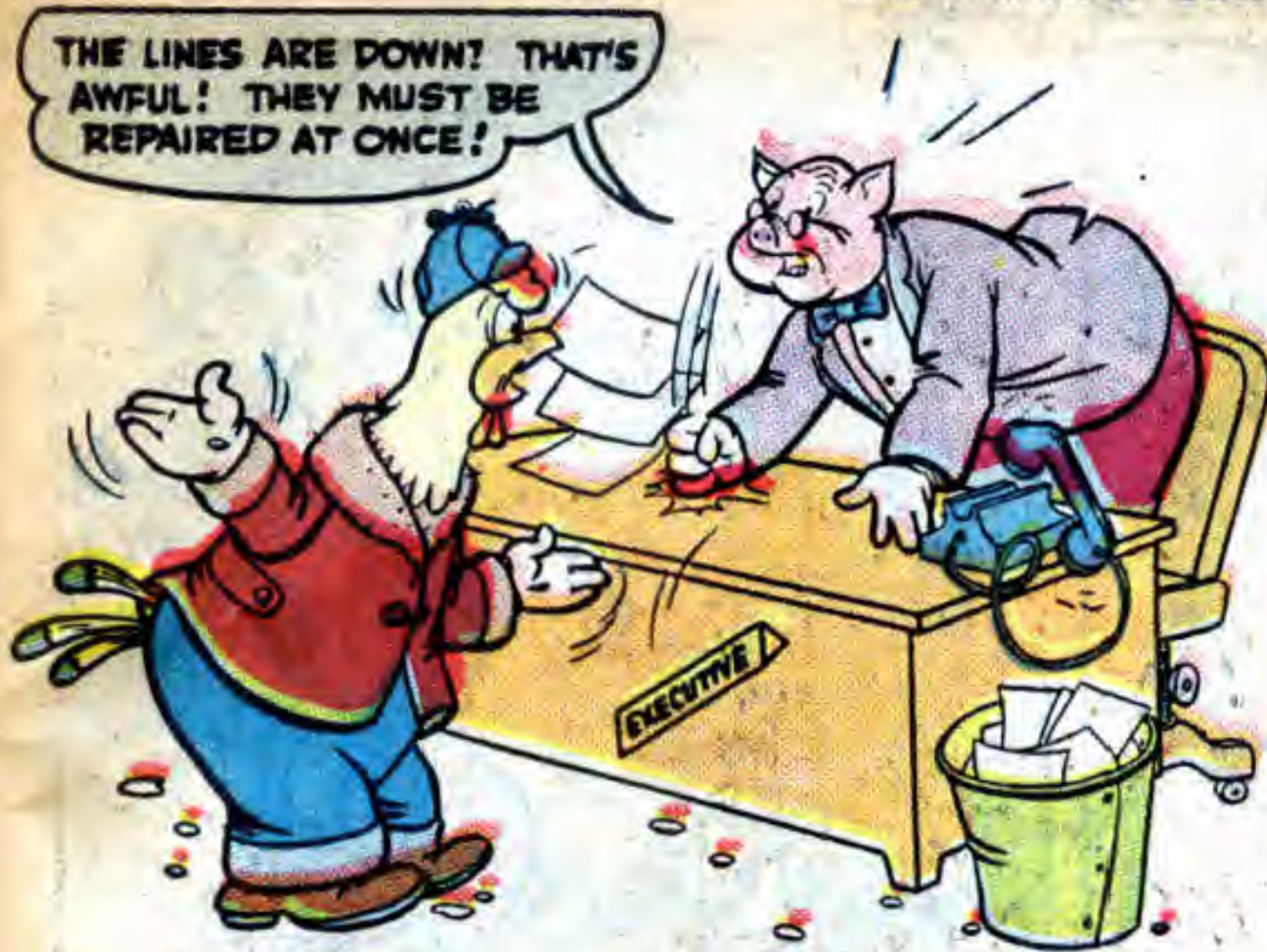
WHAT DID I SAY?

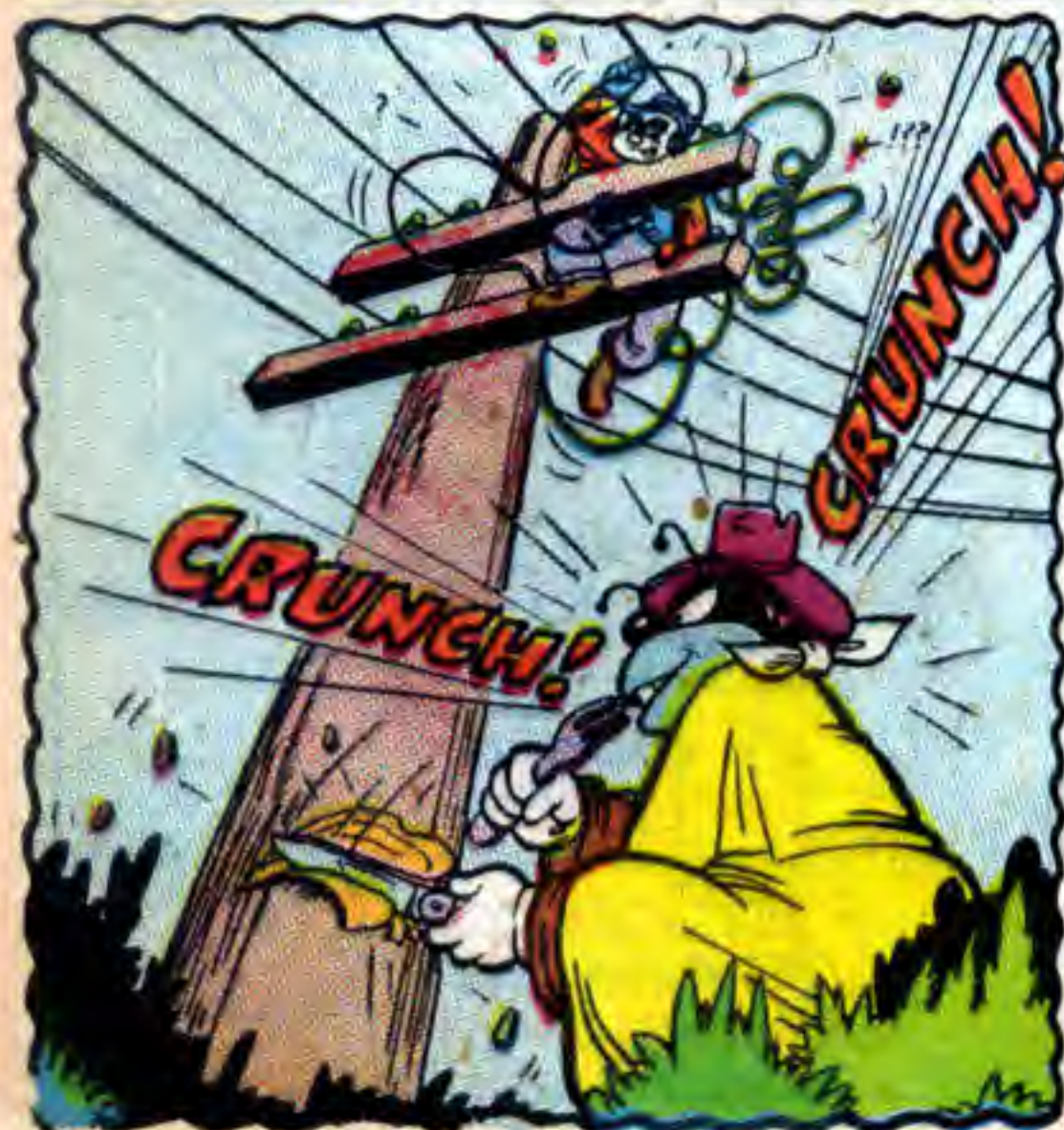
So, though Giddy's trip to the city Was at first his pride and joy, He ended up Sadder but wiser And he's still just a country boy!

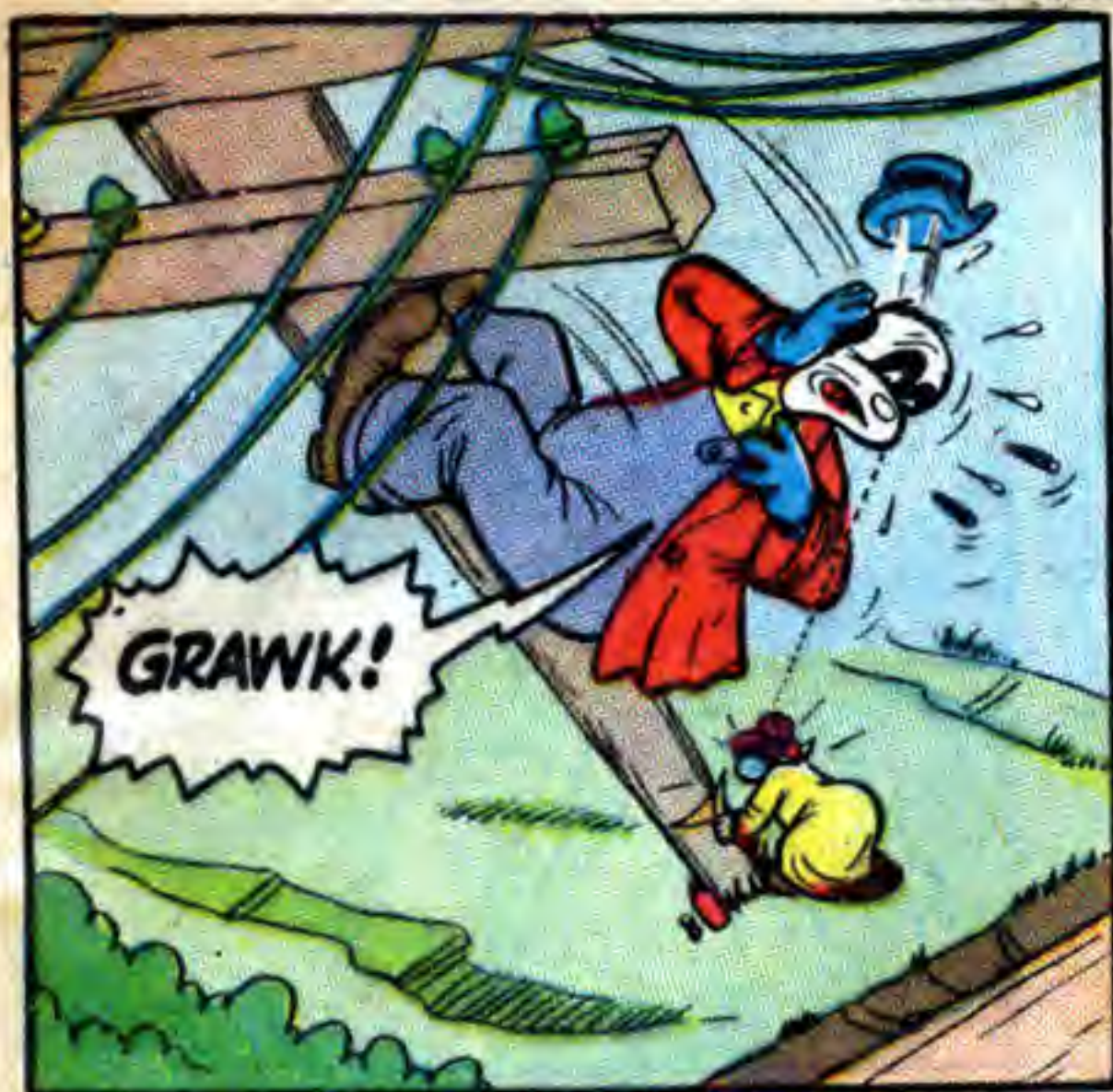


HANDY PANDY









YOU ... YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOU VANDAL ... YOU SABOTEUR!

AW, IT TASTES GOOD!



SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR NOT MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

BUT THIS CERTAINLY IS MY BUSINESS! AFTER ALL, I'M A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANY AND I INTEND TO STOP YOU FROM DESTROYING ITS PROPERTY!

OH, YOU DO? YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE WOOD OUT OF MY MOUTH, EH?



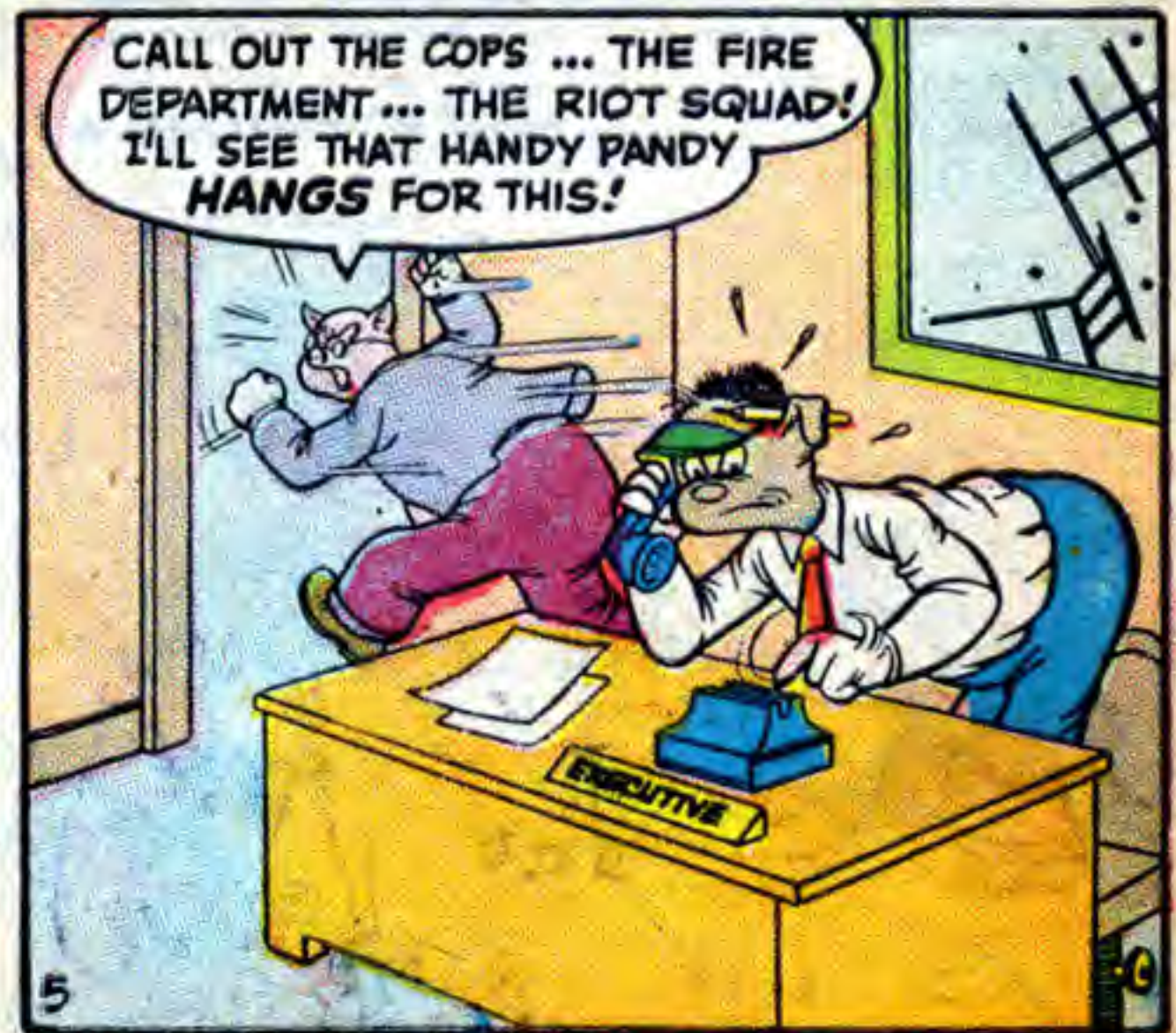
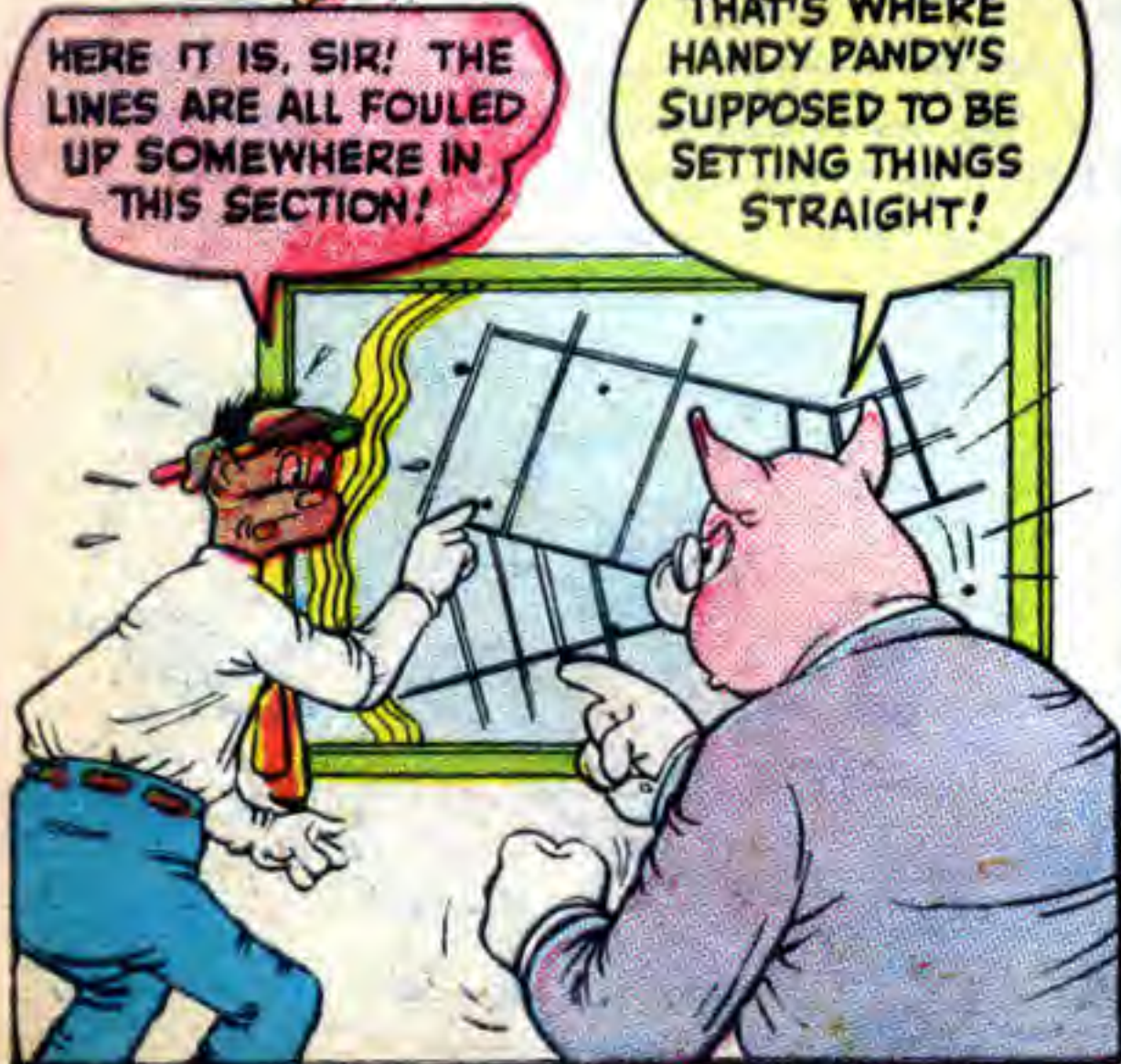
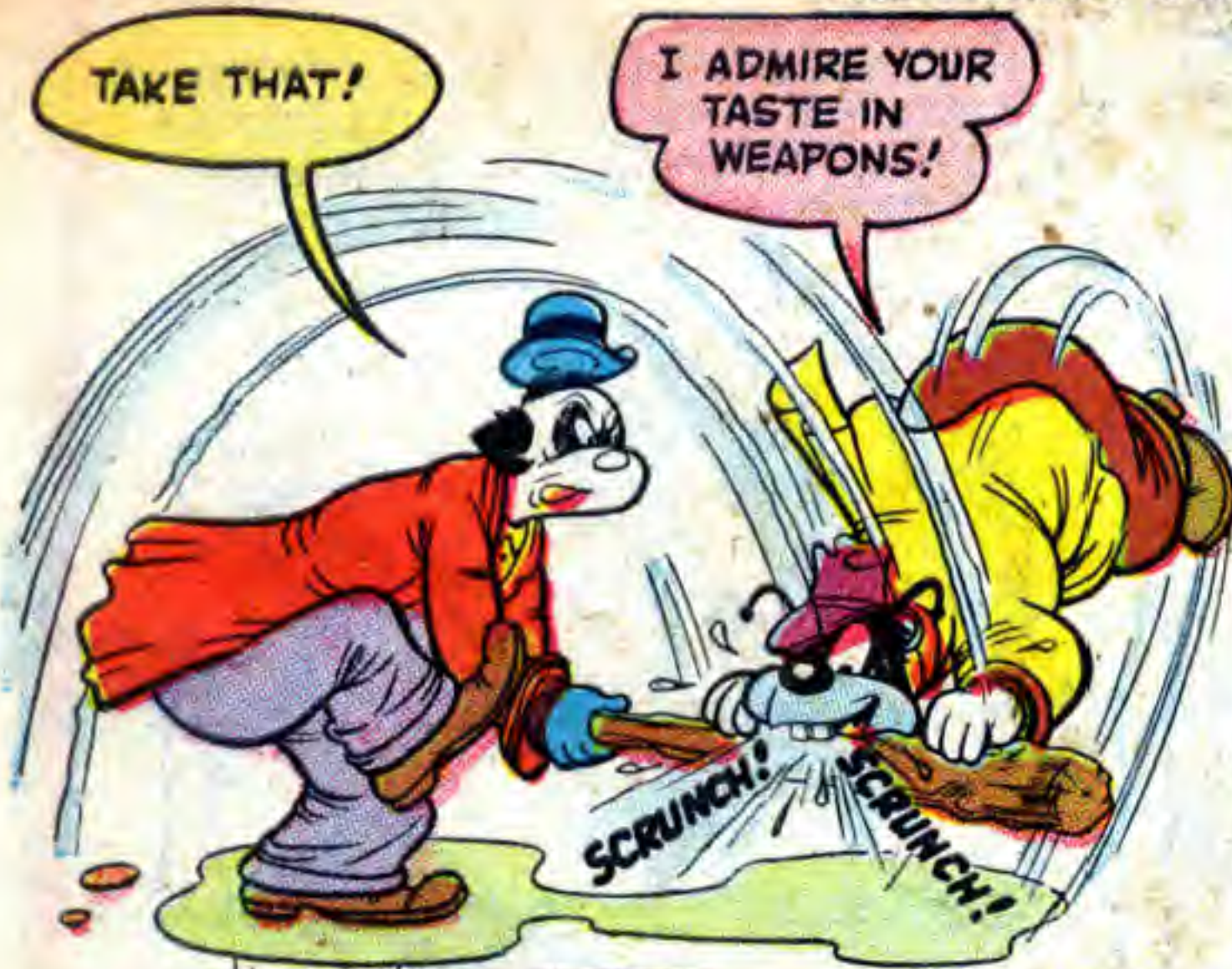
OKAY! ... IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, TAKE IT!

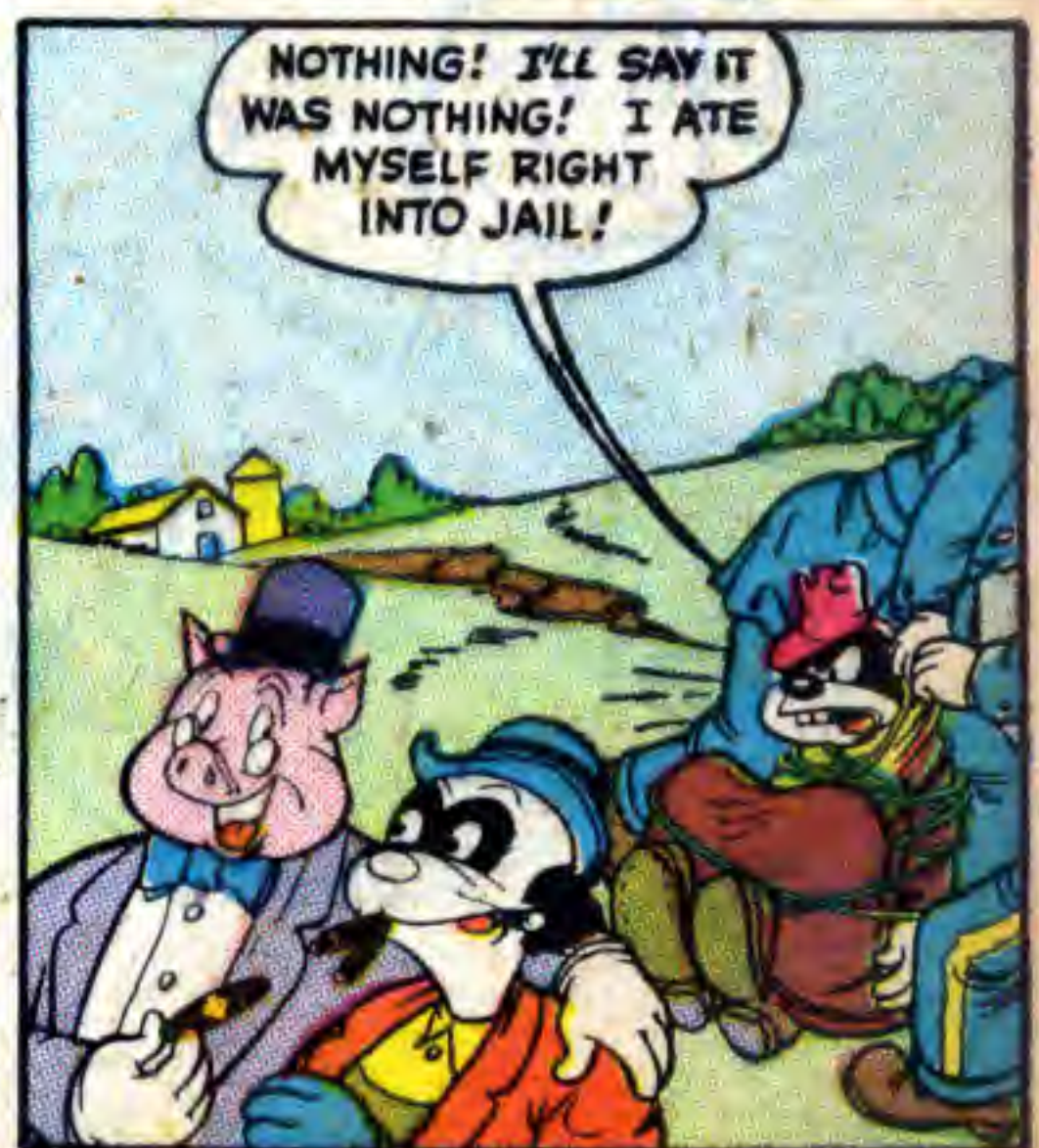
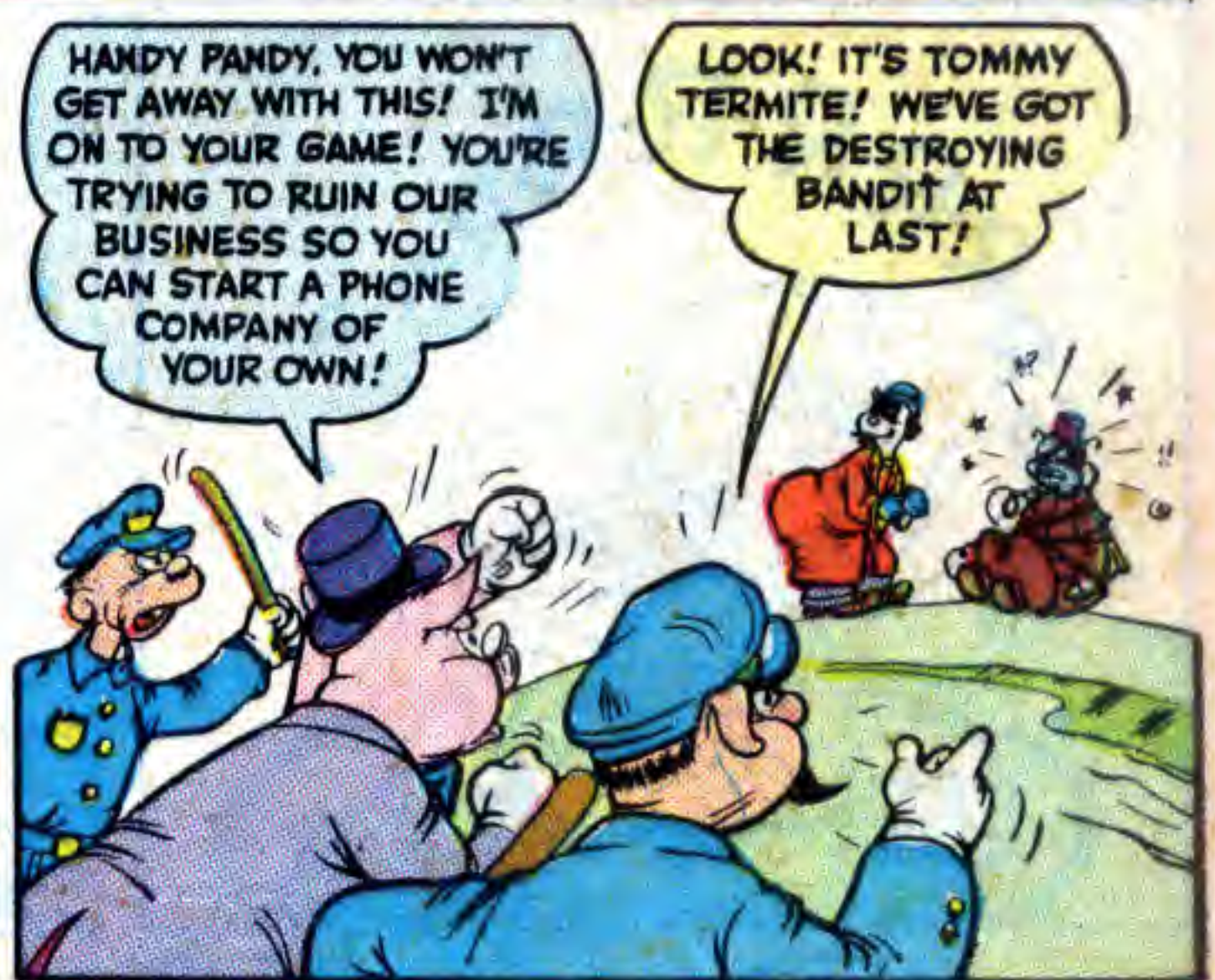
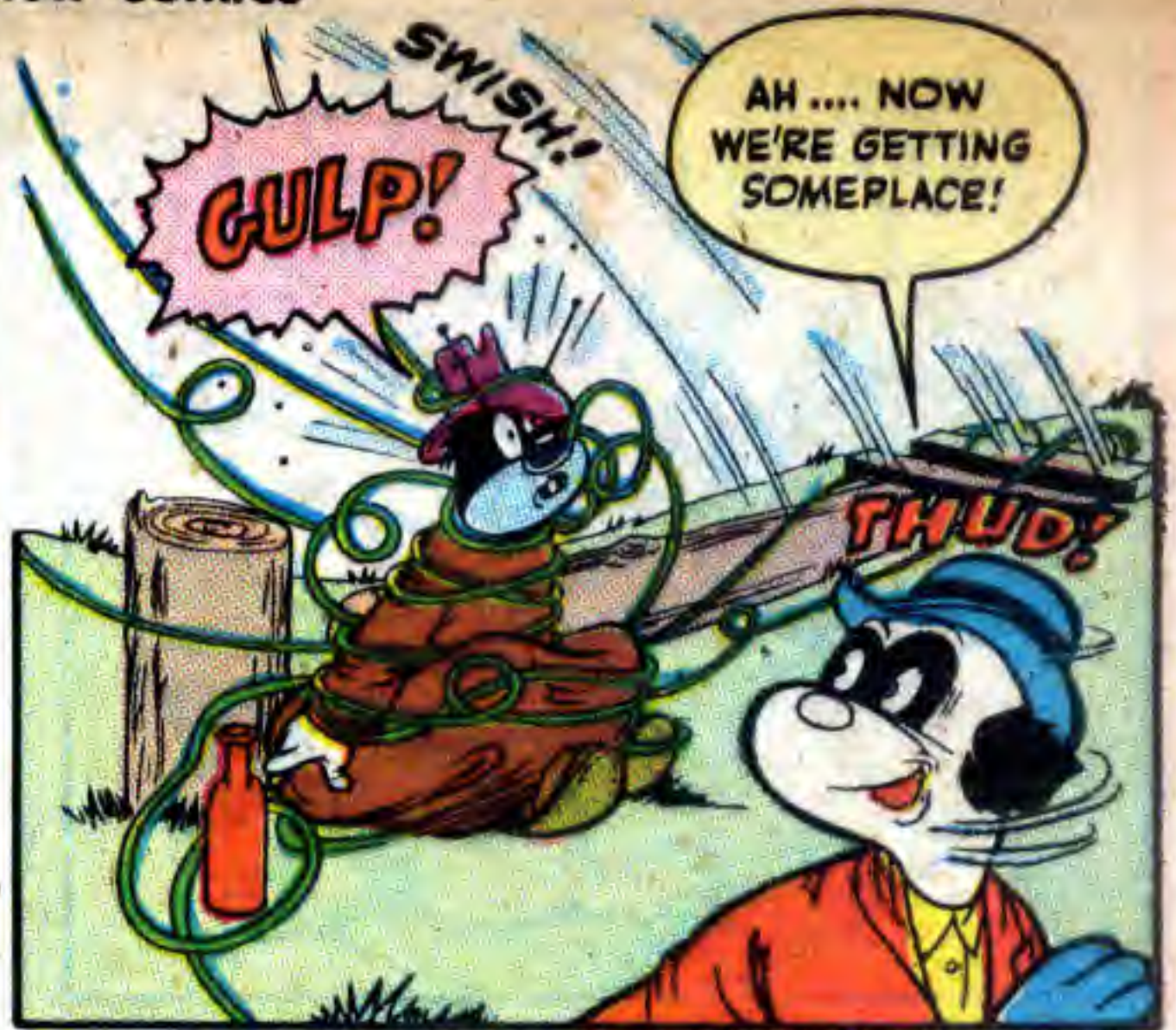
EEE-E-E-O-O-O-W-W!

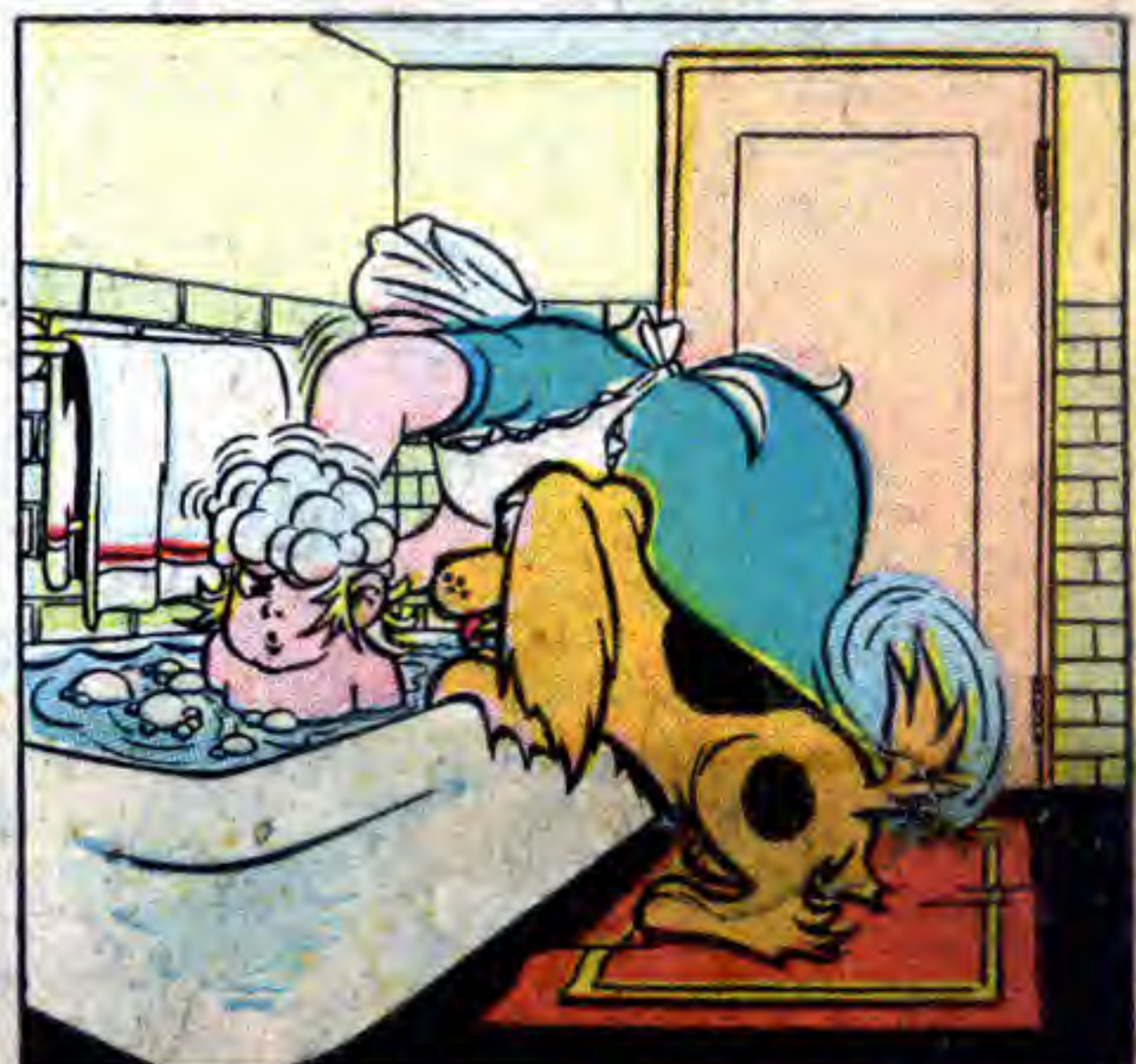
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU DESPERADO! I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE LAW, MYSELF!

COME AND GET ME!











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Name.....

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City..... State.....

Established 1906

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Moving
Parts

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- The 3 Stooges
- Scrappy

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Cartoons at \$2.75 \$.....

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